

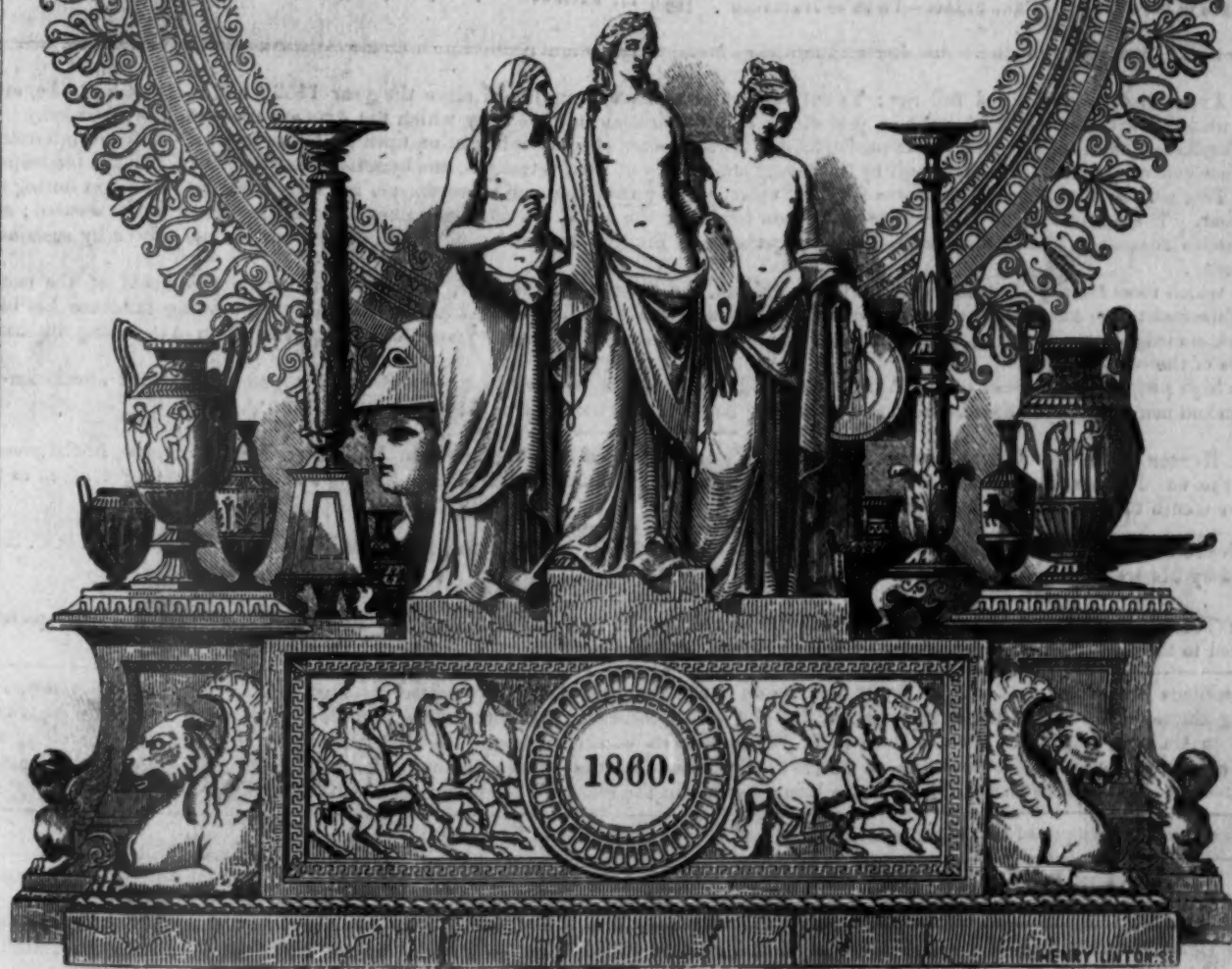
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NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. LXVI.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]

JUNE.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



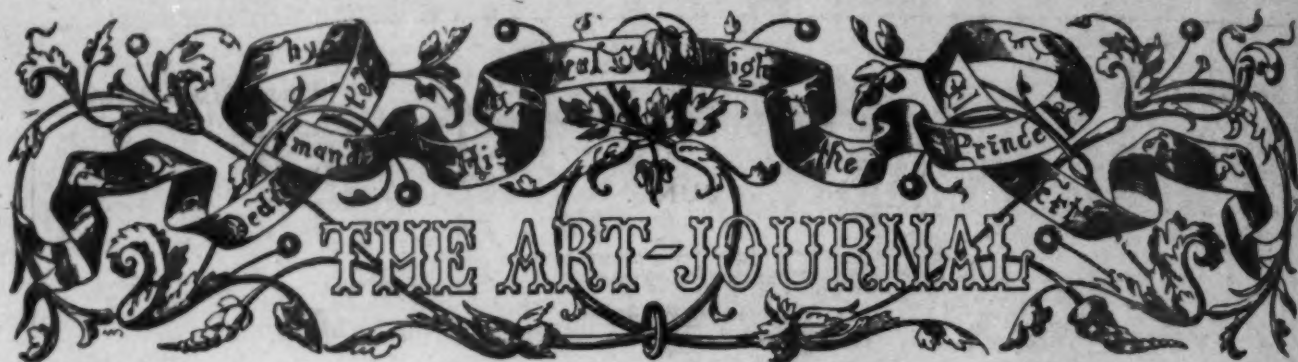
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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE LADY DIGBY. Engraved by A. J. ANNEDOUCHE, from the Picture by VAN DYCK, in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.
2. DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE. Engraved by R. GOODALL, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, in the National Gallery.
3. THE PENNY WEDDING. Engraved by W. GREATBACH, from the Picture by WILKIE, in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.

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The ART-JOURNAL has attained full age: Twenty-one volumes have been issued since the year 1839; and it continues to be, as it has been during nearly the whole of that long period, the only publication in Europe by which the Arts are adequately represented.

To the Artist, the Amateur, and the Connoisseur, the ART-JOURNAL supplies information upon all topics in which they are interested; while to the general public it addresses itself by the beauty and variety of its illustrations, and by articles at once instructive and interesting.

The Past may be accepted as a guarantee for the Future. Many novelties and improvements are introduced into its pages during the present year. The services of the best writers on Art are retained; the aid of the most prominent and accomplished artists secured; and every possible advantage that can be derived from experience is brought to bear upon the Journal, to secure its power by sustaining its popularity.

Art, which some twenty years ago was, in Great Britain, the resource of the few, has now become the enjoyment of the many. Every public institution has learned that to circulate a knowledge of Art is a leading and paramount duty; its refining influence has been largely acknowledged; and there is, consequently, a very general desire to derive enjoyment and instruction from Art among all classes and orders of the community.

This high purpose is achieved by the ART-JOURNAL. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect for it a greatly increased circulation—a circulation commensurate with the advanced and advancing Art-love manifest in all arts of the world.

THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.—We are compelled to apologise to our Subscribers for the absence, in the present Part, of the usual paper on this subject, arising from a delay in the transmission of Mr. Lossing's illustrations: they reached us too late in the month to allow of their being engraved in time.

With the Part for January was commenced "THE COMPANION GUIDE, BY RAILWAY, IN SOUTH WALES," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, illustrated by Messrs. J. D. Harding, Birket Foster, Hulme, May, &c.

THE TURNER BEQUEST.—We commence, in the present Number, the publication of the series of Engravings from the pictures bequeathed to the nation by the great landscape painter, J. M. W. Turner.

Subscribers are aware that a *New Series* was begun with the year 1855; when we obtained the honour, graciously accorded, of issuing Engravings from the Royal Pictures; of the new series, therefore, *five* volumes are now completed: while the series containing the Vernon Gallery—begun in 1849 and ended in 1854—consists of six volumes. Either series may be obtained separately, and may be considered complete, there being no necessity for obtaining the earlier volumes; indeed, these earlier volumes are not to be procured easily, the entire twenty-one volumes being worth "in the market" much beyond their original cost.


Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1860.

THE
ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.
THE NINETY-SECOND, 1860.



T was expected that this would be an *annus mirabilis* in the history of Academy exhibitions—expected long before it was known that this or that popular painter was treating a certain ambitious subject, and that the result, in each case, would undoubtedly be one of those eminent examples of which Reynolds says, no artist can produce more than two or three in a lifetime. Such a unanimity of effort has never occurred since the foundation of the institution. Thus has the rumoured increase of the associateship operated on extramural contributors—the “outsiders,” as they significantly call themselves; thus has it obliquely moved those of the conscript body to render comparisons as little odious as possible. And it is from the walls of the Academy that names whilom so gloriously written should be at once transferred to that privileged list—a distinction for which long and weary yearning has broken of hearts not a few. But there are men in the Academy of acknowledged power, who have nothing to vindicate or to respond to, who may not feel themselves called upon to assert their *status* now. To them be all honour, for it is they who have given what interest soever attached to many very dull exhibitions. In Art we have lived inconceivably fast during the last twenty-five years; in that brief period have we not been now Giottoeschi, now Cinquecentists? We began life lisping the now forgotten names of Phidias, Praxiteles, and others, and were taught to believe in one Michael Angelo; but in flagrant idolatry we betake ourselves to strange and unknown gods. We can point, on the walls of the Academy, to instances of every eccentricity that can make painting difficult, yet scarcely to one example of the kind of painting that was taught thirty years ago in this same school. Some of the elder members of the body now and then exhibit something allusive to their own early schooling; but it looks like an antique curiosity—a fossil among the newest *bijouterie*. Not only are their works, but the men themselves, out of place; they cannot paint into wet white, and they know nothing of copal—we are living inversely, as far from the period of their verdure as did Rembrandt from the time of Van Eyck.

The reformers in the Academy are energetic, but they are out-voted by the large majority of the advocates of the *status quo*. The plea of opposition to the extension of the Academic privilege, is the limited fund at the disposal of the body for the relief of its less fortunate

members and their widows. This fund does not amount to more than six hundred per annum; that is, perhaps, the appropriation after payment of the numerous expenses of the institution. And in order that the present recipients may continue to receive their small annuity—that neither they, nor any one who may succeed them, should be driven to appeal to the public, all extension of the privileges of the institution is steadily resisted. The outer circle were electrified by the announcement of the boldness of Mr. Cope's propositions; and when the intensity of the surprise was past, it was succeeded by admiration and gratitude. Their plaudits had not yet ceased, when Sir Charles Eastlake propounded a yet more comprehensive measure, and Mr. Cope yielded place to the President. It cannot be believed that either Mr. Cope or Sir Charles Eastlake would bring forward any measure injurious to their order or their institution; indeed, there are among the Academicians some who protest that neither scheme was sufficiently liberal. Inasmuch, therefore, as these measures might in nowise affect the position and circumstances of actual members, it cannot be shown that the ground of opposition was reasonable. We hear no more of Academic reform; the question is in suspense. But from the Academy itself, with its reformers thus in minority, nothing can be expected. It is only by the exertion of exterior influences that any concessions can be exacted. Had the grievance amounted to anything political, it had long since been remedied; but in the “city's eye” the affair is regarded simply as a family quarrel.

We cannot concur in the worthiness of all the elections that have of late years been made to the associateship. The Academy does not show infallibility in its selections; the public voice is more faithfully oracular. Nor are the elections made until the power of the elect is confirmed; indeed, frequently the middle term of life is past before a painter is admitted within the citadel of Art. And thus the Academy votes censure on itself in refusing to receive all its associates to the full privileges of the institution. Every artist eligible by the quality of his art to the associateship, ought to be also eligible to the membership—his nomination, without further question, ought to be a necessary result by senior accession. But it is not so, and the body thus convicts itself of one of two charges, either of error in judgment, or unjust preference. If it be a purely parental motive that influences the majority of the body to withhold an addition to their numbers, the feeling does not move them far enough. The addition, to any extent, might be accomplished without prejudice to either present or prospective recipients of the bounty of the institution. Artists eligible to the associateship are always rising men, from whose incomes a premium of insurance would be but an insignificant deduction. Were it, therefore, made a condition in all future elections that each associate shall insure his life for a sum that, being invested, would return such an annuity as the Academy would allow to the widow in case of death, or to the artist in case of misfortune, the great objection of the bulk of the members is obviated, and the funds of the institution relieved of those charges which now press upon them. The payment of these insurances should not be left to the artists themselves, but the entire management should be in the hands of the Academy, to be conducted according to a few judicious rules.

The limitation of the number of the Academicians does not, unhappily, prevent appeals to the public; nor does a career of prosperity secure them or their families, in case of their decease, against the necessity of an appeal to

the resources of the institution. If any such measure were proposed, it might at once be opposed on the assumption that it was inexpedient and unbecoming that the Academy should constitute itself an insurance agency. But that is beside the question, which is one of the simplest common sense, and thus it stands,—Are there, or are there not, members, or the relatives of members, of the Academy receiving relief from its funds? If there are, those gratuities, construe them as you will, are unquestionably *cleemosynary* allowances. Would it not be, therefore, more worthy of the Academy that its members should in any and every fortuity be entirely self-supporting, and would the prospect not be more grateful to the less prosperous members? In case of an annuity being required before death, the Academy will advance the money for its purchase, and hold the policy until the assured amount falls due. The results of such an arrangement would be—the power of augmenting the number of the Academicians, without any probability of call upon the funds of the institution; the saving eventually of at least, as a commencement, six or seven hundred pounds a year; a security against the humiliation of appeals to the public; a sense of honest independence on the part of any members to whom Art may not have been a *cornucopia*; and increased dignity of position in the Academy itself. We throw out these observations simply with a view to show that, so far from being a difficulty, the increase of the numbers of the Academy would bring to it increase of wealth.

A comparison of the Catalogues of this and the last year, shows the present exhibition as containing two hundred and eighty-six works less than last season—an arrangement that, of course, has augmented the number of rejected works, which amount to upwards of two thousand pictures—perhaps five hundred more. The accepted works still hang high in the great room, though there may be two tiers less than usual. The upper part of the walls is covered with red baize, which is very trying to some landscapes, but that could not be avoided. We have already alluded to the excellence of the exhibition. It shows—taken at a certain standard—more thought, and more of the learning of Art, than that of any antecedent year. Among the non-exhibitors whom the public delights to honour, are the President, Maclise, Ward, Mulready, Lewis, and F. R. Pickersgill; and among those who are multiplying their great achievements, are Phillip, Sir Edwin Landseer, Stanfield, Roberts, Herbert, Dyce, Elmore, Webster, Frith, Millais, Creswick, F. Goodall, Poole, Danby, Cooke, and others; and the works of all of those even where there is no advance, are equal to their best essays. On the part of contributors non-Academic, the works are often of rare merit, and generally highly creditable. Miniature is *in extremis*: the quondam miniature-room is become the architectural room, and a few examples of miniature are shown on a desk in the centre. The “hanging” is not only just but liberal. Many artists, who are neither members nor associates, are on “the line;” while, in consequence of the arrangement by which few works are placed out of sight, all good pictures are reasonably well seen. This innovation is certainly an improvement, notwithstanding that it has caused disappointment to many. It would have been wise, we humbly think, to have excluded architectural drawings altogether: the architects have now their Institute and their large Exhibition rooms, and do not need the space at the Academy which so many painters do require. All who are interested in this branch of Art have abundant opportunities of examining designs for churches and mansions, or pictures of such



as have been erected, under auspices more favourable than can be supplied to them here. Few would miss the drawings from these walls; their absence would be evil to none, while the places they now occupy might be filled more agreeably to the public, and more beneficially for artists and Art.

But now proceed we to examine more particularly the quality of the collection.

No. 4. 'Gleaners Returning,' W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A. The title is not so much the subject as is the small nook outside the garden wall, shut in by trees and watered by a pellucid brooklet. This painter defines his trees very intelligibly, each being different in character, a result that could not be attained save by industrious painting on the spot.

No. 5. 'Parade at Potsdam in honour of Queen Victoria, August 17, 1858,' painted by command, G. H. THOMAS. These parades and reviews are very much alike: the royal party is on this occasion placed at a distance (we are looking across the Paradeplatz), apparently in front of Sans Souci. The interval is thronged with troops, the Prussian guards, cavalry and infantry, marching past in review order in columns of companies. The picture is, we presume, the property of the Queen. The subject is one of considerable difficulty from its very formality, but the artist understands that this can only be subdued by softness and judicious chiaroscuro.

No. 8. 'St. John leading his adopted Mother,' W. DYCE, R.A. This, we are told, was painted in 1844 and revised in 1851; it is certainly different from Mr. Dyce's works of the present time. His adjustments are generally severe, but that severity is now less felt from the very observant manner in which the accessory is filled in. The two figures rise in an open scene above a low horizon, being very forcibly brought forward by dark drapery, that of John (the tunic) being a warm green, while the mantle of Mary is of a colder hue. In both faces Mr. Dyce eschews all tendency to prettiness, he inclines indeed somewhat to the opposite extreme, and John is rather lachrymose than profoundly sorrowful. The draperies look new, and the lower part of the disciple's dress may be original, but it is, nevertheless, objectionable. The picture, however, is of rare interest, fully sustaining the accomplished artist in the prominent position he holds among the artists not of England only, but of Europe.

No. 9. 'Curie Gills, Isle of Arran, Scotland,' J. W. BOTTOMLEY. A piece of verdant coast scenery, with sheep and black cattle. The subject is not a tempting one, nor is it rendered agreeable by the manner in which it is painted.

No. 11. 'Sir John Bowring,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. An admirable likeness; full of life and character, and justly entitled to rank among the many excellent works of the now veteran artist. A very large proportion of the eminent men and women of the age have been "preserved" for posterity by this always good and true portrait painter. He has occupied a foremost place in Art for—we care not to say how long; but our memory goes back to the time when Hannah More was his sitter! We rejoice to find his works on these walls "holding their own," side by side with the productions of younger and fresher Art-works.

No. 12. 'The First Note in Covert, portrait of Henry Villebois, Esq.,' F. GRANT, R.A. The landscape in this large picture is portrait-landscape, but as such, of admirable quality. The story of the title is told by the dogs, they hear the note, but the sportsman on horseback, cap in hand, is engaged with the spectator—and there obtrudes the necessity for likeness, reducing the composition from a picture to a portrait. The horse is a most successful study.

No. 17. 'Archdeacon Musgrave, D.D.,

Vicar of Halifax,' G. RICHMOND, A. We have followed Mr. Richmond in the course of his transition from the perfection of water-colour to maturity in oil. In the substance and firmness of this portrait there is no indication that his hand had ever been guilty of water-colour. The accompaniments to the figure are chosen with good taste and well disposed. The head looks long, but perhaps it is so in nature.

No. 18. 'The Maid of Llangollen,' C. LANDSEER, R.A. This is not the embodiment of a romantic ballad; the maid of this instance is a water-peri, and she is filling her cruse at a wayside fountain. But it is the roadside nook that has in reality engaged the attention of the painter; there is in its rendering a serious classicality, diverse in everything from what would be the inspirations of the rising landscape school under like conditions.

No. 19. 'Huy on the Meuse,' G. C. STANFIELD. Once more Huy, but on this occasion opposite to the citadel, and with a good view of the cathedral, and the never ending bridge. The virtues of the place are its venerable and quaint houses, and the amphitheatrical arrangement of the subject. Nothing can tempt Mr. Stanfield from his unctuous touch and the even spread of his light; it is these, with his probable green-greys and grey-greens, that give such solidity to his productions.

No. 22. 'Whose Bread is on the Waters,' J. C. HOOK, R.A., *Eleet*. Here we assist at a haul of pilchards, and but for this the title would have been sentimental. A man and boy in a small boat are hauling in their net—beyond that, there is no story to tell. The whole is freely, solidly painted; but this line of subject is incomparably less promotive of reputation than that which first raised him (Mr. Hook) to fame.

No. 23. 'Angers, on the Maine and Loire,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The principal object, or rather the entire subject, is an ancient edifice in the river, seeming rather to have grown out of the water than to have been placed in it; moulded and mildewed, in colour sacred to the palette, and in rust and rags the quintessence of the picturesque. The experience of Mr. Stanfield has taught him just how much to suppress. There is nothing in the picture that does not assist the principal quantity.

No. 26. 'By the Brook Side,' N. O. LUTTON. This artist, though the Turner-medallist, is all but out of ken, for there must yet be some works hung high. The painter's only consolation is, that he knows his picture will be honourably acquitted under any close inspection.

No. 27. 'Portrait of a Lady,' P. WESTCOTT. The pose of this figure is easy but not graceful; the skill with which the draperies are painted is not sufficiently supported by the painting of the head.

No. 28. 'Robert Alexander Gray, Esq., Chairman of the City of London Gas Light and Coke Company,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. An erect figure, half length standing, relieved by a plain background. The face is expressive, and is painted with the life-like warmth that animates all the heads of the artist.

No. 29. 'The Black Brunswickers,' J. E. MILLAIS, A. By pluralising his title Mr. Millais wishes to carry the imagination beyond his picture; it becomes, therefore, the frontispiece of a history. It is painted professedly as a pendant to 'the Huguenot,' in which case the title was not pluralised, and the mind did not therefore pass at once to the St. Bartholomew. When the first of a couplet of Art-pendants, so called, has been popular, we remember no instance wherein the second has been equally so; to the second, public criticism is ever less tolerant than to the first. The subject here is a parting between a young officer of the Brunswick Hussars and his wife or fiancée, it may be in 1815, when the Brunswick

troops marched to join the British army, burning to avenge the death of their late Duke, but doomed yet to lose another at Quatre Bras. Their black uniform, faced sparingly with light blue, was a mourning habit which they bound themselves to wear until they had avenged him. We find accordingly this young officer and his young wife, each looking fixedly into the face of the other: the farewell can be but very brief, for their hearts are bursting; he with his left hand gently opens the door, she with her right unconsciously resists the stealthy effort. They restrain themselves each for the sake of the other; and when we pass from the picture, it is then that we see and feel the ensuing burst of agony. Mr. Millais is certainly great in painting allusively these wild and crushing orgasms of passion. But to the superficial: if ever there was painting of satin, it is here; yet the lady is dressed too much like a bride to take leave of him she loves more than self; here the parade of effect triumphs over sentiment. The head and hand of the youth are unexceptionable, and if the artist would have condescended to have given the lady a passable set of features, even the execrable colour of her neck and general complexion might have been passed over. The two figures are not placed happily together, and the pose of the man is extremely ungraceful, while the hand of the lady is unpleasantly "twisted." With respect to the relief of the group it stands flat against the wall, where is hung the well and deservedly abused engraving of 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' in order to keep the oath of vengeance warm. The picture is powerful, but it had been much more so had Mr. Millais not ignored relief: it has many faults, yet its beauties are much greater in comparison.

No. 30. 'Echo of Italy,' R. ZAHNER. We have seen this work somewhere before; it is a hybrid between the French and modern Italian schools.

No. 31. 'On the Beach, Hastings,' E. C. WILLIAMS. A small section of beach and rock, painted with an agreeable simplicity.

No. 33. 'The Strayed Flock,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. The scene is one of the close wood compositions which this artist delights to paint; but the trees, being all pines or firs, are extremely deficient in picturesque character. The interest lies in the foreground, and its well-conditioned flock. Nothing can excel the nicety of execution in the fleeces, and the weeds and grasses.

No. 34. 'Zuyder Zee—Fishing Craft in a Calm,' E. W. COOKE, A. A small group of these dainty barge-like, but very salt-looking, fishing doggers. This is indeed a holiday for the ubiquitous skipper, Van Kook, who may pull off his North-sea boots, and leave his rudder to the caresses of these shabby ripples. The work is much softer than Mr. Cooke has been painting lately—preferable in everything to the tawdry craft of the lagunes. A bright and lustrous picture.

No. 36. 'The Honourable Arthur Chichester,' HON. H. GRAVES. A figure of a little boy, of which the head is well drawn, and full of character.

No. 40. 'The Escape of Glaucus and Ione, with the Blind Girl Nydia, from Pompeii,' P. F. POOLE, A. We find the trio in the boat, with a man in the bows on the look-out. It is of little import to this artist what material he selects—he is generally successful in working out a telling effect. Although he places before us his *personæ* in a boat, yet there is no perfect form in the composition to counteract their importance. The moon (not in the picture) sheds a dazzling sheen on the water, and in opposition to this is placed Nydia with her harp, while Glaucus and his companion, seated together, are partly listening to the blind girl, and partly occupied with thoughts of each

other. It is in every respect more careful than recent works of the artist.

No. 42. 'L'Abondance de l'Italie,' POSTMA. This abundance is represented by a single and a very meagre bunch of grapes, that a girl, lying on a bank, is conveying to her mouth. The execution is indifferent, and, in idea, it is similar to an antique in the Museo Borbonico.

No. 48. 'A Fisherman's Hut, Cornwall,' W. HEMSLEY. A small interior, with figures executed with great neatness.

No. 49. 'Venice—the Piazza San Marco,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. Mr. Roberts has here exerted his utmost powers, but the colour is not that of Venice; if it were so, with all its subtleties of light and shade, which tell in the picture, but which do not in anywise importune the eye, it would be one of his finest works. The subject is among the most difficult in the entire round of European specialities. We are placed in front of the principal entrance, and become spectators of the ceremonies of a *festa*, the piazza being full of Austrian soldiery, kneeling in columns of companies at the elevation of the Host. The object of the artist is breadth, mellowness, and harmony of effect, to produce which he excludes all penetrating passages of shade, and all salient points of light. He does not leave the eye to dwell on his curiosities of execution—here the very definite and precise ruling, there some convenient exaggeration, and elsewhere the simple painting whereby his object is at once attained; but we mingle with a throng of holiday-makers, many of whom, like ourselves, come from distances, and are never seen there, save in pictures. The Piazza San Marco is a place that will bear to be rendered stone for stone, in a certain way. Turner, we humbly submit, has failed; for the piazza is a known and accessible place, but Turner speaks of it not as a place of this world. With Roberts we still find the well-worn pavement beneath our feet; he does not yield to the weakness of painting the light and shade of nature, but offers us a less arbitrary prescription: study is necessary to detect the exquisite cunning. This is turning subject-matter to account, not by bringing it forward, but by keeping it backward. Mr. Roberts has long contemplated this picture; but either he was not ready for it, or the piazza was not ready for him.

No. 54. 'Grass Hall Farm, Finchley,' F. H. HUNTINGTON. This is less domestic than the usual class of farm homesteads, and looks like composition. It is conscientiously worked out, but the verdure is too locally green.

No. 58. 'The Marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince Frederick William of Prussia, January 25, 1858,' J. PHILLIP, R.A. We have long heard of this work in its progress, and the difficulties encountered by the artist in its execution; now that it is placed before the public, it amply justifies the good report that has preceded it. Compositions of this class are among the most hazardous of treatment. It is but portrait painting rendered more intractable than historical art, by the reduplication of difficulty by every figure in the circle, after the foreground principals. The archbishop is on the left, and before him kneel the prince and princess. Immediately behind the latter kneel the bridesmaids, and towards the right stand the Queen, Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, with the younger branches of the royal family, and behind them the Prince Consort, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Palmerston, and a numerous attendance. On the left are the members of the Prussian court, and, in order to bring out the principal groups, there is, as a background, a crowd of persons thrown into shade. Some of the likenesses might be more faithful; but the impersonations are all at once determinable. The draperies are painted up

to their utmost brilliancy, inasmuch that the whole is especially bright and effective. A subject of this class has very rarely been treated better.

No. 59. 'The Lost Shepherd,' R. ANSDALL. This composition strikes the eye as being almost too methodically pyramidal; but, in the sad narrative, that is soon forgotten. A highland shepherd has been out upon the hill in search of his stray sheep, during a snow-storm. He loses his way in the drift, and, with his dog, is frozen to death. He is discovered by his wife, with the faithful collie stretched dead upon him, and this is the moment represented by the artist. The poor wife is bent in an agony of grief over the body, and the dog she has brought with her expresses his sorrow in language of his own. The incident, as here described, has many times occurred—the lone wife being the first to discover her lost husband. The snow is not deep where the body is found, the spot being exposed to the blast, which yet blackens the sky with heavy clouds. The body lies so straight, as to seem to have been adjusted after death; this communicates an appearance of stiffness to the figure, which ought to have afforded a diversity of line. Again, the subject is better suited for smaller treatment; however, take it all in all, it is a production of touching interest.

No. 62. 'On the Teme, near Ludlow, Shropshire,' A. J. STARK. A small picture, apparently very careful in finish, but too high for examination.

No. 63. 'Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L., &c., Physician in Ordinary to H. M. the Queen and the Prince Consort,' T. BRIGSTOCKE. The head is full of impressive character, and the whole impersonation a speaking identity.

No. 64. 'Reading a Story,' D. MACNEE. The reader is a girl, seated in a high-backed chair, and by her is her younger brother listening. The figures must be portraits—a very pictorial method of treatment; but, as a picture, the quality had been enhanced by the absence of the secondary figure.

No. 65. 'Daniel Thomas Evans, Esq., F.G.S., Barrister-at-Law,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. The features are animated, and bright in colour.

No. 67. 'Moonrise,' L. C. MILES. A small picture, artificial in effect, inasmuch as the moon is placed side by side with the leading dark in the composition.

No. 71. 'Vesuvius, and part of the Bay of Naples, from the Mole,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. Mr. Stanfield is most felicitous in excluding from his subject straight lines, cubes, and angles, and in filling up his spaces with scales of tints, and repetitions of forms, so constituting an arrangement that is based upon the beautiful; but the principle is a mystery to the uneducated eye. We are on the Mole, at the extremity, and looking towards Vesuvius. On the right lie Torre del Greco and Castellamare. The charm of the work is its breadth, the principal points of light and colour being focussed together on the Mole. But was there this diverse population on the spot when the sketch was made—Turks, Greeks, Campagnoles, all varieties of *pescatori* and amphibious *lazzaroni*? was that proud English frigate lying there quietly at anchor? No, truly; all this movement is the artist's, and this masterly adjustment is the result of thirty years of study.

No. 72. 'The Right Honourable J. W. Henley, M.P.,' F. GRANT, R.A. A life-sized figure, seated. The allusions are to a life of business: a strong individuality.

No. 73. 'Mrs. Herbert Barnard,' J. SANT. A lady, introduced at three-quarter length, in a garden composition, which, by the way, reduces the importance of the figure. Mr. Sant has arranged the picture, but the lady has dic-

tated the dressing of her own hair, the most objectionable passage in the work.

No. 74. 'Archbishop Langton, after a Mass in the Cathedral of Old St. Paul's, in London, on the 25th of August, 1214, conjuring the Earl of Pembroke and the Barons to extort from King John the ratification of the conditions contained in the Charter of King Henry I., &c.,' S. A. HART, R.A. This is an excellent subject to British hearts, second only in interest to the signing of Magna Charta itself. On the left of the composition are the barons in mail and surcoat, with drawn swords, and earnest gesture, pronouncing to the archbishop the oath which they kept so well. On the right is the archbishop, with his attendants, one of them holding the discovered charter. The expression and action of the barons are full of appropriate significance.

No. 75. 'The Blackberry Bush,' W. T. RICHARDS. An odd conceit: a most careful portraiture of the least forgiving of all the ragged denizens of the hedgerows. Cleanly and clearly drawn and painted, and well supported by a dense population of the leafy children of the forest.

No. 77. 'In the Churchyard, Sheen, Surrey,' F. W. HULME. But for a solemn plantation of tombstones, the grove-like foreground, with the peep of the country church, would constitute a charming passage of landscape; but then it must be a churchyard, and it cannot be so without these stones to mark where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

No. 78. 'Fungus,' Miss MUTRIE. An assemblage of mosses, fungi, grasses, &c.; but the arrangement is prim and stiff: a passage of ragged road-side growth had made a better picture.

No. 79. 'Mrs. John Leslie,' J. LESLIE. A lady in a walking dress, a small full-length; but the figure is eleven heads high.

No. 80. 'The Guard,' A. COOPER, R.A. There are two horses here, which are, of course—especially the brown one—well drawn; but the figures have been painted without models, and they, their dress, and all their surroundings, look raw and uselessly new.

No. 81. 'Die Heimkehr,' W. C. T. DOBSON, A. The small domestic figures of this painter are beyond rusticity: there beams from their eyes a sanctification that places them among the cherubim. This 'Heimkehr,' looking very Bavarian, is the return of an elder and a younger sister from the hayfield; the former laden with a creel of grass at her back, the latter leading a little black goat, the only animal of the three which does not walk—it seems to have been painted from a well-conditioned stuffed specimen. The little girl would alone have been a characteristic example of the artist's powers.

No. 82. 'A Merry Mood,' C. BAXTER. A brilliant, joyous face—that of a girl: she holds a kerchief on her head, and with her twain laughing, starry eyes, challenges all comers.

No. 86. 'Mrs. C. Bentinck and her Children,' G. F. WATTS. The ordinary draperies and upholstery of portrait painting are made of no account here; it presents simply a lady seated, and surrounded by her children. The suppression of the colours and textures of Lyons and Spitalfields will not popularise Mr. Watts as a portrait painter. Artists, however, will pronounce this a learned performance. In composition and general feeling it is different from antecedent works, having less of the hardware of the early Florentine school; indeed, the taste of the work is by no means Pre-Raphaelite, but reminds us rather of one of the Andrea del Sartos, in the Pitti at Florence.

No. 87. 'Showing a Preference,' J. C. HORSLEY, A. The preference is thus shown: a

gentleman is walking with two ladies in a corn-field, and with one of them he is engaged in exclusive conversation, heedless of the other, whose veil, or lace shawl, has been caught by a thorn. The title is very pointedly supported, and the work is carefully and admirably painted.

No. 88. 'A Moorland Queen,' A. MAC CALUM. In tree painting there may be as much labour bestowed on a single bole as on any most intricate surface. This moorland queen is an ancient and gnarled beech, standing alone in an open plain; the distance is a sordid waste, divided by a river; and for a story of life, a poor hunted deer is passing beneath the tree. In sunshine and shade we may say that months must have been passed in realizing this work: the tree presents a pattern of the most assiduous study.

No. 92. * * * * A. E. CHALON, R.A.

"See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes."

The march of manner has utterly outdistanced the style of this sketch. The quotation is from the "Rape of the Lock," and the confusion of the scene is consonant with the spirit of the lines. To the figures there is no relief, and they are drawn without models, and cannot, consequently, sustain any comparison with those that are painted from costumed figures. The spirit of the thing is much like that of the drawings made at the sittings of the Sketching Club, of which Mr. Chalon is a member. Sketching meetings promote facility of a certain kind, but it is not that kind of art which can sustain itself by the side of the reality of labour that must now qualify even passable pictures.

No. 93. 'Portraits of three Children,' R. THORBURN, A. Between the merits of the miniatures we have been accustomed to see from the hand of Mr. Thorburn and the properties of these oil portraits there is a marked difference. These children are three in number, two little boys and a girl: the features are happy in innocent expression, but there are infirmities, both of drawing and execution, that show the artist is not yet at home in oil painting.

No. 94. 'Amy,' J. R. DICKSEE. A study of a child's head, animated and agreeable in expression.

No. 100. 'St. Paul's, from Southwark Bridge,' H. DAWSON. This is a better, but a much more difficult, subject than the Houses of Parliament, recently painted by the same artist. In that view all the forms were imposing, but here the only available object is St. Paul's, and that is supported by a line of buildings practicable only by atmospheric reduction. The view is taken from immediately above the bridge, placing the dome of the church over the right centre of the composition, the wharves and warehouses running from the right into the picture. The time is afternoon: the sun is obscured by a cloud, which is carried obliquely down to the right, forming a line by no means contributive to the beauty of the sky. The skilful treatment of the houses on the right is beyond all praise, but in colour they are too red. The water, and the boats of various kinds upon it, are disposed and painted with admirable tact, but the colour of the water is not that of the current of the Thames; the blue reflection, however, that is cast upon it, may be justified by the sky overhead. The subject is one presenting difficulties at every step: we know no artist who could deal with the individualities of the place so successfully.

No. 101. 'Mrs. Langley,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. The head of this figure, that of an aged lady, is, perhaps, the happiest essay of Mr. Knight in female portraiture.

No. 102. 'Bella Venezia,' E. W. COOKE, A. The whole line of quay, from the Riva to the

Salute, is comprehended in this view: but it is all superseded by a lugger-rigged coaster, grounded near that part of the Lido from which the view is taken. The vessel is painted with faultless accuracy, and equally so are the buildings. We have every faith in the pure atmosphere of the place, but a little less of definition would, we submit, have benefited the picture. *Bella—Bella Venezia! Addio, non possiam dirti*—so oft each year do we saunter on thy quays from Danieli's to the Grand Canal, and from the Grand Canal to Danieli's.

No. 105. 'Glen Voirlock, Dumbartonshire,' J. PEEL. An example of the executive principles of the rising school of landscape art.

No. 106. 'Flood in the Highlands,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. The incident here described, occurred, we believe, in Morayshire,—a quasi-deluge, which drove the cottiers in the lower lands to seek shelter on the roofs of their dwellings. The sentiment of the subject, according to its treatment, is not of the refined nature that points the most moving of Sir E. Landseer's *historiettes*. There is not a single shade of romance; the narrative is a newspaper report. It is a large composition—the largest Sir E. Landseer has ever exhibited; it is not a recently painted work, having been in his studio nearly seven years unfinished. The details of the story are sufficiently afflicting, and upon these, to a minute degree, he has dwelt, forgetting that the spectator, as well as Alick Gordon (the proprietor, by the way, of the bothie), is ready to be harrowed by the "red an' jawin' spaet." There are a couple of ducks swimming under the thatch; it is to them a holiday—a red letter day in their calendar; they are perfectly happy, and wonder why everybody else cannot be so. These ducks are the *farceurs* of the drama; we sympathize profoundly with the poor collie and her puppies, we even shed tears with Mrs. Gordon in her utter desolation, but we return to the ducks, and see in their happiness an antidote to every painful sympathy. And wherefore are we not at once penetrated with anguish at the distress of these poor people? Simply that the cause of the wreck is not shown: the roof of the cottage occupies the entire canvas, and the composition must be well examined before it becomes apparent that the ruin is occasioned by a flood. The principal figures are the wife of Alick Gordon, who, we learn from a legend over the door, has also a mile east an "upputting stance," that is, we presume, a place for penning or housing cattle. Mrs. Gordon, the impersonation of despair, sits rocking her infant in her lap; while her, or her husband's, aged father sits near her, his understanding so overshadowed in the twilight of a lengthened tale of years, as not to comprehend justly the cause of the movement. As much of their poor property as could be secured, has been moved to the thatch, and Gordon is in the act of attempting to save a grey horse, which is still harnessed to a cart. When it is understood that it is a deluge episode, we read very distinctly the whole narrative; but we are not satisfied that we are not moved to awe as well as compassion. The arrangements are all most skilful, and much of the painting has all the solidity of Sir Edwin Landseer's best manner. In going down the Saone during a flood any time the last fifty years, you may see the dread current pouring in at the first floor windows of the river-side houses, just under the legend, "Ici on donne à manger à cheval et à pied." The circumstances are grave enough, but the announcement, nevertheless, excites a smile: to this the ducks are a parallel—they should be painted out.

No. 107. * * * * T. M. JOY. A study of a child, costumed as of the last century, when it was fashionable for ladies to wear an imita-

tion of the *trepanti*—that three cocked-hat called the Egham, Staines, and Windsor. The draperies are, perhaps, too much cut up, but it is a very piquant study and a charming picture.

No. 109. 'Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming, Bart., of Altyre,' Sir J. W. GORDON, R.A. A full-length figure of the size of life, grave and argumentative, is in most cases a portrait; this work is of the category we mean, and is accordingly a portrait: but if it were a small figure, it would be a picture—a conception of some fiery chieftain of the '15 or the '45, for he stands erect, his left hand resting on his claymore, looking over his right shoulder—a pose the very spirit of a challenge. He wears the kilt as if it not only belonged to him, but he to it; and we should give him at once a clanish name, one of those *quorum omnia inveniunt in Mac*.

No. 110. 'The Moss Rose,' T. M. JOY. A companion to No. 107, more brilliant in character, and of even higher merit. The "pair" are graceful and beautiful, and may be coveted by all who love to look upon youth in its loveliness, when there is little dread of taint to the daisy, or canker to the rose.

No. 115. 'Street of Torre dell' Annunziata, near Naples, Evening,' O. ACHENBACH. The painter bears a name distinguished in the German school of Art; but this work does not remind us of the well-balanced and forcible landscapes he has been accustomed to exhibit. The heat of the place is overpowering, and the dust—foh! it comes in clouds off the canvas. If this is all the painter aspired to, he may shout "Evviva!" with his hat in the stifling air; but he does it at the expense of many of the best qualities of Art.

No. 116. 'Outward Bound,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. We are here on the shore of the Zuyder Zee, perhaps at Monnikendam, or some other curious old wooden Dutch settlement on that heaving gulf. The outward bound is nothing less than a dogger putting to sea; but as is usual with the compositions of this painter, there are craft of various rig within hail.

No. 118. 'A Peep through the Forest,' W. D. KENNEDY. What forest? This is a composition with a very foreign look, a study of colour more mellifluous than if it had been virtuously painted from an actuality. The painter sketches with incredible facility; he would have been a giant in the days of Richard Wilson, whose best pupil, by the way, the genius of his art entitles him to be. He would have startled George Morland into momentary sobriety, and Gainsborough even would have patted him on the back. It is now a mockery to append "painted on the spot" to a title; everything is painted on the spot. Thus it is a pregnant and heart-stirring accident to meet with a really worthy performance that is not painted from nature.

No. 121. 'Autumn,' T. WEBSTER, R.A. In this work there is less than usual of the studious Dutch brilliancy, whereby Mr. Webster achieved his distinguished reputation. The scene is a hop-garden, with two or three quiet but busy figures. If, however, the faces are examined, they will be found to be worked up to that exquisite softness and tenderness of line and marking, which forms such a charming feature in his best works.

No. 122. 'The Man of Sorrows,' W. DYCE, R.A.

"As when upon His drooping head,
His Father's light was poured from heaven,
What time, unsheltered and unfed,
Far in the wild His steps were driven,
High thoughts were with him in that hour,
Untold, unspeakable on earth."

K. E. L.

It will be understood that the Saviour is here represented in the wilderness. A due examination of the work inspires emotions of envy of the exhaustless patience which, day after day,

has been exerted on this composition till its final accomplishment. It is of small size: our Lord is placed towards the left, seated on a rock, with his head bent forward in a pose profoundly contemplative. There is no effort at brilliancy; the robes of the figure are blue and red, and the rest of the scene is broad and sober. The conditions of the figure having been determined, the painting of it, with all its energy of finish, was a trifle, in comparison with the landscape in which it is circumstanced, every visible blade of herbage, and every idle pebble, being duly registered. But the wilderness is not a wilderness of the Holy Land; it is a Scottish waste, such as there are many at the bases of the "slopes" in the shires of Inverness and Aberdeen. Mr. Dyce paints locality with a truth that is loud in pronouncing the whereabouts.

No. 123. 'James Spedding, Esq.,' S. LAWRENCE. An essay in the taste of some apocryphal persons called "old masters;" a facetious departure from identity of colour, and therefore an artist's *con amore* study.

No. 126. 'View near Brixted, Sussex—Tunbridge Wells in the distance,' E. NIEMANN. The dispositions are skilful and the manipulation resolute—the picture is too high to enable us to see more.

No. 127. 'The Corn-Field,' J. SANT. Personal incident gives pictorial importance to portraiture, this is at once felt in this agroupment, which contains a triad of children whose attention is attracted by a butterfly that has settled on an ear of wheat. The youngest of the three wishes to catch the insect, but she is restrained by her elder sister. The features and their excited and earnest expression are in Mr. Sant's best vein, but too much is made of the wheat, it reduces the importance of the group.

No. 128. * * * * J. R. HERBERT, R.A. "And Mary, rising up in those days, went into the mountainous country with haste." Again, "Among the lilies moveth in haste the lily of Israel, to make known to others the word which is conceived within her." Such are the texts whereon Mr. Herbert builds his theme, the former from Luke i. 39. The picture is small, and has been executed by command of the Queen. It shows the Virgin Mary journeying alone to visit Elizabeth; she is presented at full length. The scene is an open landscape closed by distant hills: it is painted in the feeling of the best period of Italian Art, and intended, according to the spirit of the men of that time, not to represent an actual locality, but to be received as a conception appropriate to the subject. The draperies of the figure are rather classic than mediæval, admirable in the studious arrangement of lines and quantities. But the absorbing point of the work is the superlative beauty of the face. Mary did not die early, but the celestial mould of these features is as that of one living already a spiritual life on earth. It was to Hebron that Mary journeyed to Elizabeth, a distance of more than a hundred miles, and the whole of the country through which she passed was at this time covered with flowers. Near her there is a lamb, a type of the Lamb of God, and for the rest no part of the canvas is without allusion to Scripture.

No. 129. * * * * J. JURY.

"Sleep on, and dream of heaven awhile:
Thou' shut so close thy loving eyes,
Thy rosy lips still seem to smile,
And move and breathe delicious sighs."

These lines from Rogers stand in the place of a title to a well painted study of a woman watching her sleeping child whom she holds on her lap. The manner is that of a foreign school, as the figure represents perhaps a Bavarian. She is humbly circumstanced, therefore the sensitive exclusion of commonplace accessory is an undue refinement.

No. 130. 'Sunshine in October—a study on the Thames, near Medmenham,' W. J. FERGUSON. The season is unmistakably described in this study, but beyond this there is little.

No. 131. 'The Terrace,' C. BAXTER. A half-length study of a girl shading her head with a fan: the face is extremely sweet in colour and expression.

No. 132. 'Rest,' C. W. COPE, R.A. A small picture showing a mother holding her sleeping child in her lap; everything is kept down to assist the brilliancy of the heads.

No. 149. 'Evening Prayer,' by the same artist, is a larger study. Here we see a mother clasping her child, who kneels on her lap repeating her prayers. The expression of the former is that of a thoughtful listener.

No. 133. 'Winter,' T. WEBSTER, R.A. It is not the season that affects the sense here—it is the blind man who is led into church by the little girl; he comes to the step, hesitates, and feels his way with his stick. This is the leading incident, but there are others of the villagers coming to the house of God, and from them the eye passes to the infinite finish of the trees, the church-porch, the pathway; all indeed is exemplary, of singular patience and tact. But we trust withal that Mr. Webster does not forget his *electa pueritia*; if he does, it is an instance of the blackest ingratitude.

No. 134. 'Major-General Skippon's troop of horse attacking and capturing the King's guns, baggage, &c., at the Battle of Naseby,' A. COOPER, R.A. Mr. Cooper has in his time painted some carefully studied works, in remembrance of which lovers of Art will look with a certain indulgence on his present essays. We cannot, however, help thinking that he might even now draw his figures more accurately.

No. 135. 'Age and Youth,' A. H. BURR. There is no story or allusive incident here; but the properties of the art are unexceptionable. An old man, reading the Bible, and a boy sitting by him, make up the composition; but it is an agreeable picture:—not, however, faultless, for the old man's face is too much broken up.

No. 136. 'James Napier, Esq.,' J. J. NAPIER. A skylight—abuse it as you will—is, for men's heads, a superb medium of power. The eyes here melt into depth, and the dark Rembrandt-like shade under the nose rounds the feature, and brings it out with admirable palpability. But the complexion is too red, even suspiciously so.

No. 140. 'Mrs. Godfrey Bosanquet and Son,' J. SANT. The boy's head is the picture; it is curious to feel the diminution of the interest, as the eye recedes from that point. The propriety of the rest is above question, but not up to the boy's head.

No. 141. 'Pegwell Bay, Kent—October 5th, 1858,' W. DYCE, R.A. Verily the mere name of the place brings with it a savour of shrimp sauce, and it is here storied in a picture of heart-breaking elaboration. It is about the last subject of which we should have accused the chronicler of King Arthur in the Queen's robing room. The time is evening, deepening twilight, with a sky of singular clearness, but cold withal. The last comet is in the sky, and in the horizon is marked with glowing red the point of the sun's descent. It is most difficult to paint chalk cliffs. They are here brought before us in a low grey tone, which is not cut off at the beach, but continued on the shingle; the whole of the foreground being painted with a truth equal to that of photography.

No. 142. 'View of the Tiber, near Rome,' R. ZAHNER. The Tiber in the environs of Rome is so little attractive, that it is very rarely painted. Thus here is set forth a winding stream, with banks bald and barren, flowing through a meadow-flat.

No. 148. 'A Roughish Road,' T. CRESWICK,

R.A. This is the class of picture whereby Mr. Creswick achieved his reputation. A screen of trees, a summer brooklet stealthily feeling its way among the stones that encumber its course, a piece of green upland, and a peep of a village spire. These quiet greens and sober browns all signify substance. The sky is a valuable passage in the effect.

No. 153. 'The Tuileries, 20th June, 1792,' A. ELMORE, R.A. In the first paragraph of a quotation accompanying the title, it is written: "They brought the queen's children to her, in order that their presence, by softening the mob, might serve as a buckler to their mother. They placed them in the depth of the window. They wheeled in front of this the council table. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the dauphin before her, seated upon the table. Madame was at her side." And thus stands Marie Antoinette, with the king's sister, the dauphin, and the dauphine, confronting the crowd of demons, who have forced themselves into the council chamber. The head of the queen seems to have been verified from Mr. Monckton Milnes' portrait. The painting and lighting of the queen and her party are unobjectionable; but in the brawling *canaille* on the left there is no dominating character, and this part of the composition is somewhat enfeebled by an attempt at too much. The work, however, is, in all respects, masterly—one of the greatest achievements of our school; yet it is a picture that must give intense agony to all who look upon it. Why artists will persist in producing such a sensation we are at a loss to guess; the world without gives us sorrow enough; why should we bring it wantonly to be the fire-side guest?

No. 155. 'Doorway at Bradenstoke Abbey, Wilts,' A. PROVIS. In departing from his rude and quaint interiors, this artist loses that originality by which he became distinguished.

No. 156. 'Under the Hedge,' A. GOODWIN. When first this mechanical kind of art made its appearance, everybody was enchanted with it. Being an inevitable result of steady labour, those who do not become weary of the dry monotony of leaves and microscopic grasses, are certain of producing this close imitation of any given section of wayside waste.

No. 158. 'A Street in Antwerp,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. A very skilful disposition of intermittent lights and shades, beautiful in tint, but not the colour of Antwerp.

No. 160. 'Choristers feeding the Poets of the Air at the Tomb of Walter Von der Vogelweide. In an old chronicle is recorded this Minnesinger's wish to be entombed where the birds (from which he had learnt so much of the mystery of his art) might sing over his resting-place,' W. FIELD. There is, generally, in the selection of subject, so little of the exercise of thought, that we note with pleasure a theme which must have cost the artist both reading and thinking. If a thoughtful work were even not well executed, it is due to the painter of originalities that his efforts should be recognised. This picture appears to be treated in good taste; it is, however, too high for satisfactory examination.

No. 162. 'Claude Duval,' W. P. FRITH, R.A. Judging from the turn Mr. Frith's genius had so felicitously taken in his 'Epsom Downs' and 'Margate Sands,' we imagined he had parted from the dramatic and the romantic—that he had resolved himself into a sage and moralist, to hold the mirror up to the great and little vanities of life. But, "once more, ye laurels," has he been seized with the dramatic rage, and rushes into the story of Claude Duval, as told by Macaulay—"How, at the head of his troop, he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and

suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath." We have, accordingly, Claude dancing, with his right hand raised, and the lady opposite to him looking, very properly, all but dead with fear. Another lady lies in a swoon in the coach; one of the robbers protests on his honour to a duenna-looking dame in the rickety vehicle; and others of the gang are variously busied in the thrift of their vocation. All the robbers are masked—it would have been well to have removed the mask from one or two of the faces. Above all, the chivalrous and gallant Claude, in dancing with the lady, ought, according to the rules of every court of dames and cavaliers, to have removed his; the action of the right hand holding the mask would have been a *coup* to elicit ceaseless plaudits. Again, Claude was a tolerable performer on the flageolet, and would he have been content with the sorry music that fellow in the corner is discoursing with his penny whistle? No; we know Duval better; long, long ago we made his acquaintance in Johnson's *Lives of Highwaymen*, and in other chronicles, and know him for a thief, who affected tastes, if he had them not. The old coach is a veritable relic; it exists at Cobham, and is the property of Lord Darnley.

No. 163. 'Aber Valley, near Bangor,' J. MORGAN. A small picture of unqualified sweetness.

No. 165. 'On the River Llugwy, North Wales,' F. W. HULME. In sunshine often has the scene been painted; but now it is shown to us under a rain cloud—the river black and sullen, the trees sad and drooping, and the hill at the back blue and cold.

No. 166. 'Off to School,' E. HUGHES. The title describes the picture; it savours of a humble hearth, and the younger members of the family preparing for departure. By the same hand there is No. 188, 'Timely Help,' a sad paragraph of how a young lady was thrown from her horse in the hunting-field, and was borne to the house of a small farmer, where she was received by the inmates, and found by her friends. The painting and drawing of the figures in both works are faultless, and the narrative is circumstantial and complete.

No. 168. 'Prayer,' J. PHILLIP, R.A. This is the artist's diploma work—that deposited in the Academy on his election as an Academician. Apart from the earnest utterance of all the woman's features, the substance and oneness of the figure are very striking. She is a Spanish fruit-seller, who sits within a church in fervent prayer. There is near her, but in shade, some Dona Juanilla, who shades her face with a fan; she declares she has nothing to confess, but this fruit-woman is a penitent. God forgive her, she has been a thriftless sinner. Has Mr. Phillip been thinking of Diego Velasquez and his solid simplicity in sad browns and greens? But that Velasquez never painted in copal, or what may it be?—some unctuous compound warranted to dry within the sixty seconds in the best dog's ear textures. Excellent device for a ragged surface! The piece of white under the woman's chin is beyond all price; nothing else could generate such power, only it is too clean to be assorted with rags.

No. 174. 'The Prop of the Family,' T. F. MARSHALL. The scene is a harvest-field, and "the prop of the family" a boy, the eldest son of his poor mother—a widow, with other children graduating downwards to infancy. The earnest substance of certain parts of the landscape is, perhaps, better than the working of the figures.

No. 175. 'Dean Swift at St. James's Coffee House, 1710,' E. CROWE. Swift, in the quiet box that he occupies here, is entirely superseded by an exquisite, in a sky-blue silk brocade coat, who flirts with the barmaid. In a

composition of a few figures, describing a notable passage of a given man's life, he ought not only to be the hero, but the lion of the party. The picture is elaborately worked, and, in the subject, shows reading and thought—the real sources of originality.

No. 177. 'Mrs. Aubrey de Vere Beauclerk,' R. BUCKNER. The head of this lady is painted with infinite delicacy; but really the attention of every beholder must be attracted to the ponderous frame. The admission of such frames as this will, in future, by a new bye-law, be impossible.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 189. 'Geoffroi Rudel,' D. W. WINFIELD. The point of this story is difficult to set forth on canvas; there is too much to be understood beforehand; it is, nevertheless, a daring essay, that speaks emphatically for the self-discipline of the artist. We are to suppose Geoffroi Rudel, an early French troubadour, to be in love with the Countess of Tripoli, whom he has never seen, but whose beauty common report wanted words to describe. He goes to visit her, and dies at her feet! The picture is large, and crowded with figures, apparently well-drawn and carefully painted.

No. 193. 'An Intrusion,' E. DAVIS. An old man holds an apple before a child, seated on its mother's lap. The title must have been given in error, for it applies in nowise to the composition. There is something in a title; but, in glancing over our catalogues, and comparing titles with pictures, a great proportion of the names given to figure compositions are worse than puerile.

No. 196. 'The Villa d'Este,' — POSTMA. A brown poplar rises in the centre of this small sketch. We are fastidious about the colour of foliage, because everybody now paints from nature, and nothing in the way of leaves, either mummy or mouse-coloured, is ever met with in nature, since Constable refused to call green brown, much to the astonishment of Sir George Beaumont.

No. 197. 'The Wandering Musician,' J. MORGAN. There is much creditable quality here, but the eye is distracted by the endless multiplicity of objects. The musician is playing a clarinet, while a happy father dances his child to the tune. The confusion of the composition is accounted for by the fact that the incidents occur in the shop of a village saddler.

No. 199. 'Wheat,' J. LINNELL, Sen. It is not the harvest-field, nor the figures, nor the healthy blue sky, with its white clouds, that at once challenges the eye in this composition, but a tree on the right, brown in the trunk, and brown in the branches. It might have been felt that an expression of warm brown was wanted here, but the skeleton-like form in which it is imparted is not an agreeable one. This is one of the simplest works that Mr. Linnell has recently exhibited, the materials being only a harvest-field, with figures enclosed by a belt of plantation—well-grown trees. Stubble and corn-sheaves have been frequently exhibited of late under this far-famed name. In his title the artist is as trite as may be.

No. 200. 'Madame Catherine Hayes,' A. BACCANI. An elegant and simple portrait of the accomplished and popular *cantatrice*—full-length, of the size of life, presenting the lady, dressed in black, before a plain green background.

No. 201. 'The Plains of Nineveh, from Tanners' Ferry, near Mosul, from the sketches taken by the artist on the spot,' F. C. COOPER. "And Babylon shall become heaps,"—and so also we find Nineveh. Looking across the Tigris into the far distance, we see those heaps which, at the appointed time, reveal their contents. The view, if it be correct, is interesting as a topographical and historical record.

No. 204. 'Lady Jane Grey, a prisoner in the Tower of London, refusing to accede to the solicitations of Fakenham, Queen Mary's Confessor, to abandon the Protestant faith,' S. A. HART, R.A. A well-chosen subject, treated with becoming simplicity: Lady Jane Grey is seated, and the priest—a figure forward and importunate—is threatening her, but her action is that of "Get thee behind me."

No. 206. 'Juliet,' A. M. MADOT. If the artist declined making his Juliet better favoured, he ought, at least, to have made her more delicate. She leans at a window in a kind of green dress, relieved by a drapery similar in colour; a daring essay, and therefore the more creditable in its success. The situation suggests Romeo below—

"It is my lady; O, it is my love," &c.

No. 207. 'A Scene on the Sands at Port Madoc, North Wales,' H. B. WILLIS. Never have we seen anything so light and broad from the brush of this excellent painter. The wide expanse of sand is dotted with herds of cattle, the eye being led from point to point till it is met by the mountains in their mantle of mist.

No. 211. 'The Sanctuary,' J. BOSROCK. As bearing reference to the title, the lady here represented can only be supposed to have retired to the sacred precinct of her room to contemplate the miniature she holds before her. It is a well drawn and agreeably painted study.

No. 212. 'Interior of the Cathedral of Pisa,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. From the extremity of the nave we look up to the high altar; but the space described is greater than the reality, perspectively increased as it is by the lines upon the floor. Yet it is a grand and imposing interior, with its marble columns—works of John of Pisa, Andrea del Sarto, and other memorable men. Uncommonly and uniformly tall Mr. Roberts propounds all his figures—this is contrary to his principle of space at any price.

No. 214. 'Sunny Moments,' J. C. HORSLEY, A. *Lucus à non lucendo*—the moments are sunny in a shady place. In this sketch we read a love tale, whereof the hero and heroine are the gardener and some Mistress Lilian of the Hall. So dense is the shade of the trees, that the few points of light that penetrate the leafage to the gravel walk glitter like diamonds of the most precious water.

No. 215. * * * * J. HAYLLAR.

"And as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is," &c.

The subject is, in short, Geraint listening to the voice of Enid, a situation from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." The pliant figure and the motive of the features are indications of pleasurable listening: the face is vivacious, the parted lips seem just to have said "Hush!" and to be about to repeat the deprecation. But why has Geraint the pert, angular face of a shrewish waiting-woman? Her style is ingenious, and the figure is, on the whole, a pithy but not a refined conception.

No. 216. 'The Countess of Stradbroke,' R. BUCKNER. The head is a study of much grace; but it is a dress portrait, and a dress portrait never can have pictorial quality.

No. 218. 'The Countess of Airlie,' H. WEIGALL. This is also a full-length figure: the lady is dressed in black—a presence of much elegance.

No. 219. 'Phœbus rising from the sea, by the lustre of his first vivifying rays through the drifting foam of a rolling wave, calls into worldly existence "The Queen of Beauty,"' F. DANBY, A. In short, the reception of Venus by the Seasons in the Island of Cythera, for Mr. Danby seems to have worked from Hesiod and Cicero. The sky is a passage of

the most delicate painting; it is refined, aerial, spacious, poetic—its atmosphere is fresh and respirable: but in the sea we are keenly sensible of paint. Mr. Danby, with a license greater than that of any Palæologus, monopolizes for his Venus the parentage of two of Cicero's Venuses, one of whom was a daughter of the light, the other a child of the foam of the sea. He hits upon a pretty idea, which that prosy old Bæotian, Hesiod, would have worked into a telling *historiette* in his family notes in the Theogony—Venus, the daughter of Phœbus and the Sea! The goddess is standing in the car in which she has been wafted to the shore, where she is received by the daughters of Jupiter; Phœbus rises in the remotest sky, erect in his chariot, the horses of which are not yet above the horizon—a charming conception, new on canvas, but not in marble. The picture is, in parts, extremely soft in execution, but the crests of the waves are hard, cutting, and formal, and very much would be gained by softening these lines. In the upper part there is atmosphere, but the sea denies the fact; near and far, wave and ripple all protest there is no air.

No. 220. 'Study of Scotch Firs, Blade Park, Iver Heath,' J. SANT. Again and again we examine this picture, again and again turn to the name, but it stands the same, J. Sant. The anomaly is this, that the same hand which micrographed this picture should mock us with that licentious freedom of painting that we sometimes see in the little dirty pinafores and mufflers wherewith Mr. Sant dresses his cherubim, much to the distress of mothers and nurses, who turn from such abuses as the mere drysaltery of Art. But one word of these Scotch firs: it is likely that a microscopic exploration of the trunk would show the insect life that has its being in the caverns of the bark.

No. 221. 'A Quiet Afternoon,' E. OPIE. The arrangement and effect evidence power and knowledge; it shows an old woman knitting, and a girl reading the Bible.

No. 223. 'A Volunteer,' H. O'NEIL, A. The circumstances of this episode are extremely difficult of a striking adjustment. The subject is a suggestion from the wreck of the *Royal Charter*, the volunteer being the brave man who risks his life to convey the rope through the breakers to the shore. The captain, with his glass under his arm, prays God speed him; and the eyes of a group of poor creatures huddled together on the deck are fixed in blank despair on the preparation for what they conceive must be a fruitless effort. The artist describes a sea that must leave the ship on her beam ends every time she is struck by a wave; yet the captain and "the Volunteer" stand on the deck with as little inconvenience as if the vessel were at her harbour moorings. An everyday Channel breeze destroys your perpendicular, but a deck heeling up to never less than forty-five degrees is not a base on which you may stand with your hands in your pockets. The work is neither agreeable in character nor well painted. We do not envy its possessor.

No. 225. 'The Expectant,' E. J. COBBETT. A study of a girl seated on the sea-shore, looking for the coming of her lover's boat. Bright and firm in execution.

No. 227. 'Crossing Newbiggin Moor in a Snow-drift, East Cumberland,' T. S. COOPER, A. Even a snow scene is a relief to the uniformity of composition that the artist has observed for so many years. The canvas is larger than necessary for the subject. The scene is a wild expanse of the Cumberland hills covered with snow, whence a large flock of sheep is being driven home. The desire of the painter has been to show the mountains, but a better effect would have been produced by giving greater violence to the snow blast. The work is, how-

ever, one of rare excellence; of late years the artist has produced nothing so good.

No. 229. 'Lord Saye and Sele arraigned before Jack Cade and his Mob, A.D. 1451,' C. LUCY. If a historical subject be treated in Art, though it has been dramatized, it would be better to keep the drama out of the question if the theme be brought forward as a serious passage of history. Cade's whimsical summing up of the offences of the prisoner always brings us back to the boards: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school. Thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill." The lord of the hour is seated on the right of the composition; and Lord Saye, a peaceable man, is unnecessarily strangled before his time by two ruffians who have charge of him. Cade's satellites are coarse in person, but dainty in their dress. The situation is assuredly most opportune for showing something of—

"The scum that rises when a nation boils;"

but, after all, your painter of real miscreants, body and soul, must be a man of superlative genius.

No. 232. 'Mrs. Merry and Mrs. Cunningham,' R. THORBURN, A. Two small full-length portraits, bright in general tone. The draperies are extremely well painted.

No. 233. 'Seeking the Bridle Road,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. A piece of close wood scenery—a subject always conscientiously worked out by this artist.

No. 234. 'The Plough,' W. C. T. DONSON, A. The text here is "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This training is a ploughing lesson; a boy is driving under the guidance of his father. The two figures come clear against the sky—always a prominent situation, and the more so when the horizon is low; the only forcible quantity is the group. Like all the works of this charming painter, it is full of feeling, taste, and knowledge.

No. 235. 'The Children in the Wood—the Evening,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. The emulation in painting what are called "bits of nature" seems to grow year by year. This is not so much the story of the Babes in the Wood, as a study from the wood itself—two boles and roots of ancient beeches, mosses, lichens, grasses, and all the wild and waste of a piece of forest bottom. We see the children on an upper path; and the evening is indicated by the chaste allusion of a spot of sunny light on one of the trees. No. 238 opens a second chapter under the same title, but the time is morning. The children have passed the night in the forest, and are lying on the ground. This is equal to the other in its "cunning" accomplishment.

No. 240. 'The Nile Raft,' F. DILLON. The desire of the artist is not so much to make the raft the point of his description, as to show the banks of the river, and the desert beyond. There is no freshness; everywhere a brazen sky and burning sand: at least, so it looks here.

No. 241. 'Bethlehem,' W. C. T. DONSON, A. The figures of this artist sometimes look short; Joseph here seems so; and in the face of the Virgin there is a certain Bavarian breadth and roundness not befitting the face of the mother of our Saviour. There is more of the dulness of the flesh than the exaltation of the spirit. She is nursing the infant on her lap; Joseph stands by her; a man kneels in prayer before the child; a lamb lies bound on the floor—this is, of course, a type of the Saviour; and if this be a type, a man at the door dragging in a dog that advances unwillingly must also have a signification, but that is obscure. The composition has many merits, but it will not bear

comparison with some others that have preceded it.

No. 242. 'Captain Sir F. Leopold McClintock, R.N., LL.B., &c. &c., late commanding Lady Franklin's arctic discovery yacht the *Porpoise*,' S. PEARCE. A well-finished work, but Captain McClintock is presented as in a region of ice and snow with his hat off; the artist cannot have overlooked this. Be that as it may, there is no artistic sophistry that can justify the anomaly.

No. 245. 'The Little Florist,' T. F. DICKSEE. The expression and character of this figure are eminently sweet; it is a little girl seated on a bank with a lapfull of flowers. The head in lighting and childish grace is admirable.

No. 247. 'Maurice—a favourite St. Bernard dog, the property of her Majesty,' J. W. BORTOMLEY. An animal of noble presence, with a face of striking intelligence and incorruptible honesty. He is left in charge of a small basket in Windsor Home Park.

No. 248. * * * * * E. W. COOKE, A. "H.M.S. *Terror* in the ice of Frozen Strait, April, 1837, when under command of Captain, now Rear-Admiral Sir George Back (from whose sketch the vessel was painted). The *Terror* was abandoned, with Sir John Franklin's ship the *Erebus*, in 1848, to the westward of King William's Island." Looking at the poor bark, which Mr. Cooke must have painted in trembling, the question is not so much how she is to clear out of this wilderness of ice, for that seems impossible, but how she got there. The situation is the reverse of that of the Ancient Mariner, for there is not a drop of water anywhere. "Broken points," says Back's narrative, "at every angle, from the perpendicular to the nearly horizontal—hummocks, mounds, jagged and warted masses, splinters, walls and ramparts, with here and there, at far intervals, the remains of some floe not yet entirely broken up." The picture has, we presume, been painted under authority, and as such its artistic merits are out of the question. It must be regarded as presenting to the sense a more prebensible idea of the awful perils of arctic navigation than any written description can convey. In conception, arrangement, and execution, it is certainly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the accomplished painter, and is surpassed in merit by no work in the exhibition.

No. 249. 'A page from the History of the Civil War,' W. J. GRANT. The first conception arising from this composition is, that in the distance a battle is being fought, and that the group of ladies hiding under the bank are the wives of the combatants waiting in agonies of apprehension the result of the battle. But it is intended to represent Henrietta Maria, who having been to Holland to raise money for the support of the royal cause is, on her return, fired on by the troops of the parliament. The subject has the merit of originality, but the dispositions are not effective.

No. 251. 'The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' M. STONE. With reference to the titles of works of Art, they may be appropriate or otherwise, but they should at least serve as a key to the story. Here is a composition of much merit, wherein we find a young man in the act of grinding his sword, to whom an old man, a cripple, offers a Bible, which the other seems indisposed to receive. There is an old woman and a fourth figure, and in the background a ruined house. To the title are appended three lines from Byron:—

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Requeth'd from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

But these lines do not assist the querist.

No. 254. 'Early Morning in the Pontine Marshes,' R. LEHMANN. The manner of clearing the canals in the Pontine Marshes by swimming a herd of bullocks in the water has

been already often shown on canvas. In this case a barge full of harvest labourers meet a herd in the canal near Terracina. The incident seems to be described in its genuine spirit, and the work is painted with much exactness.

No. 256. 'Italy,' MADAME E. JERICHAU. Much embarrassment would it have cost any dilettante to solve the proposition on this canvas; and hopeless would it be for any poetic enthusiast to divine the type of Italy as here set before us. Painted by a lady, it must be a nymph with bright and flowing hair beset with all the sunny sweets of that luscious land? No. Then a glorious landscape, the essence of Byron and Turner,—a visionary Hesperia, the golden promise of the gods? No. Madame Jerichau is perilously political; this is a picture which can only hang with impunity in a free atmosphere. Italy is represented by a young man, on whose brow the sufferings of his prostrate country have settled the darkest cloud of despair.

No. 257. 'His only Pair,' T. FAED.

"The mother, wif her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amais as weel's the new."

According to the spirit of these lines from Burns, we find the mother of the family mending the trousers of her boy, "his only pair," while he sits on the table patiently waiting that consummation which Burns ascribes to her ingenuity. But the painter has put into her hands a garment so hopelessly ragged that it is much to be feared her efforts will terminate as did those of the busy devil to whom was assigned the task of spinning ropes of sand. The figures are embodied with the same beautiful properties of colour, roundness, and firmness that distinguish all Mr. Faed's works. There is a jovial frankness of manner in his draperies that is not often met with: he luxuriates in his medium whatever it is, and never leaves it till he has provided in it for others objects of pleasurable contemplation. His faces appear to us to be elaborated into their beaming brightness by the most careful manipulation. In his extreme anxiety for minute circumstance in the cottage he gives the absent *pater* a very ill name. Everything is in a state of sheer dilapidation; the walls are broken, the doors of the press are off their hinges, the furniture is in ruins, in short the man must be for ever at Meg Dods's. This is affluence of detail, but it diminishes the importance of the figures.

No. 258. 'The Temple of Gertasse, Nubia,' F. DILLON. Another view of the Nile, and far away into the desert: doubtless very true, and certainly admirably painted.

No. 262. 'A Relic of Old Times,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. A ruin as a principal feature of composition is a new style of subject for this artist. The left of the picture shows a massive pile on an eminence, brought into opposition with a clear evening sky. A river, crossed by a bridge, occupies the centre of the view. It is not a kind of subject favourable to the exercise of Mr. Creswick's powers.

No. 263. 'The Symphony of the Summer. Flowers and Fruit,' T. GRÖNLAND. This artist is not to be seduced by the charm of minute execution; his luxuries are dazzling colour, and to rifle the lap of summer of all her sweets. M. Grönlund, in his manner of composition, follows the *abandon* of the great tulip painters of the Dutch school. It is a large work—too large for a flower picture.

No. 267. 'A Summer Storm,' W. H. PATON. As to effect very successful, but too high to show its other merits; we may presume that it is a good work, for the artist has earned repute.

No. 269. 'Peg Woffington's Visit to Triplet,' Miss R. SOLOMON. This is really a picture of great power, and in execution so firm and masculine that it would scarcely be pronounced the work of a lady. The subject is from Charles

Reade's "Peg Woffington." The heroine visits Triplet and his family, in the words of Triplet himself, "Coming like sunshine into poor men's houses, and turning drooping hearts to daylight and hope." It is gratifying, encouraging, and full of hope, to find a picture so admirably painted by a lady; it is, moreover, the offspring of thought and intelligence, as well as study and labour. The artist was not content to seek a theme on trodden ways, but sought, and found it, where she might obtain evidence of originality as well as power. She adds another name to the many who receive honour as great women of the age.

No. 270. 'Camoglia Riviere di Levante,' G. E. HERING. The sunny, tender, and tranquil sentiment that characterizes this view exerts a sweet and soothing influence on the mind. It is an expansive coast scene, wherein the eye is seduced from point to point until the vast distance be compassed. This is truly the aspect of Italy, we see the light and feel the warmth without being sensible of a painted surface.

No. 271. 'Listening to the Mermaid's Song,' J. H. S. MANN. The figures here—principally a mother holding a shell to the ear of her child—are painted with that tenderness of colour, and delicacy of manipulation, which characterize all the productions brought forward under this name.

No. 275. 'Scene from "Taming of the Shrew," Katherine and Petruchio,' A. EGG, A. Colour and execution are so absorbing, so exclusive, that in works especially signalized by these properties, others not less important, and perhaps more strictly natural, are often forgotten. So essentially different is this from 'The Night before Naseby,' and other works of like substance, that we should not have recognised here the hand of Mr. Egg. It is the scene in which Petruchio distributes the meats about the stage:—

"'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat!
What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to one that loves it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cup, and all."

He holds the mutton up on a fork, and grasps in his right hand a knife; the attitude is grotesque, and the expression of the features coincident with the posture. But Shakspeare intended Petruchio for a gentleman, and this cannot be lost sight of in any version of the character. Throughout the play Petruchio is a man of action and broad expression, and this must be reduced to consistency with gentlemanly bearing. Among other things that are made to yield to the legerdemain of execution, are presence and roundness in the figures; nothing could be more favourable for relief than the background, but the figures do not come out. In the qualities which Mr. Egg seeks to vindicate he succeeds fully, but he is not exempt from those infirmities into which others have fallen in the same path.

No. 276. 'Fresh Sea Breezes,' C. P. KNIGHT. An example of the young England school, but aerial perspective has not been overlooked in the determination with which form, colour, and surface, have been made out according to the atomic theory. It is but a section of sea cliff; the sea looks too dark, but in the painting we are not reminded of vehicles so much as in ordinary instances of the school.

No. 277. 'Emma, daughter of W. Acton, Esq.,' C. BAXTER. A little brunette with large and earnest eyes, hugging an affectionate Skye terrier. The dog's head, with its solicitous look, is an admirable study.

No. 284. 'Emilie aus Görwitz,' W. C. T. DOBSON, A. But Emilie has long been sung and celebrated by Mr. Dobson; this then is the type whereon he has based so many of his rustic figures, with their pale, thoughtful faces. No-

thing can be more simple than Emilie's *personel*, but it is her impressive simplicity that gives interest to the figure. The background by which she is relieved is black and opaque; it does not sort with this class of subject.

No. 286. 'Rome—the Coliseum—Evening,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. More of a sketch than the pictures already noticed. Mr. Roberts exhibits five works this season, more than we remember for years past. He is a voluptuary in his Roman sunshine; there is not density enough in the air to cast so red a sheen on the ruin as we see here.

No. 287. 'An Old Sand-pit,' J. W. OAKES. On the appearance of his first essays this artist won, a few years ago, the unqualified suffrages of the profession and the public, by his admirable illustration of the atomic principle of painting. His present works, in comparison with those, fall manifestly short. Yet, had he never painted otherwise than in the finished style of this, he would still achieve a high reputation. It is a section of rough bottom so true, that it must have been diligently worked out upon the spot.

No. 288. 'The Horse-race at Rome—first idea for the large picture of "Il Corso,"' T. J. BARKER. The sketch for a large picture, executed two years ago.

No. 295. 'Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shur,' F. GOODALL, A. The following description of the composition is given in the catalogue: "An Arab sheikh addressing his tribe on breaking up their encampment at the 'Wells of Moses' (Ayoun Mousa), on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. The headland of Djebel Attaka, on the opposite coast, is the point from which (in local tradition) the Israelites are said to have crossed." These, then, are the springs from which the Israelites are supposed to have drawn water. This is a magnificent version of the place and the denizens of the desert by whom it is mostly frequented. The picture is large, but it becomes small when we contemplate the space it describes. The site is towards the northern extremity of the Red Sea, on its eastern shore. The view is therefore bounded by the Djebel Attaka, a lofty mountain chain on the west of the Red Sea, stretching northward towards Suez. We approach the work with a conviction of its unimpeachable truth in every item of its principal and accessory features. The sheikh is on the right, and, with his hand uplifted, stands haranguing his followers, of whom some sit quietly smoking on the sand, others stand respectfully listening, others are already mounted on their camels, ready for departure; from the wells some are yet filling the zembemias, and among the women are also signs of preparation. But the character of the people, as given here, is more accurate, more faithful, than has ever before been represented in Art. The figures are numerous—they amount to a crowd; but we believe that every one is a study from the life, and in them we see the costume of the days of Abraham, for the raiment of the Arabs has changed but little since the time of Ishmael their father.

No. 300. 'Mrs. William Vernon Harcourt,' H. WEIGALL. A portrait painted in good taste; the impersonation is that of a gentlewoman.

No. 309. 'Edward Henry Steward, Lord Clifton,' J. SANT. This is a Lawrence-like portrait, but the head is much more spirited than any Sir Thomas ever painted. It looks as if it had been executed as a pendant to a portrait by Lawrence.

No. 311. 'Mrs. Dobson,' S. B. GODBOLD. An instance of a full-dress portrait; the lady wears the colour called, in the *Courrier des Dames*, maize or Esterhazy. It is extremely well and carefully painted, very graceful in arrangement, and highly effective.

No. 313. 'Trust,' C. LANDSEER, R.A. A most painful position for a dog. He is upon a chair, with a piece of sugar near his mouth; his eyes are riveted on it, and he is impatiently waiting the signal to snap it up. Correctly drawn, but not painted with that playful brush wherewith we have seen other dogs swept on to the canvas, having the name of Landseer affixed.

No. 316. 'Hesperus,' J. N. PATON. If it be intended here only to chronicle Hesperus his responsibilities, we submit that an easy poetic *mise* had left us with an impression deeper, more tender, than the courtly apparel of the fifteenth century. If Mr. Paton have a definite subject in view, which prescribes the costume—a subject in which he alone rejoices in *petto*, the thing is justified. There are two figures, a pair of lovers, and the situation seems to announce a first declaration of love on the one part, and a tacit reciprocation on the other. They are seated on a bank, the youth holds in his both the maiden's hands. She looks down, and he timidly advances his head to kiss her. The hearts of both cannot but beat under the endurance of that moment; but we have heard their discourse, and seen the colour in the cheeks of each coming and going, and the sentiment is pure. Two such heads, so written all over with the free outpourings of hearts, we rarely see. On each side of them grows a tree, which, of course, diminishes the importance of the group. The picture is the work of an artist of high and rare genius, refined in conception, and admirable in finish. It is, beyond doubt, one of the best productions of our school—of any school.

No. 317. 'Full Ripe,' G. LANCE. The expression of luscious ripeness has never been more perfectly given than in this heap of fruit, which has in its form much of the accident and facility of the Dutch painters. Mr. Lance has kept his renown undiminished during many years. He has never painted a better picture than this.

No. 319. 'The Duenna's Return,' J. C. HORSLEY, A. This looks like a sketch for a larger picture. In the absence of the duenna, her giddy charge is flirting in the bay window with a gallant, whose head only is seen outside. The duenna returns, and sees this fearful state of things from behind a screen. The dispositions, and light and shade, are all that can be desired.

No. 320. 'In the Month of March,' T. S. COOPER, A. It will, perhaps, not be received as a compliment, if it be said there is a freshness in this small picture that has not been seen in any of this artist's recent works. The representation is a meadow, with sheep and their lambs; but the feeling and tone of the work are really admirable.

No. 322. 'Capri—Sunrise,' F. LEIGHTON. This is a *divertissement*, a relief from the practice of the figure. It is not the island, but the town,—an interior view, without a glimpse of the sea,—that forms the subject. It is but a local memento, without any attractive feature.

No. 323. 'What we still see in Chelsea Gardens,' Mrs. M. ROBINSON. The allusion here is touching, poetic—nay, historic—an old man, in the rough old red coat of Chelsea Hospital; he wears the Peninsular medal, with a crowd of clasps—Vittoria, Salamanca, Nive, Neville, Orthes—nay, a calendar of honours, terminating with Waterloo. He sits in the garden, aged, infirm, and stiff with old wounds, for he says he has been riddled by French lead, but was never touched by French steel. This is not all; the epic splendour of the situation is this: the old man occupies a seat, of which heroes may be proud—he is clasped in the exultant arms of a laurel bush—a charming idea. The title should have been, "A glorious Anniversary."

No. 325. 'Home and its Treasures,' R. CARRICK. We should not have attributed this work to the painter of 'Weary Life'; it is different in everything. It describes the return home of a seaman from a long voyage, and we see him in the act of embracing his children. The painting has been much more rapid than that of preceding compositions, but is yet distinguished by skilful arrangement.

No. 326. 'Herr Carl Deichmann,' E. G. GIBARDOT. Admirable as a likeness of one whose face is familiar to us, though we cannot praise the portrait as an example of good painting.

No. 331. 'At Sens, Burgundy,' J. D. BARNETT. A small picture, but sufficiently good in effect to have been painted larger. The immediate representation is the Marché, with a peep into the Rue Dauphine, and a distant view of the cathedral. The shading is somewhat opaque, but it is otherwise careful.

No. 334. 'The First Step in Life,' Mrs. E. M. WARD. This is the *premier pas* of "a gentleman" under the conduct of his nurse. He is watched by a delighted mamma, who, in her ecstasy, calls papa out of the garden to witness baby's progression. The picture is powerful in colour, and painted with the firmness that distinguishes the works of this accomplished lady. It is full of feeling, nature, and truth, and will gratify all who desire to see evidence of female supremacy in Art.

WEST ROOM.

No. 340. * * * * F. DANBY, A.

"When even on the brink of wild despair,
The famish'd mariner still firmly looks to thee,
And plies with fainting hand the broken oar;
While o'er the shatter'd ship thy are is spann'd,
Though all, alas! seem lost, still there is Hope."

It will be understood from these lines, that the theme is a shipwreck. Mr. Danby leaves the title to the taste of the visitor, who, rather than resolve it into "a shipwreck," will determine it as "Hope;" for, amid the turmoil of the elements, a rainbow appears in the sky. A large vessel is cast upon the rocks, and, by means of a rope communicating with the shore, the crew are escaping. It is full of knowledge—that knowledge which can be acquired only by intense and continual study. We know of no other painter who could have so boldly and so well grappled with such a subject.

No. 342. 'Dimanche,' G. H. THOMAS. True—nationally so—it is what we see on all fête days in the Champs Elysées—soldiers of the garrison of Paris walking with their wives or *fiancées*. Mademoiselle walks with a very jaunty air, and carries her parasol with the grace of a duchess. The style of both is unexceptionably French. The lady is not a beauty—so says Michel, who wears the Crimean and the Italian medals. *Elle n'est pas belle*, he admits, but adds, *mais qu'elle est bonne!*

No. 344. 'Evening—North Wales,' B. W. LEADER. Every passage of the subject is rendered with a truth that can only be attained by the closest application to nature.

No. 346. 'Moses,' S. SOLOMON. There is an oppressive influence in this work that sinks the spirits; there is no ray of hope to point to a glorious future for the infant, whom his mother is about to commit to the thin basket held by his sister. The heads are rather Egyptian than Jewish; they seem to have been painted from the same model. Being mother and daughter, a certain degree of likeness is allowable, but they are too distinctly identical. Jochebed is too poorly clad; every credit, however, is due to the artist for the style of the apparel of both figures.

No. 347. 'His Grace the Duke of Argyll,' G. F. WATTS. The head is painted with infinite nicety; the resemblance is a living identity.

No. 352. 'Esmeralda,' A. PRO. Never was

there a character more popular among French and other continental artists, professors of dramatic circumstance. Her tambourine, her goat, and her scenic situations, have rendered her a standard resource with those who care not to think for themselves. We find her here a woman, personally heavy with the complexion of the north of Europe, whereas Esmeralda had features moulded by the dominion of passion—flashing eyes, and a mouth of firmest purpose, whether in utterance or in silence.

No. 358. 'The approach of Twilight,' F. SMALLFIELD. Nothing can be more simple than the material of this composition. A meadow, with a line of pollards, or stunted trees, running transversely into it. The entire site is low in tone, without a sign of life; but it is canopied by a sky of singular sweetness of colour: herein, and in the tranquillity of the place, lies the charm.

No. 360. 'The Hedger,' J. BRETT. How attractive soever may be beauty in works of Art, there is, nevertheless, also much that is attractive in masculine severity. The 'Hedger' is a title that, in a catalogue, would be passed without a thought, but for the most unassuming incident there is a dignified interpretation. The hedger, then, in canvas frock and most rustic continuations, is mending or making a fence in a copse; it is eventide, and the sunlight brightens the leaves that have just burst rejoicing from the buds; it is, therefore, also spring. The spot is chosen with a sore solicitude that the artist should be entirely exempt from all suspicion of a weakness in favour of beautiful, romantic, or even picturesque form; indeed, the asceticism of the picture is so utterly virtuous, that we feel reproved by it for any amiable connivance at light and colour, into which we may have been seduced. But this "hedger" exemplifies certain of the grandest principles of Art. He is working in a breadth of low-toned shade, wherein the shapes are painted with the finest mechanical feeling, and it is the light and shade of which we would speak. Near the man falls a gleam of light, having the effect of rendering the figure more shadowy than it is. The vulgar resource of lighting the figure, even by reflection, is contemptuously rejected; but this cunning administration of light is less to be forgiven than would have been a mere suspicion on the outline of the figure. But no more; we have already said too much. The most fragrant incense that can be offered is to say, that it is a memorable production.

No. 361. 'Duty,' J. B. BURGESS. Thus curtly is the argument unfolded. A certain lady, the wife of an imprisoned Cavalier, kneels at the feet of the sentinel, a buff-coated trooper of the parliamentary army, supplicating admission to her husband. She offers the man her jewels, but he is deaf to her entreaties. The story has the great merit of being perspicuous throughout. The figures are well drawn, and substantially brought forward.

No. 364. 'Early Effort—Art in Australia,' R. DOWLING. We find here a youthful painter, painting a group of natives, before the door of a well-thatched and comfortable-looking farmhouse. The whole of the composition appears genuine in character—landscape, natives, and settlers.

No. 365. 'Little Mischief,' A. DEVER. It is not mischief, but exuberant happiness, that possesses this child. She is hidden among trees, swinging her feet in a pool; and, having no companion, engages you at once in converse. In colour, roundness, and presence, it is an excellent figure; and, as far as can be seen, the trees and all circumstances are painted with a decided and masterly feeling.

No. 366. 'Mother's Delight,' E. JERICHAU. For a work so large, the subject is too domestic—an Italian woman caressing her infant, as it

lies on its bed. It would have been more interesting as a small picture.

No. 367. 'The General Post-Office—one minute to six,' G. E. HICKS. In everyday life there is an inexhaustible fund of paintable incident; but simply because it is of the threadbare drama of our work-day cares, it is more difficult to paint than less immediate matter. We have never been at the Post-Office one minute before six, but we take the artist's word for it, that what we see in this dissertation is based upon truth. The episodes may not all have been of simultaneous occurrence; but yet each may, at some time, have had its event at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The picture describes the rush to save the post; newspapers by sackfuls are thrown in at the window, and, singly, they are thrown in by those who reasonably despair of reaching the box. Women and children, with letters in their hands, look imploringly for aid in their trying difficulty, the field being entirely possessed by the interests of the press. There are some characteristic figures in the foreground, who congratulate themselves that they have sped their missives, and so creditably acquitted themselves. This artist has already produced a picture from material somewhat similar, but this work is in everything superior to it.

No. 369. 'Going to Market, Antwerp,' Miss C. DAVIES. A small study, that of a single figure, a Dutch girl, of course, painted with neatness and precision: the colour is brilliant, and composition in good taste. It is a work of good promise; we shall look for greater and better works from this fair hand.

No. 373. 'Spring Time,' G. SMITH. Different from everything that has yet appeared under this name, as showing two children, girls, decking each other's hair with spring flowers. They are seated in the shade, and from beneath the trees there is an agreeable peep of verdant distance—a meadow landscape. The two heads are engaging in character, and tender and transparent in colour. So specially are they worked out, and so daintily are the other parts of the figures "caressed" into form, that they compel in their accompaniments the utmost delicacy of finish—and such, indeed, is the quality of the entire surface. Truly, it is a production of infinite sweetness.

No. 375. 'Fall of the River Llugwy, Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales,' E. GILL. Small, but earnestly translated: the materials are employed to good purpose.

No. 376. 'Fruit, with Pyefinch's Nest,' W. H. WARD. The fruit is painted with limited liability—three raspberries: there are grapes, but they are out of the question. The nest of the pyefinch the poor bird itself might seek to house in, as it is accomplished hair for hair: but *à propos* of bird-nesting, we recommend to the reading of the artist Cowper's "Task."

No. 377. 'The Daughters of Hesperus,' W. E. FROST, A.

"His daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree."

Amid the rage for textures, and what Barry stigmatized as megilpha, we are not without occasional flashes of Greek fire: here are three figures, as beautiful as any conceptions of the Rhodian art—a union of antique sculpture and Venetian painting, for Mr. Frost seems to have subsidised Paolo Veronese.

No. 378. 'A Drop too Much,' M. J. LAWLESS. A small study of a drunken elector in the days of three-cornered hats; but No. 382, by the same hand, 'The King's Quarters at Woodstock,' is of a more healthy and convertible character. A cavalier booted and cloaked, standing with his drawn rapier; a very minutely finished study.

No. 379. 'The Madeleine,' T. DYCKMANS. This is a picture by the painter of that exquisite work 'The Blind Beggar,' in the National

Gallery. It has so much the appearance of enamel that it requires a close inspection to divest oneself of the impression that it is oil painting. It is a simple representation of the Madeleine lying at the foot of the cross, against which her head is supported. The delicacy and refinement in both the figures in 'The Blind Beggar' would lead an observer to expect similar conception and feeling in this work, but it is not so. The beggar is like a Belisarius in ruins, with features subdued by suffering from the grim cast of war to the humility of helplessness, and the girl looks like a child of gentle descent. But the Madeleine does not possess corresponding points of person; she is heavy in limb and body, the neck and bust are sensual. If this be intended, it is a kind of refresher that should, under the circumstances, have been omitted, at least as thus described. It is a dark picture; in this as well as in its other manifestations the old masters have been consulted. In finish it cannot be excelled.

No. 380. 'The Syrens,' W. E. FROST, A. Another small composition of three figures, worthy of being painted in a larger form.

No. 383. 'The Coliseum, Rome,' F. L. BRIDELL.

"The gladiator's bloody circus stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Caesar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay."

A felicitous conception, that of the Coliseum by moonlight; grand as the ruin is, it looks comparatively tame by day. It is presented here in its imposing magnitude, all detail lost, and telling against the moonlight sky. The faithful shade betrays no other masses, shrinking as they do by daylight into mean proportion in this imposing presence. But in the light as in the shade there is poetry; the sky is conceived in a spirit well fitted to accompany such a monument.

No. 388. 'The Countess de Grey and Ripon,' H. W. PHILLIPS. The softness and delicacy of the features and complexion qualify this as the best work that has been exhibited under this name.

No. 389. 'Mass being performed for the Reapers during Harvest Time in the Campagna, near Rome,' P. WILLIAMS. You cannot stand three minutes by this picture without hearing the silk and satin bravery of these Italian women pronounced an impertinence in a harvest field. But the description has, nevertheless, truth on its side. The women of the Campagna do not work in the harvest field as with us; harvest labour is done by the men, and when they are at a distance from their homes they sleep in tents on the spot. On Sunday, as they cannot attend mass, the priest comes to them and performs mass in a caravan as here shown, and on these occasions the wives and female relations in their *festa* attire visit the harvest men on the scene of their labours; and this accounts for the apparent inconsistency, the women in their Sunday best and the men in their every-day gear. It is the most important picture we have seen by this painter. The surrounding scenery is so truly that of the Campagna that the subject at once declares itself. The work is in all respects admirable.

No. 390. 'A Kentish Pastoral,' J. J. WILSON. A domestic not a romantic pastoral, being a farmyard with outbuildings and trees; a kind of subject which this painter realises with substantial truth.

No. 391. 'The Mother,' J. W. HAYNES. These cottage interiors are often much slighted, but this, on the contrary, is somewhat too precise. The "mother" is tending her child in its cradle; in colour the little picture is very sweet.

No. 393. 'The Court in 1640,' J. D. WINGFIELD. We are here introduced to Charles and Henrietta Maria and their happy party at Hampton Court, before the commencement of

their troubles. The costumes and locality are so accurate that there is no need of a title.

No. 394. 'Roadside at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight,' J. F. CROSEY. The effect of sunshine is given in this little picture with felicitous truth.

No. 396. 'The Prophet Isaiah,' G. PATTEN, A. In a sketch depth of character may at times be attained, but a sketch of a head assumed to be a finished picture can afford no type of the exaltation of Isaiah the son of Amoz.

No. 397. 'Buy a Dog, Ma'am?' R. ANSDRELL. It is not usual to see setters and pointers offered for sale under the County Fire Office, but looking at the pointer and setter as they are it must be said that the personal points of the animals are given to a hair. The pointer especially looks as well-bred as any dog that ever ran before a tail, but the Cuba that the man offers to the lady is an impostor.

No. 405. 'The Governess,' E. OSBORN.

"Fair was she and young; but alas! before her extended
Dreary and vast, and silent, the desert of life, with its
pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and
suffered before her," &c.

The narrative here is pointed, but it is true. Those who in their own experience may not have skimmed this page of woman's life have learnt it from the daily journals. This governess is presented according to the first terms of these lines, and her pathway seems to be as sad as that indicated in the continuation. She stands before the *materfamilias*—an impersonation wherein the artist has concentrated all the vulgarities—manifestly for a scolding. It is the triumph of the ill-bred brats, who, sanctioned by their worse bred parent, utter with assured impunity their insulting taunts. Miss Osborn is bitter in her dissertation, but there is no exaggeration in her bitterness. The work is one of rare power, the production of a comprehensive mind manifesting a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of Art. She has made Art to exercise its highest privilege, that of a teacher. A lesson in humanity—in *consideration*, that humblest yet most elevated of all the virtues—may surely be taught by this admirable work.*

No. 406. 'Nice, with Antibes; the Island of St. Marguerite and the Esterelles—a Winter Study,' J. M. CARRICK. The distances in this work are painted with much delicacy.

No. 409. * * * * The late F. STONE, A.

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

These lines, standing in the place of a title, illustrate the diverse temperament of two French fish-girls, each of whom trudges along under a heavy load of herring-nets—the one the merry heart, the other the sad looking, very tired. It is the kind of subject that the late Frank Stone would paint, but the execution has not the precision and sharpness observable in others of his sea-side subjects.

No. 414. 'The Morning of the Duel,' W. J. GRANT. Without any title, it might be determined that a duel was in contemplation. And there is a parting, but the leave-taking does not move us as we wish to be moved. A gentleman, richly dressed in the costume of the middle of the last century, is seated on a sofa with his wife, whose anguish at the prospect of his fighting a duel has bent her sobbing and speechless at his side. Behind the sofa his second, with a couple of rapiers under his arm, tells him it is time to be at the rendezvous. There is a great deal of excellent painting here, but to the upholstery too much attention has been given, and the figures should have been standing.

* We rejoice to learn that the Queen is the purchaser of this picture: it has been selected with her Majesty's usual judgment and kind feeling.

No. 421. * * * * M. ANTHONY.

"O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things;
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer;
To the young birds the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-laboured steer," &c.

Evening, and a return home, in short, is the theme. In the spirit of these lines a charming theme it is; difficult, however, to work out with the depth and tenderness of Byron's verse. The o'er-laboured oxen are here drawing a waggon, wherein are those to whom no less than the cattle will home be rest. The ground plot is an expanse of common, like nature in colour and weedy texture.

No. 422. 'The Piazzetta of St. Mark, Venice,' E. W. COOKE, A. An identity of the locality; but we tremble for the suavity of Mr. Cooke's execution in painting near buildings with so many lines as he has had to deal with here.

No. 423. 'The Day is done,' A. RANKLEY. The effort to make every passage of a composition contribute its page to the story is not always successful. This work is, however, a facile lesson throughout. It shows the home of a country clergyman: it is evening, and he sits down to the enjoyment of affectionate converse with his family.

No. 424. 'Llyn Gwynant,' T. DANBY. The poetry of these Welsh lakes brings a welcome to the stranger, but the broken sublimities of the Highland loch hills look like the rugged features of the giants whom Scott describes as the guardians of the land. In this picture the llyn is accompanied by mountain enough to do honour to both. The natural colour is closely followed, and nothing is felt as wanting.

No. 426. 'A Rustic Path—Winter,' (figures by G. E. Hicks), A. MACCALLUM. We have before felt called upon to eulogise Mr. MacCallum's works, but we must now express surprise at finding such an equality of that extraordinary finish that distinguishes all his productions. Winter and early spring trees are of all things in the world the most tedious to paint, but here we find the leafless boughs and twigs worked out to their minutest ramification.

No. 432. 'The Convent Dole,' R. LEHMANN. Of the "dole" nothing is seen, it has passed at once from the visible possession of those to whom it was given—three houseless wanderers, a woman and two children. But the former should have been younger, we might then have concluded without a scruple that she was their mother, but she is a withered beldame, and you take part with the children against her. It is a work of great power, of the French academic class, very low in tone, and rigidly abhorrent of colour; there is not a touch of colour anywhere. The composition is simple and effective; nothing disturbs your converse with the beggars.

No. 440. 'Where the Bee Sucks,' A. F. MUTRIE. Who in the days of Richard Wilson, nay, in those of John Constable, would have believed that such a brilliant effusion of the palette could come of a piece of mossy limestone with its crown of gorse gemmed with even its brightest flowers? It is a piece of nature's own composition, without the formalities of the conservatory.

No. 443. 'Miss Durant,' Mrs. CARPENTER. The portrait is too high for close inspection, but it nevertheless shows Mrs. Carpenter's firm execution and mellow colour.

No. 446. 'Faith,' T. BROOKS. There is a certain wiriness in the outline of these figures that has not been apparent in antecedent works of this artist. The story is of a maiden far gone in consumption, to whom her sister is reading of that faith which can now be her only consolation. The story is read at once, and perspicuity in painting is one of its most popular charms.

No. 448. 'Sheep and Lambs,' J. THORPE. A small work with various families in different

stages of immaturity. No. 450. 'Cattle on the Brow of a Hill' is by the same hand. The animals are well drawn, but the presentation is altogether too silvery—almost pretty.

No. 451. 'Atop of the hill,' J. T. LINNELL.

"A gaily chequered heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn."

These lines of Thomson serve well as a motto to this elaborate work, which describes a vast expanse of cultivated country such as may be seen in Surrey or Sussex. The view, as from an eminence, carries the eye into a remote distance, over a country abounding especially in corn-fields. The picture may pronounce a truth, but according to the usual term of farm leases the proportion here of land cropped with corn is in excess. It may have been thus painted for a breadth of colour; if so, it is a grave error, which is at once patent to an agriculturist. The yellow and yellow greens are solid and unatmospheric. Colour in retiring passages ought to be more subdued by greys. It is a powerful work, but inasmuch as it is deficient in atmosphere the colour is raw and opaque.

No. 455. 'Never More,' P. H. CALDERON. The title is not sufficiently explanatory of the circumstances under which this young lady, the only figure on the canvas, is brought forward. She stands looking from a casement with an expression indicative of some heavy grief; but the source of her sorrow is not clear. An object lies near her like a packet of letters—it may be such, to be returned to one on whom her heart is fixed, but this might, without the charge of vulgar parade, have been rendered less doubtful. The sentiment of the figure is, under any circumstances, touching.

No. 460. 'Heather,' Miss MUTRIE. Like No. 440, this is a study from wild nature—the summer heather in company with others of the bright-eyed flowrets of the mountain side.

No. 461. 'Serpentine and Porphyritic Rocks, and white shell sand bar, Kynance Cove, the Lizard, Cornwall,' J. G. NAISS. There is no picturesque beauty in the representation; the principal quantity is a large detached mass of porphyry, looking as hard and real as the rock itself.

No. 469. 'The Sea Shell,' J. A. HOUSTON. This is a bright sea-side composition, with a party of children, one of whom places a "roarin buckie" to the ear of an infant. The figures are careful in drawing, and the composition generally brilliant in colour.

No. 477. 'Hyacinths,' Miss A. F. MUTRIE. A rich and brilliant assortment; a telling picture at any distance.

No. 478. 'Drowned! Drowned!' A. SOLOMON.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

Here are at once enlisted our remembrances of "poor Ophelia" and the victim of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs;" being called upon to assist at the *denouement* of a Waterloo Bridge tragedy. The story is this:—At the extremity of the bridge the body of a young woman has been drawn from the water; it is placed on the pavement at the top of the steps by a barge-man and others, while a policeman turns the light of his bull's-eye on her face. At that moment a party of revellers passing that way, on their return from a bal masqué, are attracted by the incident; and one of them, on seeing the face, recognises the features as those of one whom he himself had been instrumental in deluding from the path of virtue. This, at least, is the interpretation suggested by the lines from King Lear. Mr. Solomon is very precise in his narrative; the history is therefore very pointedly written. The time may be towards dawn; thus there is a prevalence of strong shade, the policeman's lantern yielding the highest light on the woman's face. The shaded

passages look heavy; we cannot help thinking that had they been painted with thin colour, and glazed into depth and transparency, the result would have given greater value not only to the shades, but also to the lights. The picture has been worked out with a view enthusiastically moral, but we doubt very much the utility of the mirror thus held up.

No. 482. 'Mischief,' C. ROSSITER. At the end of a long passage, and at the garden door, there is a *tête-à-tête*—of course an affair of the heart, and in the immediate section of the picture two girls are watching the lovers. The manner of the picture is firm and effective.

NORTH ROOM.

No. 488. 'Morning on the Lago di Lugano,' G. E. HERING. There is more atmosphere here than is usually found in Mr. Hering's works. Such treatment gives an additional charm and truth to the distances, keeping the remote contingents in their places. Italy is ever described by this painter as a land of sunshine and unbroken tranquillity.

No. 505. 'Flood and Wind at the Head of a Welsh Pass,' A. W. HUNT. There is one marked result too frequently arising from atomic execution—a necessity for a refined equality that is prejudicial to effect. It is impossible to meet with any paint—surface more vigilantly elaborated than is this, but it is flat; the sole purpose and view of the artist having been superficial detail. The scene is a rugged mountain side with a raging stream rushing over the rocks. Again the flatness of the subject is further promoted by the sky, which in tone is a continuation of the rocks; thus, at a short distance from the picture, the minor details are lost, and there are no major definitions to declare the nature of the subject. It is impossible too highly to laud the constancy with which the picture has been worked out.

No. 510. 'Henry Wentworth Monk,' W. H. HUNT. In one condition this is an example of "pre-Raphaelite" art, but the wiry crudity is modified. The condition to which we allude is that eccentricity which with this school is the proposition for originality, and this is the disqualification that will at all times attract attention to it. The head is colossal, and it is only a head. Immediately before the face is held up a folded copy of the *Times*. But the background is the most remarkable passage of the picture; it is a window, every pane of which is green knotted glass. Of the scrupulously minute painting of the work it is not necessary to speak.

No. 528. 'The Widow,' H. J. STANLEY. The distractions of Italy have supplied excitement both to the pen and brush. Austria is here triumphant; the allusion is, therefore, to the convulsions of 1849. A party of Austrian soldiers are carousing in a monastery, at the door of which the widow of an Italian who has been slain in fighting for the freedom of his country presents herself singing for bread for her child. On the wall are scratched, "*Viva l'Italia!*" "*Dio salvi l'Italia!*" and more distinctly, "*Es lebe unser Kaiser!*" A page of current history graphically written. The Austrian soldiers seem to be veritable studies.

No. 529. 'An English Cottage Home,' H. JUTSUM. By every roadside are seen rustic abodes to which the terms of the title could not be denied, but a special example to meet the prompt ideal of the title is not presentable without research and study. The artist, therefore, sets before us a humble edifice of quaint characteristics, and with a feeling abhorrent of lines and angles. Here is the "home," with its fence and forecourt, and trees; and beyond we see England typified in a garden-like landscape of infinite beauty.

No. 536. 'A Fairy Tale,' F. WYBURN. The scheme of the dispositions in this work is so

skillfully made out, that although there is an embarrassment of accessory the proper importance of the figures is not reduced. The subject is a mother reading to her children the fairy tale; but the picture is hung too high for inspection.

No. 537, 'Voices from the Sea,' P. H. MORRIS. The material does not fulfil the promise of the title. The fishermen's children and fishing boats, as here set forth, are not elements sufficiently poetic.

No. 542, 'He cometh not, she said,' A. JOHNSTONE, is a life-sized study deriving much interest from the manner in which the movement and expression of the figure are made to respond to the feeling of the quotation. Other noticeable works are No. 550, 'The huge oak that o'er shadows the Mill,' M. ANTHONY; No. 552, 'Little Red Riding Hood,' J. SART; No. 553, 'Fetiching Meg Home,' F. W. KEYL; No. 554, 'Sweet Summer Time,' F. W. HOLME; No. 555, 'Aurora Leigh,' W. M. EGLEY; No. 560, 'The Mourner,' F. TOPHAM, jun.; No. 588, 'Meditation,' J. D. LESLIE; No. 596, 'Our Philharmonic Society at its first Rehearsal,' J. E. HOBSON; No. 603, 'The Sexton's Sermon,' H. S. MARKS.

No. 612, 'The Signal,' J. THOMPSON. This is a work of great interest; charming in composition, and admirably painted. The artist has obtained foremost rank, and here sustains it; it is certainly his best production, and may be classed among the most valuable contributions to the Academy. Our space is filled, or we should devote a larger portion of it to this most excellent picture.

The South Room is divided between architecture and miscellaneous water-colour works, of which may be noted No. 721, 'Landscape with Figures,' T. DALZIEL; No. 735, 'Christ and the Twelve Apostles,' a design for a fresco, E. ARMITAGE; No. 739, 'The Lady Constance Villiers as bridesmaid to the Princess Frederick William of Prussia,' J. HATTE; No. 750, 'The Right Rev. Dr. Cotton,' F. GRANT, R.A.; No. 764, 'Cape Town, from Table Bay,' T. W. BOWLER; No. 776, 'Trust,' Miss M. GILLIES; No. 781, 'Wild Flowers and Bird's Nest,' R. P. BURCHAM; No. 783, 'Solitude,' Miss A. BURGESS. Among the miniatures and enamels there is No. 869, by T. BOTT, 'The Holy Family,' after Raphael, a white enamel of admirable quality; and by H. T. WELLS, E. MORLA, Miss A. DIXON, W. EGLEY, A. WEIGALL, &c., there are very brilliant examples of miniature painting.

THE SCULPTURE.

Never has the sculpture chamber been less attractive than this season. A look round the room conveys an impression that all the sculptors have been exhausted by some great simultaneous effort, from which they have not recovered sufficiently to do more than give an indication that life is not departed. Bust-making has been such a resource to our school of sculpture, that little has been done in poetic enterprise; therefore, when those artists to whom we have been accustomed to look for something beyond busts signalise themselves by their absence, the hint is sensibly felt. But more than this, by common accord the sculpture forms an exhibition interesting in an inverse ratio to that of the painting. In the place of honour there is a colossal bust of 'His Royal Highness the Prince Consort' in marble, executed by J. THOMAS for the Midland Institute, Birmingham. By J. S. WESTMACOTT, there is (948) a cabinet statue of much beauty, a girl stooping to dip her pitcher in a fountain. It is semi-nude; the attitude, that of bending forward, one arm stretched forward with the pitcher, the other resting on a stone. The taste of the work is half modern, half antique. No. 949, by BARON MAROCHETTI, is a 'Portrait marble statue' of a little girl semi-nude, supporting her-

self by both her arms thrown behind—a very spirited performance; the features are round and full, but the hair is formal. 'Paolo and Francesca' (No. 962), H. S. LEITCH, recalls at once Scheffer's picture—there are differences, but not sufficient to rescue the work from an unfavourable comparison. Signor Monti has travelled far for his 'Town and Country, a gossip on the borders of the Senegal' (No. 954), two African women, one of whom, the impersonation of the country, has a head of the best African mould, and also a figure of fine proportions. 'Achilles and Lycaon,' S. F. LYNN, is one of the sculptural essays that was last year sent in competition for the gold medal; the lines of the composition have been studied with great care. 'Piacere e Dolore,' swift and slow hours, by R. MORRIS (No. 958), a result of an incalculable amount of modelling and carving, is a group of two figures, embodying Pleasure and Pain; the former is floating away in ecstatic enjoyment, while the other lies on the ground in the prostration of despair. The floating figure is that which challenges the eye; the face is veiled, and the person partially draped. The proportions of the torso are of the most delicate cast, but the figure would have been better supported, and the lines would have run more flowingly, if more of the lower limbs were seen. For the pose of the figure, the word 'Piacere' is insufficient. It is sculptured in Sicilian marble: (No. 960), 'The Elder Brother in Comus,' the diploma work deposited in the Academy by Mr. Foley on his election as an academician, is a study of the most beautiful proportions. It is a statue of the highest order of Art. (No. 1034), 'Chastity,' J. DURHAM, is a conception in another vein, but also a work of rare quality. It was engraved in our April number, as will, doubtless, be remembered. By the same sculptor, 'A Head of a Boy,' (No. 989), is a portrait of striking individuality; the features are quite in repose, but the expression is earnest and engaging. The statuette, 'Erin,' (No. 1001), W. J. DOHERTY, a semi-nude female figure, standing with the right hand resting on a harp, is an extremely graceful conception, pronouncing at once the source of inspiration. In a pair of bas-reliefs, composed by J. S. WESTMACOTT, from the passage in the 85th Psalm, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other," the text is expounded with fine feeling; and by W. THORP, (No. 965,) there are a couple of careful and effective alto-relievos, illustrative of Christian acts of mercy, forming part of a monument recently erected in the south aisle of the Chapel Royal at Windsor, in memory of the Duchess of Gloucester. 'Miranda,' (No. 980,) J. LAWLER, is a statue of much merit. Of busts there are many of great excellence, but our space is too limited to do more than direct attention to them.

And thus of the sculpture we take our leave, shaking off the gypsum dust, but not without a valedictory expression of hope that so unworthy a collection of Art may never again be received within these walls. Never was less taught by an exhibition of sculpture than by this; the little good the gods have this year provided us, shines out by comparison with increased lustre.

Not long ago an impression obtained, that the Exhibition of 1860 would be the last we should see within these walls; but the future whereabouts of the Academy not being determined, the body may yet celebrate their centenary in Trafalgar Square. Of the pictorial exhibition, one word in conclusion—it is the most equally meritorious that has been seen for many years.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE LADY DIGBY.

Van Dyck, Painter. A. J. Anhedouche, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 7 ft. 6½ in. by 5 ft. 2½ in.

ONE of the most famous of all Van Dyck's celebrated portraits. The history of the fair lady is wrapped in a mystery which time has not yet developed; but Lord Clarendon speaks of her as one possessing "extraordinary beauty, and as extraordinary fame"—the latter alluding, in all probability, to reports in circulation having reference to her private character: whether these were true or false is not now likely to be ascertained, but it is evident from the artist's treatment of his subject that he gave no credit to them. Anastasia Venetia, Lady Digby, was the daughter of Sir Edward Stanley and Lady Lucy Percy, and wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, a noted personage at the court of Charles I., and who was the means, as it is supposed, of bringing Van Dyck to England, in 1632, and introducing him to the monarch. Lady Digby was found dead on her couch one morning in the year 1635, and is thus represented in a ghastly picture in the gallery at Althorp. "Her husband, who loved her to madness, and who prided himself on being an adept in medical and occult sciences, was presumed at the time to have hastened her death by certain potions he had administered to her for the purpose of heightening her charms." There is a half-length portrait of Digby, by Van Dyck, in the same room in which that of his wife hangs. The head is full of power, but the features are coarse; the figure is seated, having on the right a celestial globe, in allusion to his studies in astrology, which, says Mrs. Jameson, "together with love and vanity, seem to have troubled the intellect of this strange, but gifted man." Digby was altogether an extraordinary character.

Hazlitt has recorded some striking and true remarks on the portrait of Lady Digby; he speaks of it "as among the most delightful and interesting pictures in the Van Dyck rooms:—"It is an allegorical composition; but what truth, what purity, what delicacy in the execution! You are introduced into the presence of a beautiful woman of quality of a former age, and it would be next to impossible to perform an unbecoming action with that portrait hanging in the room. It has an air of nobility about it, a spirit of humanity within it. There is a dove-like innocence and softness about the eyes; in the clear and delicate complexion, health and sorrow contend for the mastery; the mouth is sweetness itself, the nose highly intelligent, and the forehead is one of 'clear spirited thought.' But misfortune has touched all this grace and beauty, and left its canker there. This is shown no less by the air that pervades it than by the accompanying emblems." These emblems are all significant of unblemished reputation; and may be regarded as opposing themselves to the attacks of calumny. Cherubs are lovingly descending upon her from the clouds, to crown her with the garland of triumph; a pair of doves are under her left hand; cupids with arrows broken and torches extinguished, are beneath her foot, and a huge figure representing Slander defeated, with his mask off and hands bound, lies prostrate and humiliated. The picture is thus made to tell, touchingly and beautifully, a tale of contest and victory, and therefore must be regarded as something more than a mere portrait,—it is historical so far as the individual represented is concerned. One has only to compare this work with Lely's portraits of the "beauties" of Charles II.'s court, to see the triumph of virtue over vice, as expressed by the pencil of the painter.

Independent of the interest which accrues from the subject, the portrait of Lady Digby, viewed as a composition only, bears a high character; all the figures are admirably drawn, and their various attitudes are striking and graceful; the colour is exceedingly rich, except in the face of the lady, where it is thin and whitish,—whether this peculiarity was intended to express extreme delicacy, or is the result of "time's effacing fingers," we cannot determine; but it must account for the apparently unfinished appearance which the features present in the engraving.

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.



VAN DYCK. PINXT.

A. J. ANNEDEUCHE SCULPT.

THE LADY DIGBY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.

2 JU60

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS
IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE senior society opened its doors as usual a week before the Academy, with about the same number of works as in the last and preceding years, indeed we scarcely see how they could hang more. We know not whether they themselves feel the want of space, but it is certain there are works placed low and high that are well worthy of the line. The rejected candidates of last year, Birket Foster and Frederick Smallfield, do ample honour to their election. Gilbert contributes largely, shining rather with low-toned brilliancy than the rare gemmy quality of his Shakspeare subjects of last year. Duncan exhibits another of his shipwrecks, in which he is second only to Turner. Hunt has sent a variety of studies—curiosities all, comprehending even a Dutch red herring; and other able contributors are Harding, Richardson, Carl Haag, &c.; in short, the exhibition, as our notes will testify, is most extensive in its range of subjects.

No. 7. 'Christmas Revels at Haddon—bringing in the Yule Log,' GEORGE DODGSON. Enter Merry Christmas, borne on the shoulders of the riotous hinds, and accompanied by all kinds of monstrous shapes: very original in manner, and one of the most noisy compositions we have ever seen.

No. 8. 'Corn-field,' C. DAVIDSON. Not simply a corn-field, but an extensive prospect over a country of various aspect. On the left there is a group of trees, the foliage of which is unusually rich and massive for water-colour painting.

No. 10. 'View in the Valley of Licenza, the site of Horace's Sabine Farm—Evening—Mount Lucretile on the left,' ARTHUR GLENNIE. As a subject the site of Horace's farm is not the most picturesque. This view is possibly faithful, but that very fidelity destroys the breadth.

No. 14. 'The Last Man from the Wreck,' E. DUNCAN. By the pictures that Mr. Duncan has exhibited the last three or four seasons he originates a new interest in wrecks. His stories are simple, but we enter into them at once, because there is nothing in them that does not every year occur upon our coasts. We see here a ship cast ashore, the sea making a clean breach over her, and the last of her crew coming on shore by means of a rope attached to the rigging, and he can be no "green hand" to hold on to a hawser tied to the shrouds of a ship stricken on her beam ends by every wave. The full and driving masses of cloud form a passage of extraordinary energy.

No. 21. 'The King's Trumpets and Kettle Drums,' J. GILBERT. Two prominent figures, with a flank view of a regiment in the background. In the manes of the horses, in the carriage and feathering of the hats, even in the wrinkling of the boots, is shown a fine feeling for the picturesque; but the horses are cut short below the knees, a liberty entirely unpardonable in a drawing like this.

No. 23. 'The River Llugwy, under Moel Siabod,' C. BRANWHITE. In this drawing the foliage is rounder and less sketchy than in preceding works, the colour is also more natural. The river and its stony bed constitute a passage which in the picture shows much power.

No. 24. 'Commonwealth Troops in possession of the Chapel of the Dukes of Norfolk, attached to Arundel Church, Sussex,' JOSEPH NASH. The chapel here appears larger than the reality, but yet we know nobody who could have made a drawing of the place whereby the conditions of precision could be so entirely satisfied. Drawing for the stone has made Mr. Nash fastidious; his lines are of utter and hopeless rectitude, and his figures all of exemplary

discretion. As a contrast to the faultlessness of the chapel there ought to have been more movement among the Roundheads.

No. 25. 'At Whitby, Yorkshire,' C. DAVIDSON. A study of rocks with a section of coast; broad with middle tint, and wanting a stirring light or dark, perhaps both.

No. 30. 'Feeding the Ducks,' BIRKET FOSTER. We have observed that if drawing upon wood leads to any power in painting at all, that power is generally characterized by originality. This drawing is very beautiful in its minute manipulation; every leaf of the willows is given, and every blade of grass at the brink of the pool has its place and asserts its individuality, but effect is forgotten: when the drawing is removed from immediately before the eye we feel that it wants force.

No. 34. 'Pass of Nant Francon, on the Road from Bangor to Capel Curig, North Wales,' GEORGE A. FRIPP. A very large drawing, showing the pass as a valley between hills, the distance also being closed by mountains. The fore and middle grounds lie in a breadth of shade, but the portions of the hill-sides that rise into sunlight are fretted into lines which disturb the eye. The proposition is repose, and it is fully realized in the lower parts of the view.

No. 41. 'Running down Channel,' J. CALLOW. A brig is the principal object here; she looks like a light collier, but it is most common to find light colliers sailing up channel. We have a peep of Dover, and a royal ship at anchor.

No. 42. 'Interior of the Cathedral of Lierre, Antwerp,' E. A. GOODALL. This famous cathedral is presented here just as it is, and without any licences for the sake of effect. The view is that of the nave, with the screen, and a peep beyond.

No. 44. 'At Ecclesbourne Glen, Hastings,' C. DAVIDSON. The forms of the trees strike the eye as peculiar; they have an aged and worn look, like those growing round a haunted ruin. Everybody knows this place, and everybody paints it, but we do not remember it according to this interpretation.

No. 47. 'Fowey Harbour, Cornwall,' S. P. JACKSON. Not the kind of subject that this artist treats successfully. There is natural truth, but not pictorial quality, in those long, formal waves; the eye wants a point to rest on between the tones of the sea and the ship; there is not sufficient difference.

No. 49. 'Entrance to the Library, Rouen Cathedral,' J. BURGESS. A study of Gothic remains, very imposing from the view here given of them—nothing detracts from their importance as a subject.

No. 50. 'In the Vallée des Moulins, with ruins of Pontoni in the distance,' P. J. NAPTEL. At a short distance it is impossible to appreciate the finish of this little picture, which seems as if worked from a lithograph. In colour there is too much of the *terre cuite* in it, and it impresses the spectator as a place which never had been, and never could be, inhabited.

No. 54. 'Piazza and Duomo of Novara, Piedmont,' GEORGE A. FRIPP. In this subject there is nothing very attractive. A spacious piazza, with a proportion of the ordinary colonnading, with a duomo as of a third class city, the whole enlivened by a throng of market people in the piazza.

No. 55. 'Supplying Stores to the Island Lighthouse,' E. DUNCAN. In the centre of the composition lies a ridge of rocks, swept by the tail of a tempest, lashed by the heaviest breakers of the Channel or the Atlantic (the island looks like one of the Scillies); and now, after the gale, boats are come out with supplies to the two men of the lighthouse. It is evening, the sky is now in repose, draped with light vermillion clouds. The incident is trifling, but

in the sea and the sky is written the story of a recent storm.

No. 56. 'An Arran Girl Herding,' MARGARET GILLIES. A small study of a head and bust, shawled and hooded with the grey mountain plaid. The features are animated by the happiest expression.

No. 57. 'Fountain in the Goose-market, Nuremberg,' S. READ. This, the famous Gänsemännchen, is in the fruit market at Nuremberg, and here he stands with a goose under each arm—an excellent authority for the easy costume of the sixteenth century. This figure is attributed to one Labenwolf, but it is extraordinary that the author of a work of European celebrity should not be positively known.

No. 59. 'The First of May in the 16th century,' JOSEPH NASH. The scene is the village green, and the games are patronized by the ancient squire and his lady, with the best gentle blood of the neighbourhood. The May-pole is the grand centre of attraction, but in other parts of the green there are various sports. Mr. Nash has studied attentively our cinque-cento pastimes and costumes, and we doubt not there is much truth in the spirit of this scene.

No. 60. 'The Fountain and Red House Hotel, Market-place, Trèves, on the Moselle,' J. BURGESS, Jun. Thus writes she of herself, venerable Trèves—nothing less than *ante Romam*—"Treveris stetit annis mille trecentis." We are in the market-place, before the famous fountain, and the no less celebrated Red House, which could never be mistaken for any other building throughout Europe.

No. 61. 'On the Coast, near Criccieth Castle, North Wales,' S. P. JACKSON. A schooner on shore, with her masts gone; an expanse of wet sand and shingle; an ebb tide retiring with modest wavelets, of the stillest and smallest voice, mocking, with their insidious humility, the tempest of yesterday; a line of coast, airy but somewhat hard: these are materials and conditions which this painter disposes with credit to himself.

No. 62. 'Sunset on the Lago Maggiore, from the Isola Bella,' W. C. SMITH. The buildings on the Isola Bella remind us always of stage scenery; here are the terraces, poplars, orange groves, and ever-living myrtles, all dominated by a palace like that of some invisible princess. The feeling conveyed by the representation is absurdly true. We are dazzled by a sunset too red to be over the Alps, which, it appears to us, are seen too distinctly.

No. 65. 'Tomb of Rubens, in the Church of St. Jacques, Antwerp,' S. READ. Simply the tomb, with the famous picture in which Rubens painted himself and his family at the throne of the Virgin. The representation is not more highly tinted here than in the reality; but how mellow it looks! this kind of Art will revive.

No. 66. 'Falstaff's Disgrace at his Ragged Soldiers,' JOHN GILBERT. The prince professes that he never saw such pitiful rascals; could he see those of Gilbert's recruiting, he would be reconciled to Falstaff's tattered demagogues. Mr. Gilbert does not suffer us to see the shirt and half which Falstaff boasts as the linen of the company. If "plump Jack" misused the king's press, Gilbert has much more outraged the royal commission. Falstaff was not ashamed of a little, but he was ashamed of his own recruits, and he would not have survived Mr. Gilbert's levy.

No. 69. 'Mountain Gloom—the Pass of Glencoe,' A. P. NEWTON. This is a very large drawing, treated for breadth and force; the quantities are, therefore, few and important. The season is winter, and the time of the day twilight; the animal life of the scene is limited to a half-frozen sheep, by which watches a faithful dog, vigilant in guarding the wanderer against

the attack of a threatening eagle. The immediate site is a section of snow-covered turf that edges on the glen, and opposite rises the snow-covered mountain side, catching upwards the light reflected from the sky. Never was a surface in water-colour art so skilfully manipulated as is the whole of this magnificent drawing; it is full of the most minute detail, yet worked into the most imposing breadth. Three or four months' daily work on the spot would scarcely suffice for such a work. We doubt not that the colour of the snow on the mountain side is as the artist saw it, but it does not strike the observer at once as snow. The sky is the only weak part of the picture: it is a small conception. The materials are all commonplace, but they are described in the most sublime expressions of the art.

No. 72. 'Brunswick,' W. CALLOW. A study of old decorated houses, rendered interesting by the importance given to them.

No. 73. 'Ancient Pistol brings Falstaff tidings from the Court,' JOHN GILBERT. This is the announcement brought to Falstaff while enjoying Shallow's wine in the garden. The head of Falstaff is very near the spirit of Shakspeare: it looks a sketch, but it is a study; there is wit in the eye, and sensuality in the lip; the whole face is eloquent in King Cophetua's vein.

No. 76. 'The Forest,' J. D. HARDING. A composition resembling a fragment of highland scenery, of which a group of aged and gnarled forest trees occupies the left. It is a large drawing, with treatment effectively liberal, evidencing everywhere great power and unfailing resource, inasmuch that no passage of the work shows any degree of infirmity.

No. 80. 'The merry days when we were young,' MARGARET GILLIES.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is fully stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard."

In this composition there are three figures, of whom two are young; the third is a matron, who expresses the feeling of Wordsworth's lines. A young lady is seated at a piano, and a youth is about to accompany her on the violoncello. The features of the young people are animated and happy, but those of the elderly lady, and her entire pose, are expressive of the sigh which may have accompanied the sentiment. The costumes and the composition are ingenious and elegant.

No. 83. 'Miss Flite introduces the wards in Jarndyce to the "Lord Chancellor,"' J. GILBERT. It would be refreshing to abuse Mr. Gilbert a little, for we are weary of the praise he compels from us. It is enough to say that there is no other living artist who could thus outdo Dickens in a rag and bottle narrative.

No. 84. 'Near Puzzuoli, Bay of Naples,' T. M. RICHARDSON. This view is not in the direction of Naples, but it carries the eye along the coast towards Gaeta. It is a work to which has been given much labour with the best results.

No. 91. 'Venice from the Rialto—Morning,' W. CALLOW. We are so much accustomed to see Venice presented under every phase of sunshine, that we scarcely recognise these buildings in opaque shadow. We turn our back upon the bridge, and so look up the canal.

No. 93. 'North Transept, Canterbury Cathedral,' JOSEPH NASH. Very conscientious: especially true in colour.

No. 94. 'Fishing Craft—Morning,' G. H. ANDREWS. The subject is commonplace, but it is proposed that the boats should be important: the effect is agreeable, but the water forms are not satisfactory.

No. 95. 'Court of Linlithgow Palace,' S. READ. The principal object in this court is

the ancient fountain, which is composed of different pieces of stone-carving fitted together: this unique object at once identifies the place.

No. 99. 'Cutting the Haystack,' C. DAVIDSON. The subject is the suburb of a farmyard, with a view over the outlying country; but the haystack is the principal object. The season is distinctly registered as early spring. The material is of very ordinary character, but by an able management of the gradations it is worked into an interesting picture.

No. 103. 'Barnard Castle, Durham,' H. GASTINEAU. The moonlight sky in this drawing is very true; it is a view of a portion of the town dominated by the castle, and looking up the Tees to the bridge.

No. 105. 'Ruins of the Temple of the Sun, Palmyra (the ancient Tadmor in the Wilderness), painted on the spot, 1859,' CARL HAAG. The centre of the drawing presents masses of ruins, and the site seems larger than that simply of one temple; the view, however, of the place is most favourable. The composition is large, and the prospect leads the eye far into the distance beyond the principal site, to the left, where appears a continuation of ruins of temples, giving an exalted idea of the magnificence of the city of Zenobia. The scene is animated by the arrival of a caravan, that is about to camp for the night in front of us, for the sun is just dipping behind the temple. The figures are admirably drawn; the whole picture is warm, without being foxy, and full of detail, without loss of breadth.

No. 106. 'Fern Gathering, Northumberland,' FREDERICK TAYLER. The gatherers are two girls, who are charged with a cart, drawn by a grey mare, whose foal is at her side. A bright and airy drawing; the animals are especially well sketched.

No. 107. 'Amongst the Heather,' G. ROSENBERG. Many weeks of earnest labour must have been devoted to the painting of this heather, and never was sunshine more successfully described.

No. 109. 'Donne Moi!' J. J. JENKINS. A composition of three French rustic figures, two of whom, a girl and a child, are on the left, the latter being solicited to share the apple which she is munching with the third,—also a girl, who holds forth her hand, suing in *forma pauperis*; but the little one does not listen to the suppliant accents. A very bright and characteristic drawing.

No. 111. 'On the River Mackno, above the Falls,' D. COX. The effect of this drawing is destroyed by a piece of white background cliff, that will claim precedence to the foreground, and all its kith and kin.

No. 112. 'The Ballad,' S. PALMER. There is an immense power of colour, but the various items of the composition do not come happily together; a frequent occurrence when the mind of the painter is bent upon one result. The sky is a charming study, but its sentiment is destroyed by the busy, noisy foreground with which it is associated. The near section is a harvest field, and the evening solace of one of the hinds is this ballad, which he reads aloud for the amusement of his fellow-labourers.

No. 115. 'Expectation,' FREDERICK TAYLER. The feeling is expressed by a leash of dogs, two pointers and a setter, that are in waiting on the mountain side in a grouse country. The heads of the animals, gazing with pricked up ears and all their eyes, are as expressive of excitement as ever were the features of human kind.

No. 119. 'City of Durham, from the north-west,' T. M. RICHARDSON. We have met with many views of Durham, but this is the most imposing we have ever seen. The view is taken from the high ground on the right of the road to Newcastle. The cathedral and

the castle rise opposite to the spectator: nothing is seen of the suburb of Framwellgate, but the bridge spans the Wear some distance up to the right. The main features are, therefore, the cathedral and the castle, without distraction by any of the miserable houses by which they are surrounded. It is, perhaps, the best drawing the artist has ever executed.

No. 124. 'A Welsh Fern Gatherer,' F. W. TOPHAM. The largest figure study that Mr. Topham has ever exhibited; it is characteristic and natural: a girl with a calf by her side, the head of the latter painted to the life.

No. 128. 'At Bradford, Isle of Skye, a refreshing stream for tired droves. The Croulin Isle, Pabba, and part of Skye, in the middle distance; Bein Bhain, and other mountains of Applecross, Loch Kishorn, Loch Carran, Loch Duich, and Loch Alsh, more distant,' W. TURNER. This title, with this catalogue of lochs and bens, is but a view from the coast of Skye to the coast and inland of Rosshire. We notice the drawing, not for its distances, but because of the novelty of the distribution of a herd of Highland kyloes on the sea-shore—on account of the dispositions of which, and the breadth of daylight, we consider this one of the best works that have ever been exhibited under this name.

No. 130. 'The Farmhouse Porch,' WALTER GOODALL. The porch is the least item here: the interest centres in the boy on the grey pony, and the farmer's dame—all are drawn with unsurpassable neatness.

No. 133. 'The Rialto—Moonlight; Landing the Fruit at the Market, Venice,' E. A. GOODALL. The view has been taken from a gondola in the middle of the canal; we have, therefore, the bridge directly in front of us, with the boats at the quay on the right. The effect is a faithful version of moonlight.

No. 137. 'Chestnut Trees, Hurstmonceaux,' D. COX. This is the grove at the left angle of the front of the castle, but looking towards the ruin, and with it composing a subject of much interest. The whole of the objects, especially the trees, are painted with more substance than those we usually see in the works of this artist; in short, this drawing excels in worthy qualities, perhaps, all that have gone before it from the hand of its author.

No. 149. 'Harvest, Moonlight,' F. SMALLFIELD.

"In nights far gone, aye, far away and dead,
Before care fretted with a lidless eye,
I was thy wooer on my little bed,
Letting the early hours of rest go by
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,
And feed thy snow-white swans before I slept," &c.

A very simple, yet original conception, carried out with inexpressible delicacy and beauty. The story is of a boy who has risen in his bed to contemplate the moon. He leans against the casement, whence is seen outwards a most charming and perfect effect of moonlight, while within the light breaks on the figure, heightened by masses of delicate, broad, transparent shade. It is a work strikingly original, and infinitely beautiful in execution.

No. 152. 'King Charles's Chamber, Catele, Cornwall,' W. COLLINGWOOD. A small room full of ancient furniture, with a representation of the king seated writing: apparently finished in haste.

No. 155. 'Interior, Evening,' GEORGE DODGSON. The *con amore* sketches of this artist are snatches of the most refined and graceful narrative. This is a cathedral interior seen by a dim and fading light. Pillar after pillar and arch after arch retire into distance and gloom, impressing the mind with an apprehension of an all but endless vista.

No. 160. 'The Church and the three Yew Trees, Bettws-y-Coed,' a study on the spot, J. BURGESS. A most faithful representation;

the portfolio of no water-colour painter is without some memento of Bettws.

No. 164. 'A Hard Frost,' C. BRANWHITE. This was years ago the class of subject wherein Mr. Branwhite distinguished himself; the drawing is made out with all the neatness of execution that attracted notice to his earlier works.

No. 177. 'The Thunder Cloud,' C. DAVIDSON. There is a quality of power in this little drawing which might very well have been enlarged into an important picture; the quantities are few and broad, but the thunder cloud is too formally pyramidal, and wants volume within volume.

No. 180. 'Imogene after the Departure of Posthumus,' MARGARET GILLIES. Imogene is here presented seated and in profile, the face slightly turned up, sweetly eloquent in utterance of the patient sentiment embodied in the verse. It is altogether a chaste and elegant composition—the drapery is admirable for its classic taste.

The screens, as usual, contain many gems by members of the society, whose principal works are noticed above.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE general character of this exhibition is progressive, especially in smaller works. Having seen here, from time to time, a considerable number of figure pictures of admirable quality, the absence of a fair proportion of such works is felt on this occasion. The 'Saul at Endor' of Mr. Corbould, and the 'Queen Mab' of Mr. Tidey, are ambitious, powerful, and well calculated to show the utmost capabilities of water-colour Art. We instance them as works of exemplary effort, worked out rather *con amore* than with a view to render them attractive to purchasers. These, with Haghe's 'Murder of Rizzio,' and some others less important, figure in the catalogue, as, what may be properly called, personal themes. Among the landscapes there is a great deal of home subject-matter—and, after all, there is nothing so fresh, and nothing so difficult, as English landscape; and thus we often observe that excellence in the translation of home scenes is much less readily attainable, than a certain power of depicting continental, especially southern, countries. But almost every class of subject is represented in the gallery, as the following notes will show.

No. 6. 'Glen Nevis, Invernesshire,' WILLIAM BENNETT. The base of the composition is filled by the broken course of the stream, which flows at the foot of the mountains that close the left of the view. The treatment is broad and simple. The strong tones of the near trees clear up the whole, and keep the different parts in their respective places.

No. 10. 'Shrimpers Hauling in—Scene in the Swim, mouth of the Thames,' THOMAS S. ROBINS. The boat is on the edge of the sand-bank at low water, and the men are lifting in their net. The view is taken from a point off the Essex shore—the most dangerous passage in the intricate navigation of the estuary. In the picture we see here at once the process of deep-water shrimping.

No. 14. * * * * * HENRY TIDEY. The theme here proposed is the refrain of an old Scottish song—

"My wife she's but a wee thing,
Just come frae her mammy."

We find accordingly the "wee thing," a well-grown girl, leaning on a fragment of rock in an open landscape, in a very *far niente* humour.

She wears a yellow gown, tucked up at the side, giving a sight of the petticoat, by way of a *variorum*. The face is pretty, and the venture of the yellow gown is skilfully brought into harmony with the rest of the composition.

No. 28. 'An Improvisatore—in the Forum, Rome,' L. HAGHE. It is not the improvisatore and his Romagnole audience that here arrest the eye, or occupy the thought. We have in front of us the Colosseum, or Coliseum, for custom

"Spells the classic syllables both ways,"

and the student of Art will at once recognise his whereabouts near the Academy of St. Luke, and the student of history the sites of the Arc of Septimius Severus, the Temples of Vesta and of Antoninus and Faustina, amid a wilderness of ruin, curiously engrafted with the ill-assorted edifices of to-day. Well done, patient and thoughtful painter! thy work is a historical commentary, mocking Romulus, and Tacitus, and all their successors. The whole of the ruins are lighted by a declining sun, and the modern buildings are as little obtruded as possible.

No. 29. 'Morning at Eastbourne, Sussex,' J. H. MOLE. A bit of the coast beyond the Sea-Houses, and looking towards St. Leonard's: sweet in colour.

No. 34. 'Punta di Quintavalle—Fishing Craft on the Lagune, Venice,' J. H. D'EGVILLE. These boats are always picturesque, and generally rich in colour; but the uniform smoothness of these lagoons is not favourable to marine effect.

No. 35. 'Bodiam Castle, Sussex,' W. BENNETT. An effective view of this interesting ruin, giving the causeway across the moat, and the gateway tower, with the near intervening trees. This stout old castle was built by a soldier of the French wars of Edward III., and presents one of the most beautiful moated ruins that we know.

No. 41. 'Eskmeals, Cumberland—Scawfell, Hardknot, &c., in the distance,' J. FAHEY. The Esk is not visible here, but it has its course somewhere towards the low spurs of the hills that close the view. We are clearly in Cumberland, the features of the Welsh and Highland hills are distinct from what we see. The drawing is perfectly harmonious in colour, and is most happy in its expression of space.

No. 42. 'On the Terrace at Haddon,' JOHN CHASE. This artist has taken many subjects from Haddon, all of which he treats with perfect conscientiousness. The hall itself, the terrace, and the trees, are too frequently unduly exaggerated; but such is not the case here.

No. 47. 'Nuremberg,' T. S. BOYS. As the buildings here are like those of no other city in Europe, it is easy to recognise Nuremberg, the city of palatial *magazines*. We seem to be placed with our back to the Königsbrücke, looking towards the Lorenzkirche. Every street in this place is a picture.

No. 51. 'Room in a Moorish House, Algiers,' CHARLES VACHER. This, in the residence of a wealthy Mohammedan, would be an apartment in the harem; it contains three women, all sufficiently listless and *ennuyées*.

No. 58. 'The First Step in Life,' W. LEE. The infant essayist is the child of a French fisherman, and, encouraged by her little brother, she is tottering towards the outstretched arms of her mother. The drawing is distinguished by the most delicate and beautiful finish.

No. 61. 'A Peep at Naworth Castle, Cumberland,' D. H. M'KEWAN. Independently of its association with Belted Will, Naworth has a story of its own to tell, and its site and surroundings will always make it dear to the painter. Shaded by the dense foliage that overhangs the rivulet, we obtain a spare glimpse of the angle of one of the towers. There is but little of the edifice seen, but we know of

no other building to which that little could belong but Naworth.

No. 78. 'The Murder of Rizzio,' L. HAGHE. In Jerome's 'Assassination of Caesar,' exhibited last season in the Champs Elysées, he leaves his victim on the floor of the senate-house, whence his murderers are hastening forth. In Delaroche's 'Murder of the Duke of Guise,' the body also lies apart, and this Jerome seems to have remembered in his composition. Mr. Haghe approaches his subject more boldly, and we find the wretched Rizzio struggling in the hands of the conspirators, Ruthven, Morton, and Lindsay, the first of whom is in the act of stabbing him. The room in which the queen was at supper is not more than twelve feet square, and the place in which the murder took place is not so large as the apartment here represented. The subject is, however, at once declared in the composition.

No. 89. 'Parish Church at Eckernförde, in Holstein,' CARL WERNER. A Protestant church, fitted up with pews, like our own places of worship. A principal object is a large bell-shaped metal font with relief figures round it. The whole of the detailed drawing is extremely minute, yet the breadth of the picture is, withal, admirably maintained.

No. 94. 'The Good Samaritan,' HENRY WARREN. The scriptural incident is secondary to a very poetical description of twilight, not on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho, but on the rugged banks of the Red Sea, the tranquil surface of which reflects the subdued light, that yet lingers in the sky. The Samaritan ministers to the wounded man, in the centre of the picture—the priest and the Levite appear wending their way to the left, and our wonder is that they have been able to pass at all, as the place is strewn with fragments, wildly disposed, like the ruins of a former nature. The whole is presided over by the dew-distilling stars, which re-appear in the lustrous mirror of the water. The scene is one of the most impressive solemnity.

No. 95. 'Loch Awe, with Ben Cruachan, from Cladich, Argyleshire,' AARON PENLEY. This is a large drawing, in which the loch occupies the centre of the composition, with the mountain rising on the left. The view is presented under the effect of rain. The foreground is opaque, and deficient in gradation.

No. 100. 'A Summer's Morning in the Woods,' EDMUND G. WARREN. A close study of trees, whereof the artist, with much success, essays a definition of the varieties of his arbo-retum. The leafage, in its massing and fullness, is unusually rich for water-colour.

No. 102. 'Haddon Hall,' JOHN CHASE. A large drawing, giving a portion of the house, with the steps leading to the terrace.

No. 109. 'Berncastel, Moselle,' G. SIMONAU. The subject is one of the streets of the town, the houses being constructed with the wooden frame-work common to this neighbourhood. The drawing is rendered heavy by the blackness of the stronger tones.

No. 113. 'Coast of Cornwall—Evening,' the late S. COOK. The scenery of this coast seems to have admirably suited the genius of the artist. This drawing is deficient in the clearness of antecedent works, but it is yet a production of much beauty.

No. 114. 'Place Pucelle, Rouen,' G. HOWSE. This is one of the abiding features of the ancient city of Rouen, of which so much has been swept away by the spirit of improvement. No artist visits Rouen without sketching the Place Pucelle. It is here very faithfully delineated.

No. 119. 'Fishing Vessels off Wicklow Head, Dublin Bay,' EDWIN HAYES. The movement and volume of the water in this drawing are very successfully rendered.

No. 123. 'An Idle Afternoon,' J. W. WHY-

FER. A close wood scene on a river bank; the masses of the foliage are distinct and definite, the whole having been apparently studied from the *locale* represented; as for the *idlesse*, there are two figures, but how they are bestowing their tediousness does not clearly appear.

No. 128. 'Venice as it was—A Patrician Family going out in a Gondola, Palazzo Cadore,' CARL WERNER. This is a scene near the entrance of the grand canal—a restoration of the state of the sixteenth century, wherein we see one of the Venetian nobles in his state robes, about to embark in his gondola, on some mission of national ceremony. But a more impressive picture than this, and a pendant to it, is No. 169, 'Venice as it is, Palazzo Delfini,' showing the water gate of the palace, with a population of domestic fowls—a severe commentary on the most romantic page of European history. It is an admirable drawing, amply realizing the proposition of the title.

No. 135. 'Garden Entrance, Roslyn Chapel,' JOHN CHASE. A very accurate representation—very true in colour and texture.

No. 143. 'L'Italia,' J. M. JOPLING. A head and bust of, perhaps, a Contadina, small life-size, worked out with infinite exactitude. The right hand is raised to the neck, but the angle formed by the hand and arm is too abrupt.

No. 147. 'British Troops forcing the passage of a river under heavy fire,' G. B. CAMPION. This is a large drawing, necessarily full of movement; but the "heavy fire" has not yet taken effect. The river divides the composition, and through the stream a battery of guns is with difficulty passing, a battalion of Highlanders having just preceded them. The scene has about it an air of *vraisemblance*, but the rust on the wheels of the gun-carriages is an impossibility.

No. 148. 'The Port of Genoa,' T. L. ROWBOTHAM. The view along the line of quay and coast, comprehending Pier d'Arena and terminating with the lofty ridges in the distance, is a subject so tempting that no artistic visitor to the city of palaces can resist painting it. The place is here pronounced distinctly enough.

No. 152. * * * * HENRY TIDEY.

"Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree."

Such are the lines standing in the place of a title to this drawing, the subject of which is a group of an old man and a girl—his granddaughter, it may be, who seems in an advanced stage of pulmonary disease. The subject is rendered painful from its very truthfulness of description.

No. 153. 'Short Horns and Alderneys,' G. H. LAPORTE. These animals are as well drawn and characterized as any cattle of this class we have ever seen: they show the very highest breeding.

No. 156. 'A Recollection of Dieppe,' G. HOWSE. A rather large drawing, showing only the chateau and the heights, with a section of the beach, on which are boats and figures.

No. 160. 'The Wounded Deer,' CHARLES H. WEIGALL. The title suggests at once the theme—

"To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood," &c.

We see, accordingly, the "melancholy man" lying as described, contemplating the stag at the brook. But the deer is the picture; he is in the immediate foreground, a very accurate study of a buck of the ordinary park breed.

No. 166. 'Llyn Idwall, North Wales,' THOMAS LINDSAY. The impression which it

is proposed to convey, is that given by Roscoe's description of the lake "infamous for the murder of the young Prince Idwall, by the hands of his treacherous guardian;" and it is here a dread solitude, looking as if "the place were cursed."

No. 177. 'Sennen Beach, Cornwall,' JAMES G. PHILIP. This drawing is harmonious in colour, and the iron-bound character of the coast is fittingly described.

No. 182. 'The Vale of Esk, Cumberland, from Muncaster Terrace; Scawfell, Hardknot, and other mountains in the distance,' JAMES FAHEY. The flat of the near and remoter distances is here a verdant basin, of which the sides are an amphitheatre of mountains, rising in successive ridges. The Esk makes no figure in the view, but so well are the sites described that an intelligent spectator says at once, "A watercourse lies there." The entire landscape is rich in summertime verdure, and its character is purely Cumbrian.

No. 187. 'Ouvre la bouche petite!' W. LEE. These words are addressed by a little French cottage girl to her doll, which she is feeding with a large wooden spoon. The drawing is happy in colour, and most careful in manipulation.

No. 190. 'Snowdon from Trath Mawr,' H. C. PIDGEON. The most important work we have ever seen under this name, and it may be said the most successful. It is a large drawing, consisting of two well contrasted parts,—the flat expanse of the lake and its bed, and the mountains by which it is on all sides enclosed, with Snowdon enthroned in the centre. The whole is presented under a dripping rain-cloud.

No. 191. 'Canale San Pietro, Venice,' J. H. D'EGVILLE. This is an oil picture, presenting a view of a portion of the outskirts of the city, bright with an effect of afternoon sun.

No. 204. 'View from Heaven's Gate, Longleat, Wilts, where Bishop Ken composed the Morning and Evening Hymns,' W. BENNETT. Heaven's Gate is the name given to the crest of an eminence in the park of the Marquis of Bath, commanding a most extensive view over the counties of Wilts and Somerset. This seems to be the view over a part of Wiltshire, leaving on the left the White Horse of Westbury. The effect is that of a sunny summer day, with the light breaking on the tops of the trees; but the distance is veiled by the misty light. It is surprising that the subject has not before been painted.

No. 207. 'Hide and Seek,' J. H. MOLE. Two rustic children hiding behind a tree from their father and brother. A piece of sylvan material very agreeable in colour.

No. 210. 'A Drinking Fountain at Albano,' L. HAGHE. A drawing of much excellence, but not so interesting as Mr. Haghe's historic interiors. It is full of movement, the figures being numerous—all water-carriers in the Italian peasant costume.

No. 216. 'Leith Hill from Haslemere,' J. W. WHYMPER. The subject is of that class of landscape that we see nowhere else but in England—an expanse densely planted with trees, yet more like a garden than a forest: sketchy, but forcible in effect.

No. 217. 'Windsor, from a sketch taken in 1842,' EDWARD RICHARDSON. The view is taken from a point above the bridge on the Eton side—the best view of the lower part of Windsor, though not of the castle; the latter, however, towers commandingly above the houses. The drawing has much sweetness of colour, with a well-adjusted balance of lights and darks.

No. 224. 'Queen Mab,' HENRY TIDEY. The scene in which the fairy queen calls forth the soul of the sleeping Ianthe. In this large drawing we are perhaps more struck

with the technical subtlety of the art than with the imaginative power shown by the artist, though that is limited to no mean ratio. Ianthe lies on the couch, but the soul, in her personal image, sits in shade beyond her, looking at the fairy queen, who has risen in her chariot, and is in the act of waving her wand. The queen is a nude figure, very filmy it is true; but this condition, even in a fairy queen, is a derogation from regal state. We feel that Ianthe is made of this earth, and contrasts forcibly with all her shadowy surroundings: perhaps the artist intended that it should be so. The visionary part of the composition shows boundless conceptive resource.

No. 234. 'Sorrento, Monte Sant' Angelo, Vesuvius, &c., from the road to Massa, Bay of Naples,' CHARLES VACHER. A large drawing, wherein is traced the bay on this side in a vast circuit, looking towards Naples beyond Vesuvius. It is sunset, and the tranquillity of the scene is such that we seem to hear the peasants discoursing. It looks a very faithful representation of the place.

No. 240. 'The Bower of Roses,' HENRY WARREN.

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song."

The maiden who thus sang to Azim is represented, according to her own description, listening to the nightingale; but she is introduced as a nude study, which, to a majority of tastes, may be an unpalatable rendering.

No. 241. 'Wimpfen on the Neckar,' EDWARD RICHARDSON. A very romantic subject, drawn and coloured with masterly feeling.

No. 245. 'Hall of the Emperors at Goslar, in Germany. Paintings on the walls representing the old Saxon Emperors and the Sibyls, painted by Michael Wohlgemuth, master of Albrecht Dürer,' CARL WERNER. This place, which is very little known to artists and ordinary travellers, is in the kingdom of Hanover, and the once splendid interior of which Herr Werner here presents the remnant, was a portion of the palace of the emperors of Germany. Michael Wohlgemuth was a leading star of the Art-galaxy that shone out from Nuremberg in the fifteenth century. The quaint character of the painting, as interpreted here, bespeaks the school.

No. 250. 'Saul at Endor,' EDWARD HENRY CORBOULD. We have again to signalize the beautiful *finesse* of water-colour art in skilful hands; the effects are more striking than the manner of the narrative. Samuel is the principal figure, but as a spirit he is too material: this is felt from the substantial prominence of the figure, Saul and the woman being less than secondary. The picture is, however, an excellent production, but a remedy to the objections instanced, would make it yet better.

No. 261. 'Annie Leslie, vide Mrs. S. C. Hall's Irish Tales,' CHARLES H. WEIGALL. A very carefully studied figure; she stands just within the gate of a well-ordered garden. We have had frequent occasion to eulogise this artist as a bird and animal painter, but the quality of his figures is equal to that of the best of his other subjects.

No. 266. 'View on the Swale, Richmond, Yorkshire,' W. TELBIN. This is the nearest approach to "Pre-Raphaelite" art in the gallery. The view seems to have been taken from the ridge on which the castle stands, commanding the course of the Swale in the direction of Northallerton: a careful study, and an identity as to locality.

On the screens there are some pleasing drawings by EMILY FARMER, MRS. MARGETTS, HARRISON WEIR, MRS. OLIVER, E. H. WEHNERT, and others.

WILLIAM VON KAULBACH.

It is always a subject of astonishment to see totally opposite qualities, be they what they may, united in one and the same person: but when these qualities are in themselves of a lofty nature, and exhibit in their development the proofs of

transcendent power, mere astonishment then gives place to wonder, and we bow down with respect before a nature which we instinctively feel to be not of the common order. It is a prerogative of genius to possess the faculty of accommodating itself to the field of action that may chance to lie before it, whereon to exercise its power. It is rare, however, to behold it grappling *with almost equal*

success any of the difficulties which the emanations of the human intellect may present. But this rarity arises from the fact that great genius is also rare; for such multifarious power implies a genius that is supreme. There is something approaching god-like power in such minds as Shakspere's and Goethe's—finding equal delight in the stern and the lovely, the grand and the child-like; now de-



voting all their energies with firm and resolute will to penetrate some hitherto unfathomed depth, now giving full play to the most capricious fancy, and letting it rove to the farthest zones, or build, at its own pleasure, fantastic worlds peopled with fantastic inhabitants. And we delight the more at

such playful disporting, when we find one giving way to it who, like Atlas, could carry a world upon his shoulders; a Titan who, did he choose, might rend and hurl mountains asunder, but who finds sweet pastime in sitting beside a brook, and from a reed, cut on its margin, enticing the gentlest

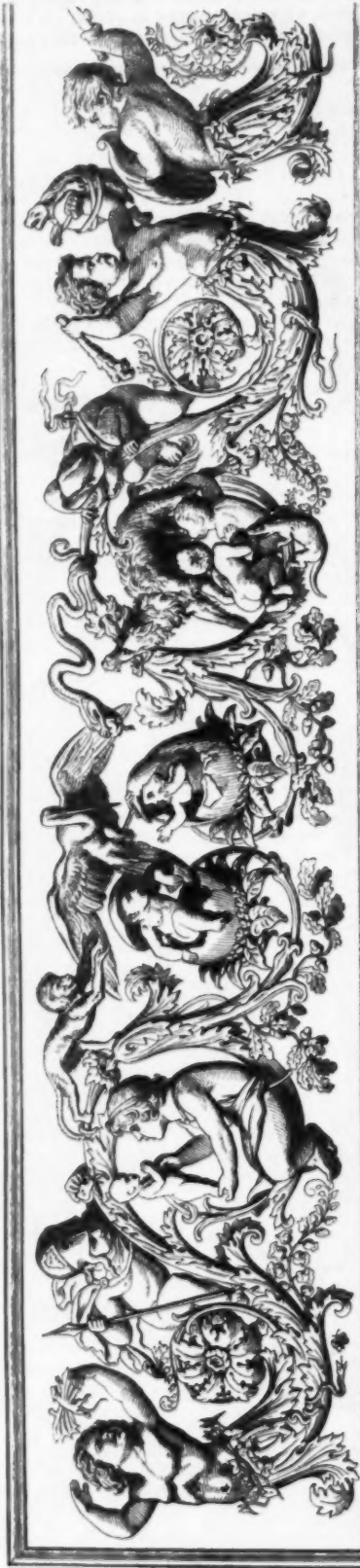
pipings. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" delights us as a most exquisite production, but it grows into a great marvel when we remember that the same mind which dictated it, had also in its recesses the thoughts out of which were moulded "King Lear" and "Macbeth."

It takes long to discover all the greatness of such divinely-gifted men. And that it should be so, is quite in the natural order of things: for mental vastness can no more be comprehended by minds the generality of which are so greatly inferior, than can a vast extent of territory be commanded by a gazer standing on the plain. Well and rightly do the Germans, as they still continue discoursing about Shakspeare, set out with the inscription,—"Shakspeare, and no end!" This alone proves that they at least fully comprehend his immeasurable greatness. They find that, despite all researches, there is "no end" to the hidden treasure. The mine which, as it would seem, must at length be exhausted, still shows delicate new veins of ore to the zealous seeker. The further you explore, the more do you find still to be discovered. It is so with Goethe; and with another illustrious German, still living, it is also equally the case—we mean William von Kaulbach. The "many-sidedness" of these two men must ever call forth our wondering admiration. Of the one, however, this astonishing diversity of powers is well known. The works themselves, in all their multifariousness, lie before us; they have been specially pointed out and commented on, so that those who have not made themselves personally acquainted with them, know at least of their existence, and hence learn to form some estimate of him who, on such different fields, is hailed as conqueror. With Kaulbach it is not so: the Protean qualities of his genius are known to comparatively but few. Moreover, the works with which the general public is best acquainted stand out so pre-eminent, that each one feels content to seek no further; and instead of looking in another direction for a different display of power, rather exclaims, in his delight,—"What would we have more?"

And yet if we do look further, we shall find in various directions works which will hold us in contemplation as firmly as those we are already familiar with. But a chasm, seemingly, separates the territory on which these are found, as wide as that lying between a "Metamorphosis of Plants" and an "Iphigenia;" between a "Theory of Colour," arrived at step by step, by dint of daily experiment, and the high ideal of a "Faust" or an "Egmont;" between the aptitude for business which could attend to road-making and mining affairs, regulating income and expenditure with the accuracy of a merchant's clerk, and the soaring rapture that could utter such words as "Prometheus," "The Waters," or the "Morning Song of Mahomet." There is no exaggeration in this; and in proof of the assertion we would point to works demanding mental qualities not less opposite in their nature than those displayed in 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' and the inimitable illustrations to 'Reynard the Fox.' These are perhaps the best known in England, and being so, need no commentary here. But there is a picture of 'The Crusaders,' led by Geoffrey of Bouillon, coming in sight of Jerusalem: let us examine it. In the light with which the picture is flooded, enthusiasm—nay, inspiration—seems to descend upon the excited groups. Each figure, each limb even, appears pervaded by the holy influence. It lends to the outer man a nobler bearing: the spirit within—with its devotion and self-forgetfulness—clarifies, exalts, glorifies the outward body, and in wondrous wise hangs round each one like a radiant, etherealizing garment. It was a high ideal which those crusaders had before them—an ideal world in which they lived and had their being; and it is wonderful to see how, in the scene here depicted, the influence of this pervading spirit is brought home to the sense of every spectator. It was a period of all-sustaining enthusiasm, which made men forget privation and hardship, steeling—it might almost be said ennobling—their bodies, as the high aim by which they were fired ennobled their minds. It imparted even to the low another bearing; and here, at this crowning moment of exultation, a thrill of joy quivers through every limb. And look at the lovely princess on the left, borne along on the backs of slaves, and straining, ardently longing, for a sight of the Holy City. How sweet a grace that womanly figure sheds around her!

Now turn your head and examine this 'Mad-house' scene; it is much to ask, but do it nevertheless. What an atmosphere, tainted and heavy

with gloom, weighs upon you now! Dull, moping idleness sits here; and there stares at you with fierce eyes one who fancies himself a king. With a countenance fearfully betokening the blank within, one wretched creature leers with vanity in the



belief that he is the Saviour of the world; and near him a poor mother still cherishes her baby on her knees, lavishing all her love upon it, though formed only of a rag tied round a log of wood. And yonder, skulking along a dead wall, far from

the fearful pack, is one who inspires you with more fear, perhaps, than all the rest, even though you do not see his face. And then the look of the jailer! Stolid, brutalized, indifferent, he stands amid his wretched and ghastly *hunks* of men. What a low wretch—how coarse and brutal! But all is oppressive: nothing on which the eye or the thoughts can rest to give joy, or consolation, or hope. For no inducement whatever would we have that scene hung up in our chamber; we could not live in a room where that print continually met our eye. And the hand that grouped together these fearful creatures, was the same that, by its touch, could, as 'The Crusaders' proves, so glorify humanity!

And now let us stand before the new Pinakothek, and look up at those frescoes which tell of the regeneration of Art, and how in Munich, under King Louis' auspices, painting, sculpture, and architecture arrived at glory and honour. We confess that these compositions—that is to say, the first pictures of the series—are not at all to our taste. The walls of such a building are not the place for them, and the subjects, which, as woodcuts or lithographic prints, would not be objected to, are assuredly ill-befitting such a monument. But pass over these and examine the others: that one of the foundry, for example, in which is represented the accomplishment of that great casting, the head and shoulders of the 'Bavaria' being drawn up from the pit in which the mould was built. Or that other beside it,—Eimmüller at work on some piece of glass painting. Here, as indeed in all the others of the series, is no idealizing. The ungraceful costume of the present time is faithfully given, as faithfully as the hair-powder and gaiters in West's battle-picture: each object represented is accurately copied, and the inanimate things around are "likenesses," no less than the human beings who are the centre of the composition. You have a true and literal portrait of the workshop, with its pulley, windlass, shovel, tongs, and iron ladle; and the workmen are just such as may be seen at any time in any smithy. There is mind—and there is evidence enough, too, that it is a poetic one—in the composition; but it is withal a straightforward delineation of the scene—so correct in detail, that not one of the journeymen there but would signify his approbation. Plain, work-a-day life—such are the scenes; and there are the actors, in plain, work-a-day garments, in knee-breeches even, and hats; nor is that abomination, a dress-coat, omitted from the list.

The picture we have chosen to put side by side by these faithful transcripts of daily life contains no one of the qualities just mentioned, but their very opposites. It is, perhaps, the most ideal work of the master. We have seen it in the shop windows in London, and it will, therefore, not be quite unfamiliar to a portion of our readers. We allude to the 'Hunnen Schlacht'—the Battle of the Huns. The action is, literally speaking, carried on above this plodding world; for the story and the chief figures are moving in the regions of air. And high as these soar above that stage where we human actors play our several parts, so far removed from all that is earthly is the composition of those groups that have known resurrection. Yet there is no indistinctness in the forms: no advantage is taken of cloud or ray of glory to hide a limb or otherwise escape a difficulty. Though a vision, there is nothing visionary in the treatment. All is clear, distinct, and palpable; every outline is defined, and beautifully precise. But it is in the composition itself, in the forms that have arisen, in the expression imparted to them, that the ghostly, the spiritual, the superhuman lie. The whole is the artist's own creation. Here there were no conventional notions to guide, had he even been disposed to accept any such: every group, every figure, the whole as well as each part, is to be found only in the painter's imagination. In that realm they had existence, but in no other. How ghastly the figures of the awakening Huns—waking from the numbing sleep of violent death; some hardly free as yet from the stiffening influence, and rising, scarcely conscious, like Lazarus from his tomb! Those, again, advancing under the sign of the cross are stern of countenance, and their features, too, bear marks of suffering. But theirs is the suffering of nobler natures: "more in sorrow than in anger" do they

come; they are calm and earnest like their imposing leader, whose beard is streaming in the wind. "Re-animation," observes Leigh Hunt, "is perhaps the most ghastly of all ghastly things, uniting as it does an appearance of natural interdiction from the next world with a supernatural experience of it. Our human consciousness is jarred out of its self-possession." Yet here is re-animation without the "jarring." The figures retain their mortal shape, and so excite our sympathy; while there is yet in them enough of the world beyond the grave for us to connect with them a sense of spiritual wonder. Admirably managed is the gradation of the resuscitated state: the more etherealized being still connected—we are made to feel this—with the cold sleep of death. The picture is full of beautiful episodes, such as we are sure to find in Kaulbach's greater works.

Let us now turn to a work which has afforded us, and assuredly every one who has seen it, exquisite enjoyment; for while we admire the beautiful in Art, our best and gentlest feelings are touched, and genial sympathies are awakened, by companionship with sweet, gladdening, ever-lovable childhood. If it were only that we here see the gracefully rounded forms of children in all their winning beauty, this work would have for us an irresistible charm. But it affords an additional pleasurable emotion. When we watch a group of little ones acting with judge-like gravity their pre-arranged parts, how exquisite is the pleasure felt as we listen to their mock-heroic speeches, and catch the movements of offended majesty. The very heart overflows and yearns to these embryo men, with their simple thoughts, fresh cheeks and voices, and still fresh untainted souls. There is the pleasure which the sight of such innocence affords, as well as the grace of form. Besides this, a playful humour—harmless withal—is inseparable from the achievements of such little actors. But when they become the representatives of historical characters, and we see the chubby form emerging from a toga, or sitting frowning as Caesar in the triumphal car, with grave face and matronly robes acting the Pythoness, or with coy maidenly dignity turning away from an infant satyr-lover, then such drama does indeed become in the highest degree delectable.

And it is just such drama that we have here. In the frieze for the new Museum at Berlin is thus represented the course of Universal History; and on the stage, which is here the world, little men and women are the players.

Now that we set seriously to work to attempt a description of the composition, are we first aware of the difficulty of the task we have undertaken. However, the trial must be made.

We must premise that, being a frieze, the representation in question runs round the building, as the so-called Elgin marbles did round the buildings of the Acropolis. On this field meanders, in a waving line, a continuous branch of foliage; and in and among this, or entwined with it, are the childish figures or groups; while here and there such leafy stem forms the lower part of some tiny actor, who thus, merman-like, is disporting among verdure and blossoms. At intervals this meandering, wave-like line is interrupted, and two figures in an erect posture will mark an epoch in history, and show where a new era begins.

But in order that our readers may obtain a clearer notion of the composition than a description only, —even the most graphic could give,—two fragments of the frieze are here presented to their view; and the plan of the composition being now made familiar to them, they will more easily be able to follow the account of the other parts.*

* These woodcuts have been copied, by the kind permission of Mr. Alexander Duncker, of Berlin, from the large copper-plate engravings forming part of the magnificent work of which he is the publisher. It will consist of six very large engravings, besides eighteen smaller ones—small, however, only when compared to the others—and these will give the single figures which ornament the different compartments of the walls, as well as the whole frieze. Besides the pictures named in the text, the work will contain Moses, Solon, History, Venus, Homer, and the Greeks, Painting and Architecture. The execution of these noble engravings leaves nothing to be desired, for they have been entrusted to men whose artistic reputation ranks the highest in Germany. The work has been proceeded with slowly, and with the utmost care, that it might, in every way, prove a worthy monument of German art: and it is so truly. Unfortunately, it is, as yet, but

In this first part, here given, is depicted the origin and infancy of the human race, over which hangs somewhat of obscurity, as denoted by the bat struggling in the grasp of the first figure. We see the human form to which a soul is being



given. The groups that follow are charming in

little known in England, and we should rejoice if this notice directed attention to a work which cannot fail to delight any man of taste, and which, to the English artist, must prove of inestimable value.

composition, and nothing can be prettier than the way in which the nursery tale of the stork that brings the babies is made a reality. The serpent offers the apple of temptation as soon as existence begins; then comes the she-wolf of Rome, and the discord which, as soon the young colony has gained a little strength, breaks out in strife and violence. A succession of groups follow, full of animation, representing the period when man, leading a nomadic life, waged constant war with the wild animals of the forest: two young hunters attacking a lion, and in the centre a panther bounding away with her prey in her jaws, pursued by a youthful Nimrod and his dogs. The stag, and the wild boar that haunts the sedgy banks of the Nile, are also here; all serving to mark, as well as the last figure of the group, a difference of country, and thus to typify the migration of the nations. A new division is marked by a bridal train sacrificing to Isis. The goddess, in the embrace of her brother, rises out of the chalice of a lotus flower, on each side of which the two figures are presenting their gifts. Among the foliage, on one side, is the ibis, picking up a snake; and, coming immediately after, is represented a childish freak which, however, serves to denote the land of Egypt, already marked very clearly by the ibis, and in the features and head-gear of the two lovers. A boy, with an ugly mask before his face, through the mouth of which he stretches his arm, holding a flaming torch, frightens his companion, who, in all his round infantine nakedness, tumbles backwards, with his feet in the air, scared and overcome. Thus is personified the wicked Typhon who killed his brother Osiris; and the firebrand not only denotes the sedition raised by Typhon throughout the land, during the absence of his brother, but also the hot blasting air of the desert that comes but to destroy. A recumbent figure is beneath, resting on an over-turned water-jar, into which a frog is peeping; out of it, however, the refreshing element drops but sparingly.

Connected with these figures comes the second engraving which we have been enabled to give. We leave Egypt and turn now to Greece. The division, as will be seen, is marked by two priests offering a libation to the gods. In the forms of the Egyptian worshippers all was precise, hard, stiff, and angular. They bore the impress of that sphynx-like calm which marks so characteristically all the temples of that wondrous land. A tremendous secret, that dare not be divulged, makes itself felt everywhere; it rests on the closed lips of the idols; it lies hidden in the shadows which the stupendous columns cast around. All is the very reverse of Christianity, which tells of "life even in death." Egyptian worship impresses with an awful dread, for we see before us life spell-bound and dumb—"death in life." How different the elastic forms of these Grecian worshippers! With natural motion, in no prescribed attitude, each performs, as he will, his part in the ceremony; the mouths of both these are not closed, but open, to pour forth a song of praise, to express, not conceal, the emotions of the soul. The busy groups here speak for themselves, and surely never was the origin of the Arts so attractively set forth. The sweet honey colours have even allured the dog that licks the palette. The architect-beaver, coming with plan and mason's rule stuck in his girdle, to instruct the workman, is thoroughly in accordance with the playfulness of Kaulbach's nature. Nor less so is the satire conveyed in the next group, of which Orpheus is the centre; the tones of his lyre are so inspiring that the ass cannot refrain from offering, with a look of worshipping stupidity, a wreath to the wonderful musician. It is of thistles, however, the plant the asinine nature loves best. The elephant, comfortably seated, the fore-legs crossed over his well-filled paunch, with an air of self-satisfied dilettantism, stretches out his trunk to crown the singer with a branch of laurel. Those to whom the animals in "Reynard the Fox" are familiar will be able to imagine how comic this episode, in such hands, must be. Then we have the Platonic philosophy; and next comes a graceful little figure, winding off the fine thread which a silkworm is spinning; while above, on the opposite side, two spiders, from whom the textile art was learnt, are weaving their web. Suspended by some threads we often see an unfortunate fly, reserved by the spider for future consumption, entwined by the fatal meshes, like a malefactor hanging in chains. Here, also, are two such victims in the web; but,

on looking nearer, we find, instead of flies, they are democratic-looking socialists, or red republicans, or whatever. The men of the revolutionary party of 1848 were termed. It is impossible to repress a laugh on seeing these monstrosities, bandit-like personages, with heads falling on one side, thus gibbeted. But, to make the irony complete, each spider has on its round body two cross-bones, denoting thus the species called the cross-spider, which is not more implacable and blood-thirsty in pursuit of its prey than was the well-known Prussian journal, the *Kreuz* (cross) *Zeitung*, in persecuting political offenders. A child, seated among the foliage, now follows, playing on a pipe before a nest of birds, while a satyr leans listening at his ear, holding the while pandean pipes idly in his hand.

The ideal and realistic philosophy is admirably represented by two infantine professors: the sage, Plato, with severe, but enthusiastic mien, setting forth his views, while with uplifted finger he points on high; and the other, Aristotle, a volume closed under his arm, demonstrates on his fingers how one proposition is deduced from, and must necessarily follow, the other. Between the disputants stands Atlas on a pedestal, a celestial globe upon his shoulders. The story of Pandora's box follows; and a Roman standard, with the eagle and SPQR, forms, again, a land-mark, and denotes that here is a new division, and that the history of another people begins. Chained to this upraised trophy are two little weeping prisoners, each different in character, subjugated by the might of imperial Rome. The groups which now succeed are doubly amusing, for here all the lilliputian actors are playing the parts of heroes and conquerors, and with frowning mien, and triumphant imperial air, are receiving the homage of the vanquished; with stoical imperturbability, looking on, while Mutius Scaevola thrusts his brand into the flame, or, Caesar-like, in triumphal car, holds the sceptre, while subjugated monarchs follow in the train. Then appears an infant Varus, stabbing himself in his despair. Later we see two little urchins fighting with right good will, tearing from each other's head the laurel which adorns it; while one tries, during the scuffle, to reach the crown, and sword, and sceptre of authority, suspended above him. And now again comes a new era. The cross is raised, and round its top a crown of thorns. Staggering before the dazzling light, which emanates from it, are two Roman soldiers; while above, a female figure, a crown on her head, and with upraised hands, falls back powerless at the sight. Here the old world ends.

Although the cartoon itself is finished, no more than what we have described has yet been engraved; and we must therefore finish our account here, not venturing to trust, for the rest, to memory alone.

The single figure which is here engraved, is 'Die Sage,' or Tradition, and the place of its destination is that compartment of the wall immediately under the birth of the first mortals, as represented in the frieze. So grandly conceived a figure loses much when reduced to a smaller size. In the large proportions of the cartoon, there is something awe-inspiring in the prophetic gaze of the seer, staring into a future, and remembering, too, all the tremendous events of the present and the past. The whole figure, the drapery, the druidical stones on which she sits, the fallen crown with which she is playing, and the urns of mouldering bones beneath her feet—all is admirably imagined, and impresses us with the very feelings such a figure should excite. How entirely different is this from the undulating scenes, where groups of children were playing their busy parts! There are other single figures in the several compartments,—Moses, Solon, &c.—grand, stern, and imposing; but we have chosen 'Tradition,' to contrast with the serenity and loveliness of the frieze, as doing so most strikingly.

The sly blow above alluded to, aimed at that political party which, in the recent important struggle, played so abject a part—and now, had it not been rendered innocuous, would do so again—is not the only satirical allusion in the composition of the frieze. But there is a vast difference between the introduction of such here, and those certain representations of personal satire on the walls of the New Pinakothek. In the latter, the satirical element predominates—is, indeed, the special characteristic; moreover, as regards size, these frescoes are on a grand scale, and they are, too, on the

outer walls of a public building, under the open sky, exposed to the view of every passer, and have thus a distinctly monumental character. The allusions in the frieze are entirely subordinate, and are flung completely in the background: they in no wise form a part of the story, or are mixed up with it, but are so kept back that, unless sought for, they might be passed by unnoticed. We wish it were so with the first frescoes of the series to which we have adverted; and, still more, that they had never been painted.

In the illustrations to "Reynard the Fox," Kaulbach has proved that he is able to wield with annihilating power, the very weapons which men most dread, before which they shrink and tremble from the rankling wounds that such always leave behind them. The very care with which all is done, and sycophancy, cunning, dullness, affectation, cringing meanness, and incompetency, are laid bare, makes him the more formidable, and, consequently, the more feared. Now we do not love those whom we fear. And in truth not few in number are they who have an unkind or malicious remark ever ready when Kaulbach's name is mentioned. But a man to whom things present themselves in a true light, and in their real proportions, and who from naturally sharp observation and much experience can see into the hidden sources of men's acts, undecieved by the false surface purposely laid on to hide what is beneath; who, knowing the ignorance of dilettantism, the shallowness of popular judgment, and the blandishments by which praise is courted and obtained, estimates these accordingly—one too who has been the object of many an impotent attack and many an insidious detraction—such an one, we dare say, at times may have in his manner somewhat of superciliousness, and his remarks too may be unsparingly severe.

With regard to character we have a faith of our own. No one, for example, will ever make us believe that the man to whom every child is at once willing to go, trusting in and drawn towards him instinctively, can be a thoroughly bad man. Let others say what they will, the instinct of the child weighs more with us than the judgment of riper age. And as little do we believe that the poet or painter who feels a joy in depicting infancy, and who can give it all its unconscious grace, and that divine impress which makes it so holy a state, is one in whom envy and uncharitableness can find a home.

There may be sarcastic bitterness in such a man's words, and it may be possible to cite acts of his which denote the egotist; but with the like fair evidences of his inner being before us—and such works are emanations of the inner man as he really is—we should say that this discrepancy or discordance was a superinduced state, a later graft, modifying the original more uniform amenity: a barrier raised perhaps in self-defence, a weapon of defiance hurled back in return for many a dart received from envious foes.

Kaulbach's works exercise a supremacy of their own; they permanently take possession of us. We return to them again and again with undiminished pleasure; and though an exquisite sense of beauty of form characterizes them all, and ever discloses itself, we never feel that this falls upon us, for it never degenerates into weakness. Nor let us forget that his is a healthy sense of beauty; sober, chaste, and full of dignity. We do not find the morbid, the eccentric, or the abnormal here; all such are utterly discarded. And in the most exquisitely beautiful female form—and these creations of Kaulbach are the perfection of womanly loveliness—there is not the slightest deviation from a high ideal, not the merest approach even to anything like sensual voluptuousness; perfect refinement reigns throughout.

It is not our wish to claim precedence for Kaulbach, to the exclusion of another; or, in speaking with decision of his particular qualities, to be thought to undervalue the achievements of such men as Cornelius, Veit, and Schnorr, who have raised German Art to so lofty an eminence; but this we must say, that Kaulbach stands apart from all the rest.

The fine work published in Berlin by Mr. Daucker, will not only enable those who have not yet done so to study Kaulbach's compositions—a study which we earnestly recommend—but it also affords an opportunity of testing the truth of our criticism, of deciding whether it is sanctioned by calm judgment, or whether partiality has interfered to guide our pen; and, with much confidence, we abide the proof.

C. B.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE.

Engraved by E. Goodall.

WITH this engraving is commenced that series of illustrations from the pictures by Turner, which we announced some time since as preparing for publication in the *Art-Journal*, and which will appear at intervals of no long date, as the prints can be got ready for insertion. The value of these engravings to our work requires no comment; we are sure our subscribers will recognise in their introduction a desire on the part of the conductors of the *Journal* to vary, as well as to enhance, its interest by making it the medium of whatever is good and beautiful in Art.

It was the fashion with some, not very many years ago, to speak disparagingly of the works of Turner; this arose either from ignorance or misrepresentation; men took no pains to understand him, and therefore his pictures were as a sealed book to them. Now, however, a "change comes over the spirit of their dreams;" the Turner bequest has opened the eyes of the blind, and enlightened the minds of the ignorant; and if all which he did cannot be clearly understood, there is, at least, almost a universal recognition of a something that pleases and astonishes, though it may not always be comprehended and felt. This is especially the case with his latest works, where he almost entirely abjured form and depended on colour, employing this as the interpreter of his poetical compositions, and in such a manner that the mind became bewildered in the attempt to discover his meaning. It may possibly be urged, that Art developed in such a way is not genuine, for Art is only the expression or representation of Nature, whose characters all may decipher. But, then, every man looks at Nature, and reads her, after his own fashion, and oftentimes in a manner very unlike that of others; and Turner, who saw Nature as none else saw her, presented her in a manner quite distinct from that of any other artist who ever lived;—a great poet-painter, he revealed her beauties with a mind untrammelled by the dogmas of schools and traditions, and unmindful of the sneers of those who either could not, or would not, understand him. He had, doubtless, a well-grounded conviction that the time would come—and a very few years have sufficed to establish the claim—when, by almost universal consent, he would be pronounced the greatest landscape-painter the world has seen.

But whatever exceptions may be taken to his works as paintings, all difficulties vanish when we see them as engravings. Turner owes his celebrity among thousands to the operations of the *burin*, which, in the hands of the skilled engraver, gives, if we may so employ the quotation, to his "airy nothings a local habitation and a name;" or, in other words, the engraver shows us, legibly and emphatically, what the artist meant to show. Here we lose sight of the colour which often only glittered to dazzle, and we have the mind of the painter expressed in mere black and white; and now it is that his vast genius is comprehended as well as seen, his mysteries are all cleared away, and he stands forth unrivalled in the annals of Art.

The picture of "Dido building Carthage" belongs to the painter's second period,—most of our readers are doubtless aware that his works may be classified under, or divided into, three epochs or styles. This was painted in 1815, and is one of the last executed in the manner of Claude, but with far more of poetical feeling in the composition than the latter ever attained to, and of less than Turner would have thrown into it, if he had given the rein to his imagination, instead of working, as it were, after a model. Still it is in every way a grand picture; a magnificent combination of fine architecture, noble landscape, and gorgeous sky, illuminated by a flood of sunlight warm and glowing. The late Sir George Beaumont was of opinion that no painter could equal Claude. Turner determined to show that he, at least, was able to enter the arena with the great Italian artist,—or rather, French, for Claude was born in France. This picture was one of those painted, as it may be said, in competition; and, that the world might form its judgment by comparison, Turner stipulated, when he bequeathed his works to the country, that it should be placed in juxtaposition with the two most famous Claudes in the National Gallery. It is now in the gallery at Kensington.



J.M.W. TURNER, R.A. PINX.

E. GOODALL, SCULPT.

DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON JAMES S. VINTAGE.

2 JU60

PICTURE SALES.

BEFORE noticing the paintings which have been sold by auction since our last report, we would direct attention to the sale, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, on the 18th of April, of a valuable collection of engravings, made by the late Mr. M. J. Johnson, Radcliffe Observer in the University of Oxford. The attendance of amateurs and dealers was very large, owing to the high character and rarity of the prints offered for disposal; the prices realized by the latter were commensurate with their importance; indeed, the sums at which they were, generally, knocked down, seemed to astonish those in the room. We can only find space to enumerate a few of the highest. 'Descent from the Cross,' Claessens, after Rubens, first proof before letters, very rare, 25*l.*; 'Bolton Abbey,' S. Cousins, after Sir E. Landseer, first proof before any letters, fine and very rare, 21*l.*; 'La Belle Jardinière,' Desnoyers, after Raffaele, first proof before the letters, with all its margin, rare and valuable, 29*l.*; 'La Vierge au Linge,' Desnoyers, after Raffaele, proof in the first state, before the drapery on the infant Saviour, and before all letters, most rare and fine, 25*l.*; 'La Vierge aux Rochers,' Desnoyers, after Leonardo da Vinci, first proof before all letters, with all its margin, 29*l.*; 'Adam and Eve,' Albert Durer, very fine and rare, 46*l.*; 'St. Hubert,' Albert Durer, 42*l.*; 'Ecce Homo,' Lucas von Leyden, 20*l.*; the 'Spasializio,' Longhi, after Raffaele, a most brilliant and rare proof before any letters, very rare, 74*l.*; 'The Last Supper,' Morghen, after Leonardo da Vinci, a most splendid impression, before the letters, and with the white plate, an engraving of the greatest rarity, 316*l.*; 'The Transfiguration,' Morghen, after Raffaele, 24*l.*; 'Aurora,' Morghen, after Guido, a fine and brilliant proof, 50*l.*; 'The Penitent Magdalen,' Morghen, after Murillo, a very rare and brilliant early proof, 35*l.*; 'Parce Somnum Rumpere,' Morghen, after Titian, proof before letters, but with the artist's name, fine, and very scarce, 26*l.*; 'Portrait of Raffaele,' Morghen, proof before letters, but with the artist's name, fine and rare, 17*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Madonna di San Sisto,' F. Müller, after Raffaele, fine and most brilliant proof before any letters, in splendid condition, 120*l.*; the 'Five Saints,' Marc Antonio Raimondi, after Raffaele, fine and rare, 66*l.*; 'Parnassus,' M. A. Raimondi, after Raffaele, 35*l.*; 'St. Paul Preaching at Athens,' M. A. Raimondi, after Raffaele, 36*l.*; 'The Judgment of Paris,' M. A. Raimondi, after Raffaele, one of the finest impressions known of a print of the greatest rarity, 320*l.*; 'Massacre of the Innocents,' M. A. Raimondi, after Raffaele, with the 'Chicot,' a most brilliant impression, but with one of the corners restored, 61*l.* The number of lots in this sale exceeded 180; the whole realized 23,359 *l.* 6*d.*

The number of English pictures brought into the auction-rooms this season is unusually great; it can only be accounted for, we presume, by the high prices which purchasers are contented to give for them.

On the 21st of April Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, disposed of the pictures belonging to the late Mr. I. K. Brunel, of which we record the following:—'Rustic Landscape,' Sir A. W. Calcott, 118 *gs.*; 'Landscape,' with six Breton oxen at pasture, Rosa Bonheur, painted, in 1848, for the Provisional Government of France, and bought in the following year, by Mr. Brunel, in Paris, for 160*l.*; it was knocked down, after a severe competition, to Mr. Webb, for the enormous sum of 1,417*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Scene in Holland,' Calcott, 260 *gs.* (Wallis); 'View on the Rhine, at Cologne,' Calcott, 125 *gs.* (Agnew). The following eight pictures were painted for Mr. Brunel to decorate his 'Shakespeare Room':—'Launce offering his Dog to Silvia,' A. L. F. Gz, A.R.A., 636 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Launce and his Dog,' Calcott, 370 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Jacques and the Stag,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 135 *gs.* (Mitchell); 'Henry VIII. discovering himself to Cardinal Wolsey at the Ball,' C. R. Leslie, one of the finest works of this artist, 960 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Queen Catherine and Griffith,' C. R. Leslie, 810 *gs.* (Wallis); for these two pictures Mr. Brunel paid 800*l.*, they now realized more than double that sum; 'The Death of King Lear,' C. W. Cope, R.A., 310 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Landscape,' scene from Macbeth, C. Stanfield, R.A.,

535*l.* 10*s.* (Agnew); 'Titania,' Landseer's well-known engraved picture, for which Mr. Brunel paid the artist 500 *gs.*; it was put up by the officiating auctioneer at 2,000 *gs.*, and was finally adjudged to Lord Robert Clinton for the large sum of 2,940*l.* Mr. Brunel's collection realized 9,050*l.*

On the 25th of April, a collection of pictures, some of them painted by, and others the property of, the late Mr. Leslie, R.A., was sold by Messrs. Foster and Sons. The most important lots were disposed of as follows:—'Juliet in the Balcony,' Leslie, 110 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Heloise,' Leslie, 100 *gs.* (Gambart); 'A Negro in Greek Costume,' Leslie, 65 *gs.* (Anthony); 'Portrait of J. E. Millais, A.R.A., Leslie, 80 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Portrait of Washington Irving, Leslie, 50 *gs.* (Colnaghi); 'The Queen receiving the Sacrament at the Coronation,' Leslie, unfinished, painted on the etching proof, 270 *gs.* (Rought); 'Christening of the Princess Royal,' Leslie, in the same state as the former, 205 *gs.* (Rought); 'The First Lesson,' Leslie, the composition from a design by Raffaele, painted on the engraving, 205 *gs.* (Agnew); 'A Running Brook,' Constable, 71 *gs.*; 'The Glebe Farm,' Constable, 121 *gs.* (Holloway); 'Hampstead Heath,' Constable, 171 *gs.* (Rhodes); 'Study of a White Horse,' Sir E. Landseer: this sketch was given to Leslie by his brother-artist, as a hint for Rosinante in Leslie's picture of 'Don Quixote,' in the possession of Lord Essex, 44 *gs.* (Colnaghi); 'A Goat's Head,' Landseer, also a present, 240 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Interior of a Dutch Kitchen,' Maas, 126 *gs.*; 'The Bride of the Village,' 105 *gs.*

A collection of upwards of ninety pictures of the English school, part of them forming a portion of the gallery of the late Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, and part gathered from other sources, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 27th of April. Some of the finest specimens of the respective artists were recognisable in the rooms of the auctioneers, and the prices given for them were correspondingly large. We may instance the following:—'Entrance to Calais Harbour,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 350 *gs.* (Flatow); 'Landscape,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 310 *gs.* (Gambart); 'The Stonebreaker's Daughter,' the celebrated picture by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 1,090 *gs.* (Waller); 'Shylock,' G. S. Newton, A.R.A., 169 *gs.* (Rought); 'Jessica,' G. S. Newton, A.R.A., the companion picture, 310 *gs.* (White); 'Unloading of a Fishing Smack,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 315 *gs.* (Walters); 'Scene in Holland,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., cabinet size, 125 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Scene in the Downs,' Copley Fielding, 157 *gs.* (Grundy); 'The Bohemian Gipsies,' generally considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of D. Maclise, R.A., was bought in, we believe, by the owner at the sum of 1,030 *gs.*; 'View on the Medway,' C. Stanfield, R.A., small, 150 *gs.* (Graves); 'The Hop Garden,' T. Webster, R.A., small, 130 *gs.* (Johnson); 'Solomon Eagle,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal*, 780 *gs.* (Jones); 'Perdita,' C. R. Leslie, a small oval picture, 243 *gs.* (Bourne); 'The Alms-Deeds of Dorcas,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal*, 570 *gs.* (James); 'Landscape, with Cows and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 181 *gs.* (Graham); 'The Passing Cloud,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 270 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Hampstead Heath,' J. Linnell, cabinet size, 235 *gs.* (Jones); 'Bed-Time,' W. P. Frith, R.A., the finished study for the engraved picture, 129 *gs.* (Gambart); 'South Downs,' landscape by T. Creswick, R.A., sheep by R. Ansdell, 125 *gs.* (Graham); 'Broken Vows,' P. Calderou, engraved, 150 *gs.* (Gambart); 'David Slaying the Lion,' J. Linnell, 770 *gs.* (Graham); 'Household Gods in Danger,' T. Faed, cabinet size, 140 *gs.* (Broderip); 'Summer Evening,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 100 *gs.* (Graves); a series of eight water-colour drawings by D. Cox, 246 *gs.*; 'An Interior,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 100 *gs.* (Gambart); a small 'Landscape,' and 'An Interior,' W. Müller, 175 *gs.* (Pennell); 'The Child's Grave,' W. H. Mann, 80 *gs.* (Gray); 'The Storm,' J. Linnell, 400 *gs.* (Agnew); 'The Toilet,' T. Faed, 145 *gs.* (Rought); 'Disarming of Cupid,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., small and circular, 250 *gs.* (Grundy); 'Gathering the Offering in a Scotch Kirk,' J. Phillip, R.A., 360 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Lord Alexander Russell on a Highland Pony,' the well-known engraved picture by Sir E. Landseer, 825 *gs.* The total of the sales reached nearly £14,700.

The collection of pictures and water-colour draw-

ings, the property of Mr. John Heugh, of Manchester, was brought to the hammer by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 28th of April. Among them were, —'The Trumpeter,' J. Gilbert, 75 *gs.*; 'Junction of the Severn and Wye,' and 'The Hayfield,' two magnificent drawings by D. Cox, the former sold for 158*l.* 16*s.*, the latter for 162*l.* 15*s.*; 'Chartres Cathedral,' a fine drawing by S. Prout, 110*l.* 5*s.*; 'Bamborough Castle,' the celebrated drawing by J. M. W. Turner, 525*l.*; 'Lyme Regis,' J. M. W. Turner, small, 190*l.* 1*s.*; 'St. Jean de Luz, Western Pyrenees,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 74*l.* 11*s.*; 'The Slave-Market,' W. Müller, small, 129*l.* 3*s.*; Millpond and Mill, Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., from the Northwick Collection, 159*l.* 12*s.*; 'Alms on the Lagoon,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 278*l.* 5*s.*; 'The Ford,' T. Creswick, R.A., the figures by W. P. Frith, R.A., 238*l.* 15*s.*; 'On the Canal,' J. Linnell, 131*l.* 5*s.*; 'Cattle in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 80 *gs.*; 'Tivoli,' W. Müller, 388*l.* 10*s.*; 'Landscape,' W. Müller, 378*l.*; 'The Scotch Baptism,' J. Phillip, R.A., 288*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Harvest Cradle, Noontide,' J. Linnell, painted at the end of last year, 394*l.* 16*s.*; 'The Bath River, and Mendip Hills,' W. Müller, 131*l.* 5*s.*

After this sale was concluded a very large number of the beautiful sketches made by Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., from Spanish scenery, during the years 1832 and 1833, were offered for sale. The average price at which they were disposed of was about £50.

On the 12th of May Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, sold a collection of pictures and drawings from several small private cabinets; among these works were some of a high character, which sold well, for example:—'The Vale of Clwyd,' a magnificent drawing, by the late David Cox, 265 *gs.* (Timmens); 'Landscape, with Cattle,' Calame, of Geneva, 160 *gs.* (Holmes); 'Mæcenas's Villa, Tivoli,' W. Müller, 190 *gs.* (Pennell); 'The Duel Scene, from "Twelfth Night,"' W. P. Frith, R.A., 420 *gs.* (Gambart); three pictures by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., a landscape with sheep and goats, a landscape with cattle—morning, and a view on the banks of the Thames—evening, 567 *gs.* (Holmes and Rought); 'Landscape, with Cottage—a frost scene,' W. Müller, 132 *gs.* (Agnew); 'The Squire relating his London adventures,' from the Vicar of Wakefield, cabinet size, W. P. Frith, 965 *gs.* (Norton); 'Castle of Ischia,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 530 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Citara, in the Gulf of Salerno,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 460 *gs.* (Gambart); 'The Bay of Baie, from Lake Avernus,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 630 *gs.* (Wallis). The whole of these pictures, with others of less note, altogether forty in number, were the property of Mr. George Briscoe, of Wolverhampton.

Of the other works sold on the same day we may point out 'St. Vincent Rocks, Clifton,' P. Nasmyth, 141 *gs.* (Wallis); 'View in Surrey,' P. Nasmyth, 560 *gs.* (Pennell); 'Scene from "Peveril of the Peak,"' E. M. Ward, R.A., 143 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Landscape, with Cattle and Figures,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 115 *gs.* (Leathes); 'Milking-Time,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 230 *gs.* (Gambart); 'An Italian Osteria,' C. W. Cope, R.A., 125 *gs.* (Flatow).

On the following Monday Messrs. Christie & Co. resumed the sale by offering several fine and well-known pictures, which found ready purchasers; among them were:—'Clifton and Leigh Woods—Bristol in the Distance,' P. Nasmyth, 550 *gs.* (Carlisle); 'The Hazel Copse—Coming Summer,' James T. Linnell, 315 *gs.* (Flatow); 'The Skirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau,' W. Müller, the figure by P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 125 *gs.* (Flatow); 'Garriek and his Wife,' seated, in a landscape, Sir J. Reynolds, 350 *gs.*; 'Children feeding Rabbits,' W. Collins, R.A., 500 *gs.* (Agnew); 'Boats on the Zuyder Zee,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 245 *gs.* (Chaplin); 'Bull and Cows at Pasture,' a small early work of Rosa Bonheur, 110 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Andromeda,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 380 *gs.* (Upham); 'Landsfoot Castle, Bay of Portland,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 240 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Landscape,' T. Creswick, R.A., 166 *gs.* (Gambart); 'The Breakfast,' E. Frère, 200 *gs.* (Rought); 'A Market-place in Brittany,' Trayer, 100 *gs.* (Robertson); 'Children shelling Peas,' E. Frère, 120 *gs.* (Gambart); 'Quoit Players,' in a landscape, J. Linnell, senior, 460 *gs.*; 'The Wedding,' G. B. O'Neill, 160 *gs.*; 'Reading the Scriptures,' W. Müller, 170 *gs.* (Robertson); 'Under the Old Bridge,' T. Creswick, R.A., 110 *gs.* (Robertson).

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.

MANY who interest themselves in pictures have been long expecting an extraordinary production from the easel of Mr. Holman Hunt, one of the most noted of our Pre-Raphaelite painters. It is now several years since that gentleman exhibited any important work in public. His very remarkable picture of the 'Scapegoat,' chiefly painted on the shore of the Dead Sea, under circumstances of the utmost difficulty, having disappointed even his warmest admirers, the artist, it is said, resolved, with his characteristic energy of purpose, to redeem himself by an extraordinary effort; and the result of his prolonged seclusion is the picture now on view in Bond Street, which is said to have chiefly employed him during the last four or five years. It is probably the most elaborate picture of its size ever painted; and is at the present time especially interesting, as extending our prospects with regard to the future of that movement in Art, of which Mr. Hunt is one of the ablest leaders. The very peculiar aspect of this highly picturesque picture, too, is something in itself, well worth dwelling on; and bearing in mind that the subject is 'The Finding of our Saviour in the Temple, whilst disputing with the Doctors,' we presume there are but few who will not, in the first instance, regard it with lively wonder and curiosity. It looks, at first, like some scene of modern oriental life, reminding one most, in tone, character, and workmanship, of those wonderfully minute large water-colour drawings by J. F. Lewis, in which harem lattices, twinkling illuminations of strange architecture that seems like the work of insects, shawls, curious turbans, and fringes, greatly predominate. An air of newness and modernism strikes you as prevailing everywhere. The figures look like Jews of the present age and fashion, and Arab sheikhs and dervises, perhaps, and in some instances, from their ordinary aspect, like merchants or tradesmen, such as sell stuffs and knick-knacks, in the shade of the narrow, latticed lanes in the Eastern cities of our own days. It is difficult, indeed, to accept some of these as personages of a period before the Christian era. In most marvellously elaborated curiosities of costume, they sit on the left, in a semicircle; and in the middle stands a strange, amiable-looking, blue-eyed boy, with his ruddy brown hair thrown singularly back, and in a pink and purple striped frock, the gorgeous colour of which may, without exaggeration, be styled the principal object of the whole picture. He looks with an almost tearful tenderness on the air, in his benign reverie; whilst a woman, whose numerous singularities of costume likewise one can scarcely escape from, presses her brow against his with an acute painful expression of anxiety and sorrow; and, whilst he hesitates in that gentle, seraphic, blue-eyed, visionary gazing, pressing her hand round his shoulder, would fain draw him away. A middle-aged man in a crimson turban, and handsomely braided new dress, which gives him much the air of a modern Turkish gentleman, stands behind them, in some slight degree sharing their emotions. Of course, the two former figures are the Saviour and the Virgin: the latter is verily purposed for Joseph!

But now, having not without difficulty concentrated our minds on the particular incident intended to be depicted, we revert to the group on the left to which we first alluded; and there we see seated the high priest, blind with extreme age, holding the rolls of the Law, with their sumptuous filigree silver rods and coverings, and listening feebly to the repetition of the unanswerable question by a brother elder, who is consulting his phylactery, and whose head is truly of a grand, thoroughly Israelitish type; and beyond him sits a third doctor, much younger, and with a handsome dark-glowing countenance. He is holding the roll of the prophet who has been referred to, and whose words, as we imagine, have only aggravated his perplexity; and now he looks at that astonishing youth with a grave earnestness. These heads, and others in the shade behind them, full of force and character, are incomparably the finest part of the picture; and their portrait-like truthfulness would have been altogether valuable and satisfactory in a picture of some ceremonial scene of the Jerusalem of the present day; but we doubt

whether some of them can ever establish themselves firmly in the imagination as characters of holy writ. The young minstrels of the temple stand ranged behind the synod of elders, with their instruments; and a little child, most gorgeously attired, kneels with a frank simplicity in the corner of the picture, holding up the fan, or palm switch, with which he has to disperse the flies from certain holy things. He makes a happy contrast to the significantly blind old high priest beside him, such as Paul Veronese would have much liked. The wrinkles and white hairs, the fallen pinky lips, and pale blue filmy eyes of that ancient living Tradition—that still slowly-breathing Relic of several past generations, out-Denver Denner in the minuteness with which they have been elaborated.

As something more than a means of giving mere ordinary interest to his work, Mr. Hunt, like his admirer Mr. Ruskin, manifestly takes much pleasure in exercising his ingenuity in symbolical incidents, or mystical allusions. Thus, in the open court down on the right, they are preparing the corner stone of a new building, the architecture of which is Corinthian, to signify, as we suppose, the admission of the Gentiles into the new dispensation; and in the middle background they are taking a lamb to be sacrificed, past the delicate open silver mosaic trellises and gilded pillars, and the roof all twinkling with variegated lights like coloured glass, or gems. The circumstance is, of course, typical of our Lord's sacrifice. The doves are represented as flying in there; but a young person waves them back with a scarf. This pretty incident may be easily associated with that gentlest spiritual entrance and presence, which were so speedily repelled. In all the accessory objects, too, the gilded and text-engraved door of the Temple, its ruddy-clouded marble floor, in all the minute learned and mystical paraphernalia, the painter has shown the most curious diligence in antiquarian research and manual labour. In the costume of the Holy Family there are, we will assume, similar grounds of matter-of-fact probability; but we believe that something might have been chosen, equally probable, and at the same time, more simple, less painfully obtrusive, less calculated to disturb those purely moral and imaginative impressions which are surely, so far as that group is concerned, alone desirable. With regard to the higher requisites of expression, the conceptions appear to us here too wild, and weird, and painful, too Pre-Raphaelite; there is not enough of the genuine stamp of sound humanity upon them. Nor in the Virgin do we recognise aught of the "blessed amongst women." And we long for that mere painful knitting of the brow, and parting of the lips, to be relaxed for something more distinctive of her—something more soothing to the maternal heart. There is, as we must have already indicated, much feeling in the intention of the young Saviour's countenance. Something of a world-wide tenderness shines in the open gaze of his large blue eyes; but all is nearly marred by bad drawing, and by those hard mannerisms in the rendering of the features which, as we here see, are fatal to everything that is lovely and tender, however compatible with the harsher expressions of such men as the lawyers and pharisees. Their heads are admirable, and have, incontestably, the best of it, in this pictorial argument.

With regard to the execution of this picture, the difference from Mr. Hunt's former productions lies chiefly, we think, in the more minute fineness and delicacy in the workmanship, which now approximates remarkably to the wonderful minute pencil-mosaic of J. F. Lewis. The whole is so thin and light in tone as to look far more a water-colour drawing than an oil-picture; it is too pale and cold for the glowing East, and the gorgeous hues, interspersed in abruptly-opposed and unmodulated masses, overpower, in their want of keeping, the objects nearer. Mr. Hunt's flesh-colouring, we are sorry to see, is still, like that of all the other Pre-Raphaelites, coarse and morbid. It continues to be made up too much of stippings of various most unflattering hues, and in a manner of execution hardly, perhaps, to be avoided in water-colours, but by no means properly allowable in oils. A prismatic light, chiefly lilac, plays about the edges and shadows of the features; but the Virgin's throat, it will be perceived, is quite green. That curious anti-bronism, which is one of the phenomena of the painting of the

present fleeting hour, is a principal cause of this most unnatural tinting. The Pre-Raphaelite, in his dislike of brown, (a colour which has, indeed, been actually, of late, written down as a thing unholy,) seeks to enrich his shadows with hues the most extravagantly artificial; a lilac, which is about the worst tone possible, being the favourite tinge in such cases. How different is this from the simple transparent colour of such of the real ancient Pre-Raphaelites as Van Eyck and Mabuse, which is so conformable to nature in breadth and purity—so satisfactory up to that close examination which minute painting invites and indeed requires! Our Pre-Raphaelites have no perception of the truth and beauty of transparency and repose of colour, nor have they of that most agreeable quality, *crispness*. They too commonly define their forms in a thick, heavy, ropy, manner, and are sadly wanting in sharpness, and in light, feeling grace of handling. How much better would a plain layer of colour, with a sharp true edge to it, often be than all these life-wasting days and days of niggling! Neither do they, for the most part, truly represent the neutralization of colour by shadow. These plain deviations from elementary truths are partly the cause of that unnatural, fantastical strangeness which strikes every one at first; but the mere strong assertion and brilliancy of parts blind the observer to falseness elsewhere. That this manner of painting should have passed for pre-eminently true and natural, and been authoritatively trumpeted as such, in spite of the sense of utter oddity and strangeness sustaining itself in the observer all the time, is one of the facts which will surely amuse our posterity.

With regard to this new mode of representing Scripture events, that is to say, an attempt to display them as they actually occurred, by dint of minute local and antiquarian researches, we consider it open to the most grave objections. It is but a specious endeavour to tie down and subject our imagination, in an arbitrary manner, to conceptions which, after all, are in every likelihood, widely different from the reality, and, very probably, even of a contrary character. The imagination, the *faith*, ought not to be deeply entangled in pictures of sacred subjects; and so far from our attempting, as Mr. Ruskin wishes, to render such subjects with the seeming verisimilitude which might have that result, we think it much better the representation should be so far free and arbitrary as not to occasion a risk of its being received like a verity. A conception necessarily imaginary had better look imaginary. That which is, after all, conjectural, is but rendered subtly beguiling when it puts on the specious aspect and pretensions of actual truthfulness. In the present instance, we feel that the obtrusion of all the accessories to which we have referred, is but a dreary load on our memory. It is the very reverse of the scriptural simplicity. We feel it as a misfortune that we shall now probably never more think of our Saviour disputing with the Doctors without being haunted by that strange and gaudy scene. Our conceptions of a sacred event have here been taken to Jerusalem but to be smothered in turbans, shawls, fringes, and phylacteries, and there buried in mere picturesqueness.

The present picture is unique, and we wish it to remain so, and yet, in justice to the high merits of the painter, *preciously* unique; there is wonderful painting of costumes; much of the grouping is excellent; and some of the heads of those doctors of the law are truly admirable, displaying very high powers of expression in the painter. We should lament were he to paint other such pictures, but we trust, nevertheless, that this one will remain an honoured and highly-valued monument of his skill, his patience, and untiring zeal.

AMATEUR EXHIBITION.

An exhibition of pictures, drawings, and sketches by amateur artists has been opened at 120, Pall Mall, in the rooms above the French Gallery, with a view to aid "The Home for Day Workers," an institution established in 1855, by Lady Hobart and the Countess de Grey and Ripon, for the benefit of young women employed in milliners' and dress-makers' shops during the day—to afford them at a cheap rate a home and home-resources during the time not occupied in their daily employments. The purpose is most worthy, and it is to be hoped that

the means will answer the best wishes of its promoters. The works are principally in water-colour, and there are about three hundred and eighty, of which about one hundred and fifty are contributed only for exhibition; the others are, we believe, presented for the benefit of the "Home." The Queen went to a private view of the exhibition and made some purchases, an example which will undoubtedly be followed to some extent; but yet there will remain a large proportion of the works unsold, which, if they can be disposed of at anything approaching the registered prices, will largely assist the funds of the charity. In the lighter manners of Art-practice there are some admirable essays; works of this class we were prepared to see even in greater number than they appear. We remember some years ago an exhibition of amateur art containing drawings of a character more ambitious than we find here. Art is the most jealous and exacting of all studies; the productions of amateurs are not, therefore, to be judged by the same standard which is applied to those of the profession. We had hoped to see a greater taste for figure study, and composition; effort in this direction is extremely limited, the feature of the exhibition being landscape in water-colour. To appeal to a few examples—No. 13. 'Great Hall of Carnac,' the Rev. S. C. Malan, is a bold and firmly drawn perspective of columns, satisfactory to the eye generally, except in the foreground. No. 58. 'Study of a Head,' W. C. Hope, Esq., a girl's head with a quilted bonnet: well drawn, fully coloured, and ably stippled. No. 63. 'Near Cairo, on the road to Suez,' Mrs. Robertson Blaine—an oil picture, showing much knowledge and great manipulative power. No. 67. 'On the Neva,' J. Saville Lumley, Esq. A small oil picture, an effect of moonrise, in the feeling of the Dutch masters. No. 74. 'A Peep into the House of Lords,' Carl Werner, may be mentioned as equal to his best works. No. 87. 'Golden Weather,' Mrs. Sturch: a girl in a corn-field, well drawn and bright in colour. No. 93. 'Temple of Castor and Pollux, Girgenti, Sicily,' Mrs. Bridgman Simpson—a large drawing, in which the remains of the temple come substantially forward. The composition had been better without the view of the town. No. 104. 'Chapel in the Palazzo Riccardi, Florence,' painted by Benozzo Gozzoli, 1459, Mrs. Higford Burr. In this beautiful drawing the peculiarities of the style of the Florentine school of the fifteenth century are most perfectly preserved. No. 122. 'Aosos,' Earl Somers. This is a large view, painted, we presume, with the medium described in Eagles' "Sketcher;" the subject is rendered powerfully, and with much Turnerian feeling. No. 130. 'The Gleaner,' Miss Blake—a careful study of a country girl. No. 163. 'Convent of St. Dionysius, Mount Athos,' Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart. An effective sketch, worked apparently in the starch medium. No. 168. 'Church of the Holy Sepulchre,' Rev. S. C. Malan. No. 172. 'Ilex Grove, Albano,' Earl Somers. A pen etching, Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle, A.A. Subjects from the "Idylls of the King," Miss Fraser, a set of charming etchings; and near them three anonymous pen drawings of much artistic power, 'Château at Zell,' 'Cochem,' and 'Ediger,' with other works by Mr. Chevalier, Miss Boddington, Lord Hobart, Miss Severn, &c., which we have not space to mention.

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

Second to no incident in the military annals of the world, as a subject for an historical picture, is the ever-memorable meeting of the three heroes, Havelock, Outram, and Campbell, with their no less heroic comrades at Lucknow, on the 17th of November, 1857. From first to last, indeed, day by day, events took place in India, from the outbreak of the mutiny, which might worthily have afforded materials for English artists to produce pictures of surpassing interest. But the relief of Lucknow stands pre-eminently by itself. It is an epic of real life such as can occur but once in a great war—such as may not occur even once in twenty great wars. And being such as it is, this all-glorious relief of Lucknow has not been left to be chronicled only in the pages of the historian. Art has also vindicated her claim to take a part in the proud duty of commemoration, and the "Relief of Lucknow" has become the subject of a grand historical picture. The fortunate artist is Mr. T. Jones Barker, who painted the

"Evacuation of Kars," and "The Allied Generals before Sebastopol;" and the equally fortunate proprietors of this national work are the Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester and Liverpool, for whom the picture has been painted, for the express purpose of its being engraved.

As we have designated this picture a "national work," we will at once, before we proceed to give some description of it, plainly declare our very decided opinion that it ought to be ultimately secured for the National Gallery. Impressions from the engraving, without doubt, will find their way to places of honour not only throughout the length and breadth of England, but over the entire broad surface of the British empire. And for the picture itself a similar place should be reserved amidst the national collections. Those collections are destitute of pictures of the most impressive and engaging interest, so long as they comprise no British historical department. The "Relief of Lucknow" will inaugurate the establishment of such a department most nobly.

Mr. Barker has not visited India himself, but he has been advised and assisted by many friends who are familiar with that country, and, above all, he has had placed at his disposal a series of between four hundred and five hundred portraits and sketches taken in India, expressly with the view to the production of this picture, by Mr. Egon Landgren, a most talented artist, who was sent to the East with a very liberal commission from the Messrs. Agnew, and also under the special patronage of her Majesty the Queen. The result is a work which looks as if it must have been painted, photograph-fashion, on the spot, at the very moment that Sir Colin was grasping the hand of Havelock, and before Outram, Inglis, and Mansfield had yet replaced their uplifted head-coverings. They stand well in the centre of the picture, that "dauntless three," soil-stained, hot, and toil-worn, but invincible as the glorious cause for which they fought so faithfully and well. The fiery old chief looks still strong and vigorous, Outram is the very impersonation of vigour and strength, but Havelock—Havelock, the intrepid soldier and the Christian gentleman, shows but too plainly in his spare frame and bleached countenance, that his grand career had then been brought almost to its close: he was buried within a single week of that 17th of November. Close to Havelock is the brave Inglis, now a general and colonel-in-chief of the 32nd, his own Lucknow regiment. Next to him are Metcalf and Baird; Kavanagh appears behind the central group; and, passing on to the right of the picture, some dismounted and others in the saddle, the staff of the commander-in-chief may be seen, with Greathead, Hope Grant, Anson, Russell, Norman, Mansfield, William Peel, Adrian Hope, and Sir R. Napier; and to them succeed Little and Hope Johnstone, with Probyn and Watson of the Native Horse. Elephants with the siege-train, on one side of the picture, are grouped with some seamen of the *Shannon* and Sikh sappers; while, in front of them, lies a man of the 93rd, sun-struck, carefully tended by an English soldier of another regiment and a native *bheestie*, who is pouring some cold water from his *mussack* upon the sufferer. Passing on towards the left of the composition, amidst a group of characteristic arms and trappings, a dark skinned native sits with all the listless apathy of the true Oriental. Near him stands Sir Colin's *syce*, in green *merzai* and crimson *cummerbund*, holding by the rein his master's white Arab charger. Further on is Havelock's aide-de-camp, Hargood, with some guns in action; and then, to the extreme left, there appear Sikh cavaliers in their picturesque costumes, and native soldiers shouting a welcome to their deliverers; while more to the front other natives are quarrelling over *loot*, regardless of the wounded men beside them, and of the poor camel which also has been hit. Above the smoke of the contest, which is still raging fiercely in the background, there rise the principal edifices of the city—the Motee Mahal, with its gateway towers; the Kal Khana (or engine-house); the Chater Munzil Palace, showing the effect produced by a round shot upon the crest of its principal cupola; the Residency Tower; and the Tombs of the King and Queen, occupied by the enemy.

It is really delightful to stand in the gallery at 5, Waterloo Place, in front of this picture, and to hear the remarks made upon it by the numerous visitors

who know well every inch of the ground, and who are familiar with the band of heroes. They are unanimous in their admiration, and in their tribute to the fidelity as well as to the impressiveness of the scene. We accept their testimony in corroboration of our own high opinion of Mr. Barker's great work.

With excellent taste, a numerous series of Mr. Landgren's drawings and sketches are displayed by the Messrs. Agnew, and may be seen by visitors to the Lucknow picture. They are productions of singular merit, being equally excellent as works of Art and as truthful and characteristic representations of Indian scenery and of life in India. We hope on a future occasion to place before our readers some specimens of these most artistic and graphic sketches.

It is scarcely necessary for us to add that the enterprising proprietors of this picture of the 'Relief of Lucknow' can receive a substantial recognition of their judicious and patriotic liberality only through a very general subscription to their forthcoming engraving. Accordingly, when we strongly advise visits to the picture and the drawings, we suggest at the same time fresh additions to the subscription-book for the engraving.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE SIR W. ROSS.

A collection of the miniatures of the late Sir W. C. Ross is now exhibited in the great room of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. Very many of these, which have been painted during the last twenty years, we recognise as having shone out, on the occasions of their exhibition, from among the mass of less brilliant works by which they were surrounded; for as a colourist Ross has not been equalled by any other miniaturist antecedent or contemporary. A little longer and we shall have outlined the art of miniature painting—the *ars longa* yields to the *ars brevis* of photography. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the children's heads in some of these works, they remind us of the chastest efforts of Vandyke and Reynolds, with more of the transparency of flesh than either. We are not so much struck by the likeness of the late Duke of Portland and Lord John Bentinck, painted when the artist was ten years old, as at the splendid productions of his latter years, when miniatures assumed the dimensions of microscopically finished cabinet pictures. Although among these works there are many of Sir W. Ross's best productions, yet there are others which we had hoped to have seen here, as the portrait of the Princess Frederick William (Princess Royal) in an Eastern costume, with some others, the property of the Queen; those of the Duchess of Somerset, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Hervey, &c., which we cannot think have not been applied for—they have perhaps been withheld from fear of injury. The Queen has graciously contributed not less than forty miniatures to the exhibition, from that invaluable collection which Her Majesty has been now for many years forming. The numbers of the catalogue reach two hundred and twelve: some of the most important are—Lady Gordon and Children; the late Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Almeric Churchill, and Lady Spencer; the Duc de Brabant, and the Comte de Flandres; Mrs. Robertson and Children; the Duchess d'Aumale, the Prince de Condé, and the Duc de Guise; the King of the Belgians; the Queen of the Belgians; the Emperor of the French when President; Queen Victoria; King Louis Philippe; Queen Marie Amelie; the late Duke of Cambridge; the Empress Eugenie; the Marchioness of Abercorn, Countess Lichfield, and Countess Valletort; Sir F. Burdett; Miss Burdett Coutts; the Children of E. M. Ward, Esq., R.A., &c. We find among the early works some, of which the colour has flown—the result of the employment of colours embodied upon arsenic, iron, and other destructive bases; but since Sir W. Ross's exclusion from his palette of everything save the simplest pigments, some twenty-five years ago, or perhaps before, all his miniatures maintain their primitive brightness. The red he principally used was pink madder; with this he employed lamp black, raw sienna, and ultramarine; of vermilion he used none, but with these simple colours he effected marvellous results. We have inspected these works very closely, and find them with few exceptions in perfect condition. No. 154,

a full-length miniature of the Countess of Abingdon, is much spotted with mildew, being apparently destroyed. It is, however, as to the paint surface yet uninjured, the germ of the fungus having been conveyed to the gum-surface only in the gum passed over the work; the mildew may therefore be removed by acetic acid, and had a small portion of this been employed in the gum, no mildew could have appeared. When miniature painting is an art of the past, there may be other exhibitions in this department, but none ever can present such a collection as this.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.—ADDITIONAL PICTURES.

In accordance with a system which has become habitual with the directors of the French Exhibition, the gallery at 120 Pall Mall has recently received several additions to the collection which has already been noticed in our pages. The fresh pictures are nine in number, and they constitute by far the most important features of the exhibition. Taking these works in the order in which they appear in the new edition of the catalogue, we find that they comprise a picture by Auguste Bonheur, 'Cattle Drinking,' and a 'Landscape' by Bonquet, both of them excellent examples of the artists' styles. Next succeeds Henrietta Browne's 'Sisters of Mercy,' a truly noble work, original in conception, and painted with masterly power. There are three figures in the composition, the two "sisters" and a sick child who is gently tended by one of these kindly ministrants, while the other prepares some medicines. Dubasté has added to his five other contributions a very characteristic 'Naturalist,' who is seated, life-like, in his study, where he is surrounded by the objects of his solicitude, some preserved in cases, and others walking about in the full enjoyment of life and liberty. A very different, but no less characteristic work, is Gerome's 'Gladiators,'—a most original and a first-rate picture.

Our attention is next directed to No. 126, a picture to which our eyes turned involuntarily as soon as we had entered the gallery. It is the 'Christening Festival,' by Knaus, a German artist, and one of whom the Art-loving Germans may be proud. Never was an incident more happily rendered. Every figure is excellent in itself, and it exactly realizes its own becoming part in the scene. The artist's great skill in composition is apparent throughout this delightful work; and the same may be said both of his power of rendering diversified yet consistent expression, and of his most effective colouring.

Lambinet's 'Harvest Time,' and Schlesinger's 'Morning Prayer,' are very pleasing pictures. They leave for our notice Muller's great work, 'The Scene at the Conciergerie Prison, during the Roll-call of the last victims of the Reign of Terror, 9th Thermidor, 1793.' The artist has represented the Recorder of the Revolutionary Tribunal as in the act of reading his fatal list. It is a singular coincidence that this picture should be exhibited in London at the same time with the appearance of Elmore's 'The Tailor's,' at the Academy.

SCENES IN SCOTLAND, SPAIN, AND FRANCE. BY ROSA BONHEUR.

Whenever we find ourselves in the presence of one of Rosa Bonheur's best-known pictures, the sure result of a repeated examination is the conviction that we never before were able to form an adequate estimate of its rare excellence—it is certain to rise still higher in our esteem, the more frequently and the more thoroughly we are enabled to examine it. And then, on the other hand, a fresh work of the same great artist at once challenges a species of admiration peculiarly its own. It comes before us as if for the special purpose of demonstrating that her wonderful successes continually stimulate her to even nobler efforts, by which she is enabled to surpass the most brilliant of her own previous achievements. Such is the impression involuntarily produced by the 'Scottish Raid,' Rosa Bonheur's last picture (it is not quite finished in some of its minor details), now to be seen at the German Gallery, in Bond Street, under the same roof with Holman Hunt's remarkable work, and associated with four other pictures, all of them also from the pencil of Rosa Bonheur. This "raid" is a threatening excursion, not of kilt-wearing and claymore-armed Highland men, but of those other no less wild

mountaineers of the bovine race that the artist delights to place (and their native hills and heather with them) upon her life-like canvas. There is no mistake about either these animals or their intentions. It is a genuine Highland raid of the year 1860, and the leader of the band, a light-coloured bull, who has become the property of the French emperor, is a Mac Ivor of his race.

Of the other four pictures two are old and valued friends—the 'Denizens of the Highlands,' and the 'Spanish Bourgeois,' with their picturesque drove of mules streaming down the pass of the Pyrenees. Both pictures reappear with a fresh welcome, and they fully sustain the opinion that Rosa Bonheur's works not only will endure, but that they actually require repeated examination in order to their being really understood, so rich they are in varied excellences. One of the other pictures is a French 'Huntsman, taking his Hounds to Cover,' in a vehicle drawn by two white horses, and attended by a mounted groom. The fourth, like the 'Raid,' a picture of the present year, is rather small in size, and it comprises a flock of Highland sheep led towards you by their shepherd. It is in the artist's most perfect manner—a masterpiece both of composition and execution. The sheep descend the hill and approach the front of the picture with a vivid truthfulness that is absolutely marvellous, and the artistic treatment of the work is equally admirable.

The Rosa Bonheur engravings already constitute a most important class of works, and the pictures now exhibited will contribute fresh accessions to the group of the utmost importance. The engravings themselves are all of the highest order of merit, and, while faithful translations of the pictures, they claim a distinct recognition for their own admirable qualities as productions of the burin.

VIEWS OF JERUSALEM.

The two pictures of Jerusalem, painted by Mr. Selons, and exhibited by Messrs. Leggatt and Hayward, in Cornhill, offer a historical study of surpassing interest at this time; they present Jerusalem in her grandeur, with Christ's triumphant entry, A.D. 33, and Jerusalem in her fallen state, as now seen from the Mount of Olives. The re-construction of Jerusalem as it stood in the days of Herod would seem to be the labour of a life. The verification of the sites alone, now hidden, as they are, by the sordid dwellings of the Moslem, could only be effected after years of research and study. And this accomplished, there were yet the forms and proportions of the edifices. But Mr. Selons has resorted to every available source of information, being much indebted to the Ordnance Survey, and the best written authorities of our time. Both pictures are large—sufficiently so to show every object of interest. In the foreground there are about one hundred and fifty figures. Besides the Saviour, the disciples, and the crowd following them, there are prominently—a party of Roman cavalry; scribes and doctors of the law seeking the condemnation of Christ; a mother with her dying child imploring the compassion of the Redeemer; Judas contemplating his treachery, &c.; and from the movement in the nearest sites the eye passes beyond to all the memorable edifices of the city—as the Temple with its courts and gates, the Holy of Holies, the Triple Cloisters of Herod, the Palace of Herod, the Brook Gihon, the Holy Sepulchre, the Keep of Antonia, the Mount of Olives, the towers of Mariamne, of Hippicus, and Phasaelus, the Sepulchre of David, and every spot mentioned in the histories of the city. In comparison with this magnificence, Jerusalem, even in its best days under Mahomedan rule, must have looked a desolation; and so it looks in the second picture, which describes the city as it now stands. In the foreground, as a contrast to the other scene, we see about sixty figures, in modern Oriental and European costume; some of the striking points being—the Mosque of Omar, Mosque of El-Akka, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Jews' Walling-place, &c. Each of these pictures gives value and interest to the other, and to them attaches a paramount interest as the best existing auxiliary to the study of the Scriptures.

The paintings are the result of a commission given to the artist by Mr. Beecroft, of Scarborough, whose property, we understand, they are, and who proposes to place them in the hands of Mr. Mottram for engraving on a large scale.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE PENNY WEDDING.

Sir D. Wilkie, Painter. W. Greatbatch, Engraver.

This picture, painted in 1818, is the last of those executed by Wilkie in that especial style of subject which gained for him so high a reputation; and, like the picture of 'Blindman's Buff,' engraved in our April number, it was a commission from the Prince Regent.

We have heard Wilkie compared with Teniers and with Hogarth, but could never find any sufficient grounds for such comparisons; each of these three great painters rests his claim on his own individual merits, which are altogether distinct from those of the others. It is quite true that all of them painted subjects that may be classified together. They are illustrations of the incidents of humble life; but Teniers can scarcely be called a humourist; Wilkie is; and Hogarth was that and something more, for he added to that qualification those of being a satirist and a moralist as well. Teniers painted 'Village Festivals,' and similar scenes—so did Wilkie; but neither in conception, feeling, nor colour, can the least resemblance be discovered in their works: there is too often a vulgarity in the compositions of the former, of which the latter was never guilty; while true, genuine humour, or what may, perhaps, be more properly designated as *fun*, to use an ordinary expression, characteristic of the scene represented, is nowhere to be found in the works of the Dutch painter; there is merriment, but this is not always humour, which has its rise in natural dispositions of the mind, not generally, in circumstances—though these may, and do, frequently, call it into outward demonstration. Many of Wilkie's pictures show both, and so skilfully and delicately united, that they become almost one; it is impossible, sometimes, to tell where the one quality ends, and the other begins.

Hogarth's humour is of a totally distinct kind; his pictures are teachers, conveying their lessons, indeed, under a guise that raises a smile, but with a stern, uncompromising determination to enforce truths, to which you cannot turn a deaf ear. Social and political immoralities he held up to public obloquy; and while we laugh at the manner in which he displayed them, we detect under it may be, the coarse veil of humour that covers the delinquencies, their enormity and their miserable tendencies, and acknowledge the power which offers such wholesome lessons of good in so attractive a form. Many a man, we believe, would accept reproof from such silent teachers, whom no eloquence of words would turn from the error of his ways.

Wilkie's picture of 'The Penny Wedding' has nothing in common with such compositions as Hogarth produced. It is simply a representation of a scene in ordinary Scottish life among the more humble classes—a merry-making on an occasion to call forth the joyous feelings of human nature. It was originally called the 'Scottish Wedding,' but the title was afterwards altered to that which it now bears. Our friend, Mr. John Burnet, who is as learned in the customs of his native country, as he is in the characteristics of Wilkie's art, informs us that a "Scottish Penny Wedding" means a wedding where each visitor pays a small sum of money for admission; the sum thus collected goes towards furnishing the house of the young couple: formerly the price of admission may have been limited to a penny, when that coin was of greater value than it now is; but "penny siller" is a term used in the north for almost any amount. An old ballad says—

"Be she white, or be she black,
If she ha'e the penny siller,
Set her upon Tipson tap,
And that will dra' the laddies till her."

The celebration generally was held in a barn, or large room, such as that in the picture; of course eating, drinking, and dancing constituted the employment of the evening. After the newly-married pair had retired for the night, one of the bride's stockings was brought in, and flung about; whomsoever it first hit was, as they said, to be the next married. The dance Wilkie has here represented is what is called a "foursome reel," peculiar to Scotland.

The picture sufficiently explains itself after these few remarks: it is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.



SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. PINX.

W. GREATBACH, SCULPT.

THE PENNY WEDDING.

THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE

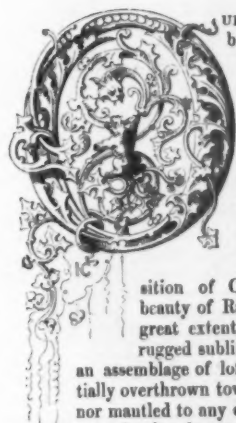
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THE COMPANION-GUIDE
(BY RAILWAY)

IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VI.



OUR return to Cardiff from Newbridge is by another route, and, if we please, by another railway, to visit the old CASTLE OF CAERPHILLY. "Caerphilly is by very much the most extensive castle in Wales, and is reputed to cover with its outworks and earthworks about 30 acres." It may not boast the architectural decorations of Carnarvon, the commanding position of Conway, nor the picturesque beauty of Raglan: "it is simply a ruin of great extent, and possessing that sort of rugged sublimity which is inseparable from an assemblage of lofty walls and massive and partially overthrown towers, neither bosomed in woods nor mantled to any extent with ivy."* It was the great border fortress, standing on the debatable ground between England and Wales, which was so long contested by both nations, under the title of the Marches.† "Huge Caerphilly" is situate in a wide-spreading vale, "bounded by mountains of very moderate height and gentle ascent;" it is, according to Leland, "settle among marishes, where be ruinous waulles of a wonderful thickness;" and Camden, speaking of it, says, "it is probably the noblest ruin of ancient architecture in Britain."

"The mellow tints
That Time's slow pencil lays from year to year
Upon the ancient towers, spread o'er the wreck
A grateful gloom."

It was dismantled in 1219 by Rhys Vychan, rebuilt by John de Brose in 1221, and enlarged and strengthened by Ralph Mortimer and Hugh Spencer the younger, "whose immense wealth was adequate to the undertaking." But there is little doubt that the Britons occupied the site; that a Norman fortress was here earlier than the time of De Brose; and that a monastery here existed, dedicated to St. Cenydd (whence its original name, Senghenith), which was burnt by the Saxons, A. D. 831. The Spencers—the favourites of Edward II.—maintained it for a long time against Roger Mortimer; and, on its fall, King Edward II. is said to have escaped in the disguise of a peasant, and to have hired himself as a cowherd at a farm about twenty miles distant, "still known by that event."‡

The history of Caerphilly has been ably written by the accomplished antiquary, George T. Clark, Esq. It is, however, less interesting than that of many other Welsh fortresses, its "battles, sieges, fortunes," having been neither many nor remarkable. The most striking feature of the grand and extensive ruin is "the leaning tower," which the artist has pictured in his sketch.§ There can be little doubt

* "The castle is placed in the midst of a valley, open on the east towards the Rhymny, and divided from the valley of the Taff by the mountain ridge of Mynydd Mayo." A small river, the Nant Gledr, flows underneath the castle walls.

† "These Lords Marches were sovereigns in their districts. They had their parliaments, their courts of justice, and their other offices executive and jurisdictional, in which they, and not the King of England, were supreme. They exercised jura regalia, and did not hold of the crown, but per gladium, as their term was. They were generally, for the greater safety, in close alliance with the King of England, but were not his subjects."—Archdeacon Coxe. With respect to their baronies and estates in England they were, however, to all intents and purposes subjects.

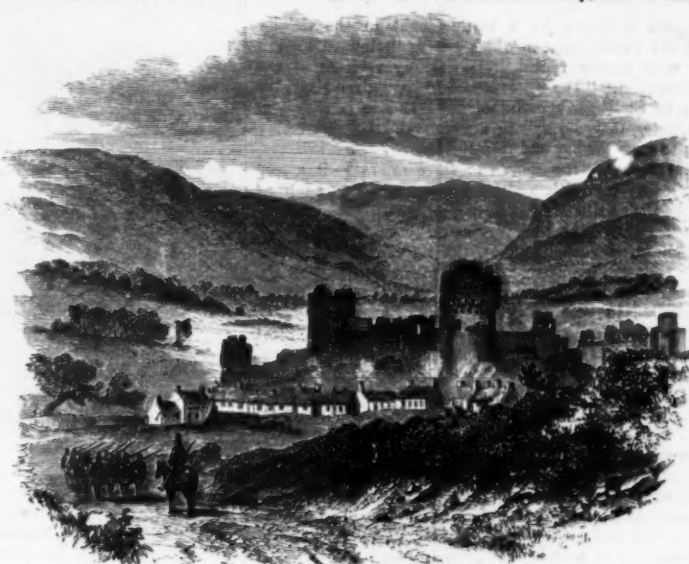
‡ Malkin states that the king thus escaped, and thus disguised obtained employment from the farmer, who, "finding him but an awkward and ignorant fellow, soon dismissed him." "It seems to have been a place where its rapacious lords, the Spencers, amassed everything they could possibly get by plundering their vassals, or tenants, and its inhabitants in general. From this circumstance arose the Welsh proverb, 'It is gone to Caerphilly'—signifying that a thing is irrecoverably lost.

§ The south-east tower, which "leans" eleven feet from its perpendicular, has retained this singular position during several centuries; "the evident strength of the cement is the means of keeping it together." The breach is thus accounted for by Malkin:—During one of its sieges, when the castle was in possession of the Spencers, and the besiegers were commanded by Roger Mortimer, "in one of the towers every apartment was crammed full of salt; under this tower was a furnace for smelting iron, hot masses of which had been thrown by engines on the besiegers, who, when they had got possession of the castle, let out the fused iron from the furnace, and threw water on it: this occasioned a most dreadful explosion, that rent the tower in two, and destroyed the salt." "It is more probable," according to another authority, "that the besiegers, after the capture, undermined the tower, placing under it supports of timber, which

that it is the ruin which the Laureate pictures in his "Idylls of the King;" for, as we have elsewhere observed, he was some time a resident in the vicinity, and in this immediate neighbourhood the scene of his poem is laid:—

"All was ruinous:
Here stood a shattered archway, plumed with fern;
And here has fallen a great part of a tower,
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
And, like a crag, was gay with wilding flowers."

It was a most deeply interesting day that which we spent among these enormous ruins, guided by one to whom every stone was familiar, and who loves the old place as a dear and long-cherished friend: * from him we heard some of its legends—that of the Green Lady, who is seen now



CAERPHILLY: DISTANT VIEW.

and then flitting among the broken ramparts—a kind of banshee, whose mournful wail is heard occasionally above the stream that still runs over the foundations of the inner moat.

Very beautiful are the views from any of the adjacent heights—that from "Thornhill" especially so: a rich valley immediately underneath, through which winds the bounding Taff; Cardiff fully displayed; and, in the distance, the famous islands, the Holms, and the dim outlines of the coast of Devonshire. Few drives in the kingdom are, indeed, more productive of scenic beauty; while here we are entirely free from the smoke that defaces both the hills and valleys now behind us, and further to the right. Thanks to the "mountain ridge of Mynydd Mayo," the old castle of Caerphilly also is open to the pure air of heaven.

We are again at Cardiff, and again in the carriage of the South Wales Railway. We pass the stations at Ely, St. Fagan's, Peterston, Lantrisant, and Pencoe, and alight at Bridgend,



CAERPHILLY: THE KEEP AND LEANING TOWER.

in order to make an excursion to a district that yields to no other of the Principality in the grand and beautiful of scenery, or in singular and interesting relics of the olden time.

they set on fire. In the act of falling, a huge mass of stone was thrown upon the base of the tower, which thereby was kept standing. The corresponding tower is totally destroyed."

* At Waunwaelod, not far from Caerphilly, was born the Rev. David Williams, the founder of the Literary Fund.

Between Cardiff and Llantrisant the narrow river Ely is crossed by railway bridges no fewer than sixteen times. St. Fagan was one of the earliest missionaries sent from Rome to Britain, the date of his visit being, it is said, as early as A.D. 180. He "came in the train of St. Lucius, having been deputed by Pope Eleutherius to administer baptism to the Cymry." A few lines of an old Welsh bard, concerning this saint, bear a beautiful moral:—

"Didst thou hear the saying of Fagan,
When he had produced his argument:
Where God is silent, it is not wise to speak:"

St. Fagan's is famous for a battle fought in the vicinity during the Protectorate, in which the undisciplined men of Wales were utterly routed by the hardy veterans of the Commonwealth. "The battle is said to have given sixty-five widows to St. Fagan's parish alone;" and so terrible was the slaughter, that, during the next harvest, there were only women to mow the hay and reap the corn."†

LANTRISANT—"the church of three saints"—is a very ancient town; we obtain a view of it on the side of a hill, as we sit by the small station.

To the right of the line, just as we reach the station at Bridgend, we see, among trees, the Church and Castle of Coity: they will amply repay a visit of the tourist. Of the castle, the remains are not extensive;‡ it was built on the lands allotted to Pain Turberville. Sir Richard, the ninth in descent from Turberville, who was called "Le Diable," had no male issue. It came into possession of the Wyndhams, and thence into that of the Dunraven family, by marriage to the last heiress of the Wyndhams. "The church," according to Mr. Freeman, "is an excellent one, and in fair preservation; but few of the windows have been robbed of tracery, nor has any special devastation of any other kind been perpetrated. It has but little ornamental detail, but its picturesque outline, and its fine series of windows, would attract attention anywhere; and, as a thoroughly Welsh church, exhibiting the local, half military type on a larger scale, and wrought with more finished workmanship, it ranks especially high."

An hour's delay at BRIDGEND will suffice to exhibit all the "lions" of the town. The church, dedicated to St. Illtyd, surmounts a hill, and is, therefore, in view from far-off distances. The river Ogmore runs through the town, dividing it into two townships—Oldcastle and Newcastle: of the old castle there are no remains; of the new castle there yet exist the outer walls, in which there is a doorway of singular form, and of very beautiful ornamentation. The old was beside the river, the new was built on rising ground; and it is probable the old was abandoned and left to decay, as a consequence of frequent inundations.

* "The dedication of this church to Christian worship is much more ancient than that of Llandaff, according to the accounts both of English and Welsh writers, none of whom place the arrival of this missionary later than the second century."—ARCHDEACON COXE.

† Subsequent to the battle of St. Fagan's, the following incident occurred:—Sir E. Stradling, of St. Donat's, and his kinsman, Sir E. Carne, of Omand's Ash, *alias* Little Nash, took vigorous parts in this fight, commanding atwixt them four thousand men, fed and clothed by themselves at their own proper cost. The latter was well-nigh falling a sacrifice to the hatred of his countrymen to the Saxon tongue, for returning towards his home after ye close of ye battle, fatigued and sore wounded, the bridge over ye Taffe being broken down, he demanded of a Welshman (speaking in the English tongue), where most safely he could forde across the stream; the latter directly replied, keep straight on, for that is the shortest and best way to thy home. Sir Edward, not suspecting any artifice, went ahead to the river bank, but, before entering the stream, addressed a few words of direction and advice to his soldiers, in the Welsh language. His former guide, seeing that he was not an English knight, directly called out to him *not* to enter the river in that place, as there was a most dangerous whirlpool in that locality, and disclosed that he had purposely advised him there to cross, in ye hope that he might there lose his life; but, finding he was a true Cambrian, he hastened to prevent his fulfilling his first directions. Thus did he escape certain death."

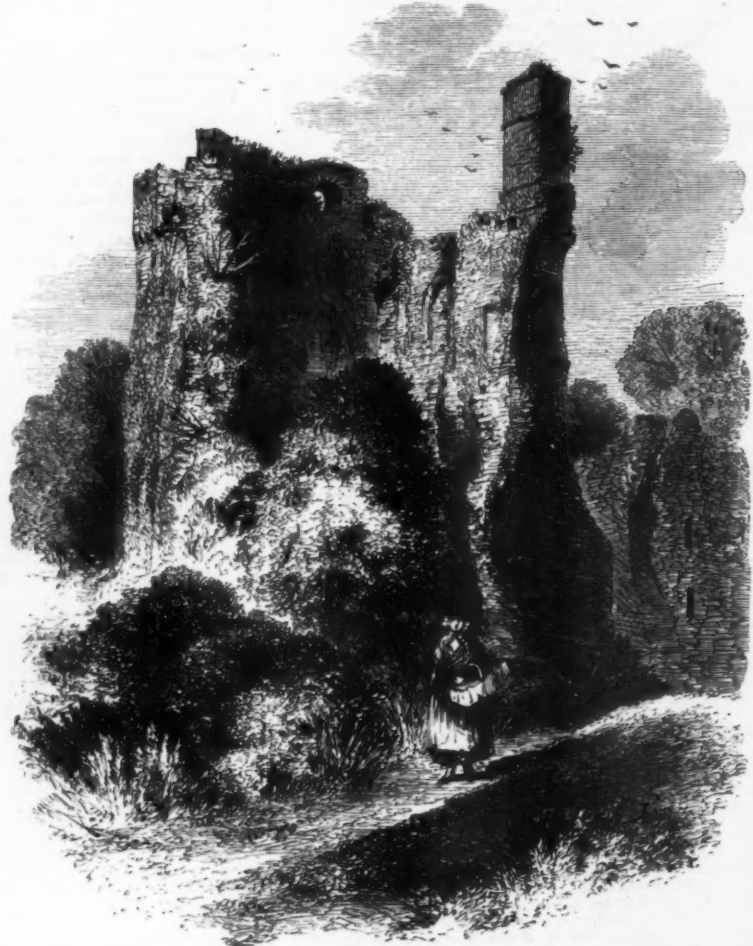
‡ The following romantic incident, in connection with Coity, is narrated by Sir Edward Mansel:—"After eleven of the knights had been endowed with the lands for their service, Pain Turberville asked Fitz Hamon where was his share? To which Sir Robert answered, 'Here are men, and here are arms; go get it where you can.' So Pain Turberville, with the men, went to the Coity, and sent to Morgan, the Welsh lord, a messenger to ask if he would yield up the castle; upon this, Morgan brought out his daughter Sara in his hand, and, passing through the army, with his sword in his right hand, came to Pain Turberville, and told him if he would marry his daughter, and so come like an honest man into his castle, that he would yield it to him quickly; 'and if not,' said he, 'let not the blood of any of our men be lost, but let this sword and arm of mine, and those of yours, decide who shall call this castle his own.' Upon this Pain Turberville drew his sword, and took it by the blade in his left hand, and gave it to Morgan, and with his right hand embraced the daughter; and after settling every matter to the liking of both sides, he went with her to church and married her, and so came to the lordship with true right of possession; and, being so counselled by Morgan, kept in his castle two thousand of the best of his Welsh soldiers. Upon account of his getting possession by marriage, Pain would never pay the noble that was due to the chief lord every year, to Sir Robert, but chose to pay it to Caradoc-ap-Jestin, as the person he owned as chief lord of Glamorgan. This caused hot disputes about it; but Pain, with the help of his wife's brothers, got the better, till, in some years after that, it was settled that all the lords should hold of the seignory, which was made up of the whole number of the lords in junction together."

Bridgend is, however, "on the way" to scenery of a magnificent character, and to ancient castles, picturesque churches, and venerable abbeys, that vie with any to be found in South Wales. We ask the tourist, therefore, to pass a day or two here, in order to make excursions that will be largely and amply recompensed. He will have a choice of roads, and may, if he pleases, greatly extend a journey which, in our details, we shall limit to a day.



ST. FAGAN'S.

We drive a mile or two, and first visit the old Priory and remarkable Church of Ewenny, leaving to the right Ognore Castle, under the broken walls of which the rivers Ognore and Ewenny unite. Of the priory but little remains; the church has a central tower, of "enor-



CASTLE COITY.

mously massive proportions," and is sustained by huge buttresses, by which it is "much disfigured." They are, however, clad with ivy, which considerably lessens their disagreeable effect.*

* "The Priory Church of Ewenny is an example of pure Norman work; perhaps the best specimen of a fortified ecclesiastical building, the union of castle and monastery in the same structure."—FREEMAN.

The priory and abbey of Ewenny were given by the crown to the celebrated commissioner for the suppression of the greater and lesser monasteries, Sir Edward Carne, D.C.L., the ambassador to Rome in the affair of King Henry VIII's marriage. There are several monuments in the nave of the abbey to members of the Carne family. From this family it came by marriage to the Turbervilles, who still possess the property.

The old monks knew how to select pleasant places: a clear stream glides gently by these old buildings, and the salmon and "sewen" are still abundant; green meadows, thick woods, and fruitful orchards are still the characteristics of the fertile district, and nature seems to revel here as she did six centuries ago.

But our object is to visit the wild sea-coast: we make our way through old-world villages, over unploughed commons, along elevated slopes, with many attractive objects to delay our progress, and arrive at the modern dwelling, built over the ruins of the ancient Castle of Dunraven. Here we rest awhile, for it is no common edifice that claims our notice: it is now one of the seats of Lord Dunraven; but here, long before the Romans had mastered Britain, princes had their royal residences, and hence issued laws for the government of a brave, resolute, and free people.

The castle stands on a small peninsula jutting into the Bristol Channel; the adjacent cliffs are exceedingly grand; nature has enriched the shore with many graceful bays, and a pretty bathing village—Southerndown—surmounts a neighbouring hill. Not far off are the famous NASH CLIFFS,* an engraving of which may serve to convey an idea of the leading characteristics of the district. It is full of sea caves, one of the most singular of which is said to be immediately under the castle. The state of the tide did not permit our examination of it; but it is described as "a passage worn through a projecting stack of rocks, in a direction parallel to the shore. Something like a kind of rude piazza, large masses of rock representing the columns, support the roof; one entrance faces the east, but the grand opening is towards the south, which exhibits a most noble and solemn appearance." Another of these caves is called the "wind-hole;" "there are some narrow fissures to the dome above, through one of which a current blows that will often carry away a hat placed over it." Another is "the Fairy Cave," so called "from the various and grotesque shapes which the petrifications assume." These caves can only be visited with safety at the ebb of spring tides.

The ancient name of Dunraven is "Dyndryvan"—the triangular fortress—a name which indicates the nature of its situation. It must have been "a place of considerable strength and secure defence against the rude tactics of ancient and barbarian warfare," defended on two sides by sea-rocks, and on the other by moats, entrenchments, and other devices, to keep out a foe. It is said, by "our oldest and most authentic historians," to have been one of the residences of the princes or kings of Siluria—"a little kingdom which consisted of the present counties of Hereford, part of Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, part of Carmarthenshire which lies east of the Towy, and Brecknockshire; it was "the fierce Silures" who so long and so bravely kept the Roman legions at bay, and of whom heroic Caractacus was the chief.† There is little doubt that in the fortress of Dyndryvan Caractacus held his court; for, on the death of his father, and his uncle, Manawyden, having relinquished his claim to the throne,—"though it was his of right, according to the true principle of the sovereignty,"—in favour of one "so much superior to himself," "the civil sovereignty and war sovereignty were united" in the person of a sage and soldier, so eminently qualified to uphold the glory, and maintain the

independence of his subjects. The Welsh are naturally proud of a ruler, whose renown has endured for seventeen centuries, and to whom history refers in all her records, as the model of a "patriot, hero, king."* It is, therefore, no common ground we tread, when we visit the Castle of Dunraven, and examine the few remains of thick walls, built by the Normans, above foundations which the Britons raised.

The rocky headland on which the castle stands is called "Witches' Point:" why we were unable to ascertain. An old watch-tower, modernized into a pretty view-house, stands on the verge of an adjacent cliff. The land here slopes upward; and along these high lands, it is said, in times happily gone by, the wreckers placed false lights to lure unhappy mariners upon



BRIDGEND CHURCH.

the merciless rocks underneath. It is said, indeed, that a later Lord of Dunraven, "one Walter Vaughan," throve by this wicked practice, until Providence returned the poisoned chalice to his own lips—his two children having perished close beside the home they had left as merchant voyagers, their own father's hand having guided the light that wiled their vessel among the breakers.

We proceed by an inland route—for the rugged coast affords no road-way—to visit the Castle of St. Donat's, one of the few ancient castles of the Principality that contains inhabitants. And this is very ancient; with much within and without to interest not only the tourist,



THE NASH CLIFFS.

but the antiquary and the historian. Unhappily for them all, however, the venerable relic of a long past age is occupied, as renters, by two old ladies, who, aided by a couple of dogs nearly as old, steadily refuse ingress to every part of the building within the gates. It has a grand effect from any of the neighbouring heights; seeming a prodigious pile of several styles and epochs.

The castle and manor were given by Fitzhamon to Le Esterling, or Stradling, one of his knights; and in his family it continued without interruption during seven hundred years,

* These statements are given on the authority of Edward Williams, B.B.D., who compiled his history from authentic MSS. in the Welsh language, and published it in the *Cambrian Journal*.

* This should be spelt *Nass*, from the Latin *nassus*, a nose. In Welsh the word is "Y Ras," which signifies a *beak*, or a *promontory*. The proper name is *Mont Nass*, in contradistinction to Great Nass, or, as it is now called, *Nash Manor*. On these lofty cliffs stand the well-known Nass Lighthouses, which were erected by the Board of the Trinity House after the dreadful wreck of the *Frolic* steamer, in 1832, when nearly sixty souls were lost, not one escaping to tell the tale.

† He was the second son of Brennus, king of the Silures, and so greatly distinguished himself by his bravery, magnanimity, and prudence, that he was unanimously elected "Catteyrn," or war-king—for such is the literal meaning of this title, which was always given by the ancient Britons to him who was entrusted with the chief command of the federal army of Britain. During nine years he successfully withstood all the attacks of the Roman armies, and defeated them in upwards of seventy battles. At length he was betrayed into their hands by Aregwedd, a princess or queen of a neighbouring state, who had entreated his aid against the common enemy. Upon being brought in chains before the emperor, he was offered life and freedom, on condition that he would enter into alliance with the Romans, and marry the Princess Aregwedd. His answer was, that he would gladly be the friend of Rome, but not its vassal; but with respect to the Princess Aregwedd, "he would never consent to be anything to her but her executioner." His removal to Rome, his renowned speech to the Emperor Claudius, and his subsequent release from captivity, are matters with which every reader of history is acquainted. He returned, a convert to Christianity, accompanied by St. Illtyd and other saints, and "these were the first that introduced into Britain faith in Christ."

when it became the property of the Tyrwhits, from whom it descended to the Drakes of Amersham, by whom it is underlet—a somewhat sarcastic comment on the motto of the Stradlings—

"Daw, a Digion."
"God, and enough?"

Within the Park, on the west side of the Castle, stands a picturesque quadrangular tower. It is placed on an elevated site, and commands extensive views. It is an ancient watch-tower, which commanded the coast.†

Ruins of religious houses may be traced in the neighbourhood; where also several cromlechs are found. Nay, the very cottages have an air of "hoar antiquitie:‡ and all about give indication of a long past age.

The gates of the old church are not closed; or at all events were opened by a silver key. It is small, but very picturesque both in character and situation; occupying a little dell beside the castle walls, and nestling as it were under the protection of the fortress of its feudal lords. Here are the ashes of many of the name: the last is here, and so, perhaps, is the first—seven centuries having passed between the two interments, with probably thirty generations of men. The churchyard contains a singularly beautiful cross, in a good state of preservation.§

Our purpose is—and it has been our main purpose—to visit the very ancient and venerable church at Llantwit, and the singular ruins of many epochs assembled in a district out of the way of ordinary travelling. It is a visit that will largely repay the tourist, even taking no account of the interesting objects we have described, and the wild and beautiful scenery through which he passes.

Between St. Donat's and Llantwit, however, he will do well to diverge half a mile from the main road, to examine a remarkable cave, one of the "lions" of a coast perhaps even richer in sea-rocks than that which encloses the peninsula upon which stands the Castle of Dunraven. Mr. Wimperis has pictured this cave. It is one to which a peculiar superstition is attached: persons throw pebbles over a gigantic arch of stone, which hangs like a bridge across its opening—not an easy task; the number of failures before the feat is accomplished denotes the number of years that are to pass before the party is married; or, if married previously, when a second marriage will take place.

* The history of the division of the Stradling property is romantic, but still true. The last of the Stradlings was at college, with a young man of the name of Tyrwhit, and after the completion of their college career these two young men resolved to make the grand tour together. Before starting (as was afterwards shown in evidence) they each wrote a letter to the other to the effect that if either of them should die whilst abroad, the survivor should inherit the deceased's property. After being absent some time from England, news came to St. Donat's that Stradling was dead, having been run through the body in a duel (it was said with his own friend Tyrwhit), at Montpellier, in France, on the 27th of September, 1738. His body was brought to St. Donat's to be buried, on the 19th of March following. Several rumours were then afloat that he had come to his end unfairly, and it was much doubted that it was his body that was sent over; and his old nurse, who sat up with the coffin when it was lying in state, secretly opened it, and thrust her hand in, to feel whether all the fingers were on the left hand, as she knew that Sir Thomas had, when a child, lost one of his fingers, it having been bitten off by a donkey; and she declared to the father of the writer of this note, that the two hands of the body sent over were perfect, and, therefore, that the body was not the body of Sir Thomas Stradling. Hence, for many years, there was an expectation of his making his appearance. After more than half a century spent in litigation, and during which time Tyrwhit himself died, the estates were settled by act of parliament, the largest portion being sold to pay the lawyers, and the only part which was allotted to the heirs of "Tyrwhit, the original claimant," was the castle, and about £1200 a year, out of an estate which, at that time, was the Chatsworth of the period. Various claimants got small portions, but the baronetage became vested in the issue of Jane, daughter of Sir Edward Stradling, and wife of Thomas Carne, of Nash; and, though still in abeyance, will ultimately be claimed by her direct descendant, Edward Stradling Carne, at present a minor. From the Tyrwhits the property has descended to the Drakes.

† Sir Harry Stradling—in the reign of King Edward the Fourth—journeyed to Jerusalem, where he was made a knight of the Holy Sepulchre. He died in the Island of Cyprus on his way homewards. Of him an interesting story is recorded. Retiring once by sea to St. Donat's Castle from his house in Somersetshire, he was taken by that notorious sea-thief, Colyn Dolphyn, a native of Brittany; and for his release was obliged to pay 2,300 marks; to raise which he was compelled to sell several of his fair manors. After this event, he caused to be erected the watch-tower, in the new Park of St. Donat's, in which arms were placed, and men to watch at night for the sea-thief Colyn Dolphyn, who too frequently cruised along the Severn sea, "on ship-robbing intent." The light placed in this tower proved the ruin of the sea-thief; for, mistaking it for that at Dunraven, he ran in, and struck on the Nash sands: his ship went to pieces, and he and his men were taken and hanged; "being buried under hillocks on the brink of the sea."

‡ "The antiquity of the cottages is a strongly marked feature in the appearance of this county. There is little doubt that many of them are as ancient as the castles to which they are attached."—ARCHDEACON COKE.

§ It is said to be the most perfect and un mutilated cross in the kingdom. It is probable that either the privacy of its locality, or its contiguity to the castle, protected it from destruction. To the lovers of antiquarian lore the little poem, entitled the "Dream of Colyn Dolphyn," by Taliesin Williams, the son of the old bard, Edward Williams, published in 1837, will prove very interesting; also "The Stradling Correspondence," edited by the late Rev. John M. Traherne, F.R.S., in 1838.

The CAVE AT TRESILIAN is, therefore, not only grand and peculiar, it has a privilege of which we may suppose the young and fair eagerly avail themselves; and as there is a fine strand here for bathers, we imagine many are they who take counsel of fate in this charming locality.*

There are few places in South Wales so tempting to residents during the summer months, with pure air, open sea, health-giving downs, and invigorating breezes; while the curious or



ST. DONAT'S CASTLE AND WATCH-TOWER.

inquiring can always find in the neighbourhood objects of gratification or instruction, in the glorious remains—British, Roman, and Norman—everywhere about them.

On the north side of the road from St. Donat's to Llantwit we pass by the spot where formerly stood the fortress of Jestyn-ap-Gwrgant, lord of Glamorgan: the fields still pass by the name of "Caer Wrgan, or Wrganstown." Here, at present, stands Dimland Castle, the seat of John



CAVE AT TRESILIAN.

Nicholl Carne, D.C.L., who traces an unbroken descent from that chieftain, and whose family have remained located in this immediate neighbourhood for more than 800 years.

* In this cave the father and mother of the great General Sir Thomas Picton were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. This was, of course, before the act of Parliament which prohibited marriages in unlicensed places.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE annual meeting of this society, to receive the yearly report, and to distribute the prizes, was held, on the 24th of April, at the Adelphi Theatre, by permission of Mr. Webster, the lessee. Lord Montagu, president of the institution, occupied the chair, as is his custom.

The report, which is rather of a voluminous character, was read by Mr. George Godwin, F.S.A., one of the honorary secretaries; it briefly reviews the operations of the society since its commencement; during this period, twenty-four years, the large sum of £138,662 has been expended on works of Art of various kinds, distributed as prizes. The following is a condensed statement of the receipts and disbursements for the year 1859-60:—

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Subscriptions received | £14,138 15 6 |
| Printing, advertising, salaries, and other expenses, including reserve of 2½ per cent. | 3,393 16 0 |
| Amount set apart for print and volume of wood engravings | 4,489 19 6 |
| Amount allotted for prizes | 6,255 0 0 |
| The reserve fund now amounts to the sum of £9,383. | |

The distribution of the sum allotted for prizes to be selected by the subscribers themselves, was as follows:—

| | |
|-------------|-----------|
| 36 works at | £10 each. |
| 26 " | 15 " |
| 26 " | 20 " |
| 20 " | 25 " |
| 18 " | 30 " |
| 8 " | 40 " |
| 6 " | 60 " |
| 5 " | 75 " |
| 3 " | 100 " |
| 1 " | 150 " |
| 2 " | 200 " |

and one Oil Painting, selected by the council, 'Sardis,' by Mr. Johnstone, £120.

To these were added:—

| | |
|---|--|
| 30 Porcelain Groups of 'Venus and Cupid.' | |
| 30 Silver Medals of Lawrence. | |
| 500 Chromolithographs. | |
| 300 Sets of Photographs. | |

Making in all, 1,012 prizes.

The prizeholders of last year purchased from the various exhibitions of the season 105 works of Art, to the following amounts, viz:—

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------|
| From the Royal Academy | £248 10 0 |
| The Institution of Fine Arts | 583 0 0 |
| Society of British Artists | 789 5 0 |
| British Institution | 243 5 0 |
| Royal Scottish Academy | 20 0 0 |
| Water-colour Society | 103 5 0 |
| New Water-colour Society | 307 18 0 |

The subscriptions for the year just closed are less by upwards of £1000 than those of the preceding year; the falling away is, however, no proof of any unfavourable public opinion towards the society, but rather to the fact that the issue of the large engraving from Mr. Frith's picture, 'Life at the Sea-side,' attracted an unusual list of subscribers. This year there was no such allurements, and yet the sum subscribed exceeded, by more than £2,500, that of the year 1857-58, quite enough to indicate that the Art-Union of London has not lost its interest with the public; moreover, the amount allotted for prizes for pictures this year was greater, by upwards of £1,500, than that of last year, with its increased subscriptions. We think the council have acted wisely by so adjudicating, for, after all, the pictures are the great attractions; every subscriber hopes for something out of "Fortune's Wheel."

Since the last annual meeting several changes have taken place in the council, in consequence of vacancies created by the death of Mr. Jacob Bell, and the retirement of Dr. Mortimer, Mr. Alderman Salomons, and Mr. Alderman Wire, whose places have been filled by the election of the Dean of St. Paul's, Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. J. B. Bunning, and Mr. Joshua Butterworth.

With respect to the future, we learn that Mr. Willmore's engraving, after Turner's picture of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' is being printed for the next year's subscribers; that the council has offered a premium of 100 guineas for a series of outlines, or outline slightly shaded, illustrative of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," the drawings to be sent in by the 30th of the present month—June; these are to be engraved for distribution, if of sufficient merit; that a premium of 70 guineas has also been offered for a group, or statuette, in plaster,

representing some subject from English history, to be subsequently executed in bronze or Parian; and a premium of 30 guineas for the work adjudged to be second in merit; that it is proposed hereafter to invite designs for a vase, a tazza, or other similar Art-work. Arrangements have also been made with Mr. Foley, R.A., to make a reduced copy of his fine statue of ' Caractacus,' with which our readers are well acquainted, for execution in bronze; and with Mr. Delpech, for a reduction of the bust of the Apollo Belvidere, to be reproduced in Parian.

The series of medals issued by the society continues to find favour with the subscribers. The "Lawrence" medal, by Mr. G. G. Adams, just distributed, is a beautiful example of numismatic works, though very simple in design. The next will be the "Wilkie" medal, which Mr. Leonard Wyon is engaged on.

The principal prizes drawn at the meeting were adjudged as follows:—those of £200 each to Commodore Hopkins, Merthyr Tydvil, and T. Yallop, Albert Road; that of £150 to Mrs. Elphinstone, Regent Street; the picture of 'Sardis' to W. Purdie, Old Broad Street; and those of £100 each, to Miss E. Dunn, Thoraby, J. Finn, Ramsey, and C. Wright, Barnsley.

We may remark, as one recent example of the benefit conferred upon artists by this society, that a prizeholder of £20 only, Mr. Strugnell, of the Edgeware Road, has purchased, from the gallery of the Water-colour Society, Mr. A. P. Newton's large and fine picture, entitled 'Mountain Gloom: the Pass of Glencoe,' for the sum of 250 gs., Mr. Strugnell, of course, paying the difference. Now it is probable that this gentleman would not have bought any picture, especially one of so high a price, had he not been tempted by his prize of £20.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.

It is not often that such a project as the Crystal Palace Art-Union attains to a complete success in the very first year of its existence. Such was the result in the instance of this institution. And now we have the satisfaction to record that the success of last year has led the Council to the adoption of a system of action, which has very considerably strengthened the position, and added at once to the value and the attractiveness of their Art-Union.

To be really worthy of its title, and also at the same time to be consistent with its own professed character, the Crystal Palace Art-Union must exercise a beneficial influence as well upon artists and artist-manufacturers as upon the taste of the public. It must combine encouragement for producers with gratification for its subscribers; and, while cultivating and extending a healthy and liberal spirit of patronage, it must lead to the improvement of Art-manufactures. Such is precisely the position at the present time occupied by this Art-Union. It offers to its subscribers a numerous series of beautiful productions, from which they may select their own presentation works; it provides prizes of real value and worthiness; and it seeks to lead on our ablest artist-manufacturers to still higher efforts.

The sum that may ultimately be appropriated by the council to the purchase of the prizes for the present year must, necessarily, be determined by the amount of the subscriptions when the time for the drawing shall have become near at hand: but meanwhile no less than £2,000 have already been expended upon prizes. Before these lines are in the hands of our readers the Council will have selected from the Crystal Palace Picture Gallery such pictures as they may consider it desirable to purchase. The sum of £1,200 has been assigned to pictures and sculpture. In sculpture the following works have been decided on:—Calder Marshall's group in marble, entitled 'Maternal Affection'; Durham's statue in marble, 'Sunshine'; a marble group of children, by Munro; and a life-size bust, also in marble, of 'Evangeline,' by F. M. Miller; together with several fine casts from works of great merit by various artists. In ceramic art, the prizes contain noble specimens of Minton's large Majolica, and equally admirable examples of porcelain and Parian vases from the same

establishment. The exquisite enamels of Kerr and Binns of Worcester, and the bolder productions of the same class by Alderman Copeland, are also strongly represented. Nor have the excellent reproductions of Græco-Etruscan vases and tazze, by Messrs. Battam, been overlooked. Elkington has supplied a variety of beautiful objects in silver, embossed, chased, and richly electro-gilt and parcel-gilt; and a variety of works in glass have been produced by Mr. Apsley Pellatt, which certainly constitute an era in English glass-making.

The present demands upon our space render it impossible to enter into any more full details upon the subject of this Art-Union: we trust, however, that what we have said will be accepted as the most cordial mode of advising our readers at once to add their names to the list of subscribers. The Council and Officers of the institution have all shown that they deserve a most decided expression of our admiration, for the manner in which their several duties are discharged by them. To Mr. Bicknell and Mr. Ionides, directors of the Crystal Palace, to Mr. E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., and to the able and indefatigable Art-superintendent, Mr. T. Battam, junior, F.S.A., the Art-Union is especially indebted: good service has also been rendered, in their respective departments, by Mr. T. Wilkinson, the secretary, and by Mr. Ball, the financial officer.

ART IN IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—By the will of the late George Archibald Taylor, Esq., of Dublin, a sum of money was placed at the disposal of his executors for the promotion of Art in Ireland; and it has been resolved, in pursuance of his enlightened designs, to institute Prizes and Scholarships, which shall be open to students who shall have attended, for two years at least, a School of Art in Ireland or elsewhere, provided that in the latter case they be of Irish birth. The Royal Dublin Society has agreed to undertake the management of the trust, in conjunction with the executors; and the judges who shall award the Prizes will be selected by the Council of the Royal Dublin Society, the Council of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and the Governors and Guardians of the National Gallery of Ireland.

For the year 1860, the following Prizes are offered for competition, to be awarded at an exhibition to be held on the 23rd October, 1860, at the house of the Royal Dublin Society:—

1. For the best Picture in Oil Colours, the subject historical or familiar . . . £10
2. For the best Landscape in Oil Colours . . . £10
3. For the best Composition in Sculpture . . . £10
4. For the best Water-Colour Drawing (Subject, or Landscape) . . . £10
5. For the best Architectural Drawing (elevation in perspective of some known building or a Design) . . . £7

Besides obtaining one of these Prizes, a student may be awarded a Taylor Scholarship of £20 or more, if high artistic talent be manifested, which scholarship may be continued for a second and third year, provided a work of sufficient merit be produced in each year. The Trustees reserve the right of altering the amount of the Prizes, or wholly withholding them, according to merit. All works must be delivered at the house of the Royal Dublin Society, Kildare Street, Dublin, before Two o'clock on Saturday, 13th October, 1860. Further information respecting the conditions to be observed, and other particulars, will be afforded on application to Ralph B. Brunker, Esq., solicitor to the executors, 31, York Street, Dublin, or to the Secretary of the Royal Dublin Society.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.—At the last annual meeting of the supporters of the School of Art in this place, the secretary stated in his report that 412 pupils had been instructed by the masters during the past year—an increase of 112 in the number attending the classes in the preceding year. Three national, and twelve local medals, besides numerous other prizes, were distributed to the students at the meeting. Unfortunately, the Newcastle School, like some others of a similar nature, is not free from pecuniary obligations, and an appeal on its behalf was made, with some degree of success, to those present on the occasion referred to; the chairman, Mr. W. Murray, M.P., contributing 20 gs., Mr. J. E. Heathcote, 12 gs., &c. &c.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The School of Art in this town is in danger of being closed, owing to the want of funds. A public meeting of the inhabitants

was lately held, to determine whether or not this alternative should be adopted; but so little interest was felt in the matter, that only thirteen persons could be induced to attend, and the meeting was adjourned without entering upon the business. Well might the mayor, who was present, say that it was disgraceful, in a large town like Wolverhampton, supported as it was by manufactures, to allow such an institution to fall to the ground for want of support. It was proposed to canvas the town for funds to enable the committee to carry on the school. There must be something wrong somewhere in these schools of Art, when we hear of so many of them either languishing in weakly condition, or absolutely dying out. One thing is quite certain, the inhabitants of the town in which they exist, generally show but little interest in them.

MANCHESTER.—A "bird's eye" view of Manchester, Salford, and the surrounding country, painted, in water-colours, by Mr. J. R. Isaacs, of Liverpool, has been recently exhibited in the former place. The local papers speak very highly of the work, but as we shall probably have an opportunity hereafter of seeing it ourselves, we postpone any observations we may have to make till it is before us, either in its original form, or as a chromo-lithographic print. Mr. Isaacs proposes to publish it in this style of Art as a companion to his large view of Liverpool, noticed in our columns last year.

LEEDS.—At an examination for medals recently held by H. M. Inspector for Art, R. G. Wyld, Esq., in the Leeds School of Art, twenty medals were awarded to successful works. Last year the school received eleven medals only. Since the last examination, Mr. Walter Smith has been appointed master of the advanced classes in the school, in conjunction with Mr. Ryan.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The picture in the Louvre, of 'St. Michael overcoming Satan,' painted by Raffaele for Francis I., about 1518, has just undergone another "restoration," making the fifth or sixth since its existence. No touching or restoration of the surface has been permitted—nothing beyond stopping the cracks—while all traces of previous amendments have been entirely removed.—The Exhibition of Paintings, on the Boulevard, now closed, has had great success; the pictures were partially changed during the time it remained open: we hope for a continuation of exhibitions equally well chosen.—Although nothing official has transpired about a Salon in 1861, the artists of Paris are hard at work in the hope that it will take place: a witty writer remarks,—"Our ateliers smell of gunpowder, military subjects being, alas! the order of the day. When will the French know and feel that war is a calamity, and not an honour? The Magentas and Solferinos we shall see, frighten us in mere expectation."—M. Chaplin has received orders to decorate the new gallery in the Tuileries, and M. Amaury Duval the walls of the church at Biarritz.—M. Disderi has inaugurated an extensive atelier on the Boulevard des Italiens for the execution of photography: it is richly ornamented.—A painter of the "David School," M. Barbier Walbonne, died recently at the ripe age of ninety-one years, forgotten by almost all the present generation; he executed some excellent works in his earlier years, portraits of the Marshals de Moncey, Moreau, and Ragusa, for the Tuileries; also several clever historical pictures: he was, in his old age, pensioned by government.—Public sales of works of Art are drawing towards a close: some recent sales of objects of *virtu* show that they still keep up their prices. At the sale of the collection of Madame de la Sayette, a specimen of Limoges enamel, the work of Leonard Limousin—purchased nineteen years ago for 250 francs, subsequently sold to M. Fould for 600 francs, after passing through the hands of Prince Soltykoff and other persons—has lately been sold for 17,200 francs; a candlestick, named "Service de Henri II.," similar to one now in London, the property of M. A. de Rothschild, who paid for it 5,000 francs, brought 18,300 francs; a triptych, attributed to Martin Didier, 10,800 francs. The sale of the collection of the Vicomte Comval, consisting of fire-arms, has brought good prices; an Italian sword, 3,750 francs; a Saxon sword of the sixteenth century, 4,000 francs; an arquebus, presented by the town of Laon to Henry IV., 2,500 francs; antique tables, chairs, &c., sold at very high sums, the whole producing 74,000 francs.—At a sale of presumed ancient paintings, under the title of the "Collection of the Duke de C.," a single picture by Sebastian del Piombo, put up at 2000 francs, brought 40,000 francs; it was no doubt genuine, but much restored.

BRUSSELS.—Advertisements have appeared in the *Indépendance Belge* for designs for the new Palais de Justice to be erected in Brussels. Foreign artists are invited to compete, and as the premiums offered are liberal—10,000 francs for the first selected design, 6,000 for the second, and 3,000 for the third—no doubt there will be many candidates. The designs are to be sent in by the 6th of August.

NICE.—A statue of the Emperor of the French is about to be erected in this town. The sculptor engaged to execute the work is M. Clesinger, son-in-law of Madame Sand. The emperor, it is said, will appear in the costume of a Roman. Is this the shadowing forth of a coming event?

THE HEMANS MEMORIAL WINDOW.

ALWAYS equally beautiful and appropriate for the purpose of monumental commemoration, a window of painted glass appears in a pre-eminent degree to be a becoming memorial for a poet. If worthy of its aim and purpose, such a monument preserves and transmits its commemorative record in the true poetry of Art; and, poet-like, in the very act of fulfilling its mission it imparts a fresh beauty to every surrounding object. Happily, a better and a purer taste has of late led to the frequent adoption of "memorial windows," in place of the ponderous masses of unmeaning and incongruous marble which so long were permitted to intrude themselves into our churches: and it is equally satisfactory to know that, as works of Art, these memorials have generally attained to such excellence as to insure for them a deservedly high popularity. Amongst the best and most gratifying productions of this class that have attracted our attention, is the very beautiful window that has just been completed by the Messrs. Warrington, as the memorial of Felicia Hemans, to be erected by subscription in the church of St. Ann, Dublin. The remains of Mrs. Hemans rest in this church, which thus will incorporate into its structure the tribute offered by affectionate admiration to her memory.

With judicious discrimination the artists have produced a window of Renaissance glass, to be placed in an edifice of Renaissance architecture. Accordingly, the design has been studied upon the principles of the most perfect Renaissance art of Venice. The success of the artists is complete. The composition is thoroughly effective and characteristic of the style, while it combines a lustrous richness of colouring with a becoming breadth and a charming simplicity of treatment. The architectural features of the window comprehend two principal lights, with a bold circle and two curved spandrels above them. In each light, two groups of figures in panels appear between as many smaller medallions. The subjects of the four groups (selected by the committee of the subscribers) are Miriam singing—her Song of Triumph, the Presentation of the Youthful Samuel by his Mother, Deborah judging Israel seated beneath her Palm-tree, and the Salutation of the Virgin Mary by Elizabeth. The upper circle contains a fifth group, representing another Mary seated at the Saviour's feet, and receiving from his lips the happy assurance that she had chosen the good part which should not be taken away from her. These figures are all carefully drawn, and they produce exactly the right pictures to be painted on glass. Architectural borders, designed after the manner of Raffaellian decorative work, complete the window, and bind together its various component parts into one harmonious whole.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we congratulate both the subscribers to this memorial and the artists upon the result of their conjoint efforts. In this window the Messrs. Warrington have added fresh honour to their long-sustained reputation, and the friends of Mrs. Hemans may refer to it as worthy alike of the duty to which it is devoted, and of the motives which led them to seek its production. The cost has been defrayed by a subscription. We hope it has been responded to by authors, for there can be no one of the many by whom our age is made famous who will not gladly place on record his or her grateful memory of this great and good woman, whose precepts and example were alike incentives to virtue, and whose "immortal verse" ever keeps actively alive the brightest and happiest affections, the loftiest aims and the holiest aspirations.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET took place, as usual, on the Saturday preceding the public opening of the exhibition; and also, as usual, the distinguished guests, on whom devolved the duty of proposing or responding to the toasts, paid due compliments to the Academy and its doings, as well as to the collection of pictures which hung around them. The President, in returning thanks for the toast of "Prosperity to the Royal Academy," proposed by Viscount Palmerston, said, "I must do the members of the Royal Academy the justice to say that some of their own works have been this year withdrawn to make room for others; and it is satisfactory, amid the disappointments which, under the circumstances, are unavoidable, to see works by contributors occupying those prominent places which, by a fair and acknowledged privilege, are usually assigned to members. From the experience of the present exhibition alone it is plain that the additional space which the Academy so much wants would be a boon to the contributors, and it is, on this account, the more earnestly desired. The members of the Royal Academy are sincerely anxious to render this institution as useful as possible in conformity with the objects of its foundation. They, too, are prepared to set their house in order; but before they can do so it is essential that they should know without a figure where and what their house is to be." We do not find that any member of the government offered the least intimation of a proposed change in the *locale* of the Academy, or of an extension of the edifice it now occupies; so that, for the present, at least, it may be presumed that matters will be allowed to remain as they are.

"COURTESY" OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The word will surprise many; nevertheless, it is a good sign when courtesy to other than the high-born and wealthy is exercised by that body. We learn from the *Critic* that this year circulars of a consolatory character have been addressed to artists whose works were rejected. This is a novelty, but surely a step in the right direction.

SIR CHARLES BARRY, R.A.—The world has sustained a loss by the death of this accomplished gentleman and renowned architect. The sad event took place on the 12th of May, somewhat suddenly.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The *Critic* informs us "there is a report that Captain Foukes' plan for altering the National Gallery is likely to be adopted." That plan is to make the present structure, by raising and enlarging, capacious enough to contain the national pictures, and also to accommodate the Royal Academy. Those who desire "full particulars" may obtain them by reference to the *Cornhill Magazine*. This project would, no doubt, supply sufficient space for a few years to come; possibly until the public is in a mood to receive with approval the plans for erecting a true palace of Art at South Kensington.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The cost of the fresco pictures in the Houses of Parliament up to March in the present year has been £10,828 18s. 6d. and of the sculptures £22,010. The portraits, twenty-eight in number, which are in the Prince's Chamber, have cost £1,960.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The annual festival of this institution was celebrated on Saturday, the 12th of May, at the Freemasons' Tavern, when the Right Hon. Lord Stanley occupied the chair, and advocated the claims of the society to public support. During the past year its income amounted to £1,120, of which £630 were derived from property invested; the sum granted in relief was £880, or nearly 80 per cent of the whole revenue. Subscriptions to the amount of £600 were announced, during the evening, by the secretary. The chairman paid a well-merited compliment to the excellent and economical manner in which the affairs of this society are conducted.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, GOWER STREET.—If an argument were needed to evidence the utility of this institution, and to prevent the dissolution with which it is threatened by the Government, and which it must undergo unless the public appeal on its behalf be adequately met, such an argument would be found in the recent exhibition of the drawings, &c., executed by the pupils during the last session, and which are as creditable to the

students as they are to the lady, Miss Gann, who presides over the school. The number of drawings submitted in competition for medals was ninety-two, the number awarded by the Government Inspector was twenty-six, of which seventeen were selected to be sent in for competition with the other schools throughout the country. We would particularize, among so many deserving of attention, those executed by Miss H. Blandford, Miss A. Bartlett, Miss E. H. Bryant, Miss I. Piggott, Miss T. Smith, Miss F. Von Stürmer, and Miss A. Wells. But the entire exhibition affords ample proof of the practical value of the school. A *Conversazione*, under the patronage of the Queen, will be held on the 21st of the present month, at the South Kensington Museum, in aid of the fund now being raised for the purchase, or erection, of a building for the use of this institution, whose present uncertain position has been lately referred to in our columns.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1862.—It is more than probable—indeed, it may be regarded as certain—that the required guarantee of £250,000 will have been entered into before our Journal is before the public; consequently, arrangements will be immediately commenced, although it is not likely that the "first stone" of the building will be laid before the middle of the year 1861. We again remind manufacturers of their duty to make preparations early—to consider at once how honours and more substantial advantages can be best secured.

THE LAST CONVERSAZIONE of the Artists and Amateurs' Society, held on the 3rd of May, in Willis's Rooms, was certainly one of the most brilliant meetings which the members have held, and it brought their season to a close with well-merited *éclat*. The collection of oil-paintings and framed drawings exhibited on the occasion was large and varied, including in it works by many of our most distinguished artists. Several portfolios of sketches, among which may be especially pointed out those contributed by Messrs. W. Callow, T. M. Richardson, and H. B. Willis, were points of attraction to groups of visitors during the whole evening. To enumerate the other works that attracted notice would far exceed our present limits.

THE NEW BRONZE COIN is spoken highly of as a work of numismatic art. Her Majesty having honoured Mr. Leonard Wyon, the medallist, with several sittings, the portrait will, doubtless, afford an admirable likeness of our "Sovereign Lady." The reverse presents some points of difference equally beautiful and appropriate, over the pieces now in circulation: Britannia is seated on a rock in the sea; in the distance, to the right, is a ship under full canvas, and, to the left, a lighthouse; the triplet thus personifying England's marine throne, and her unrivalled maritime commercial power.

MR. WATTS, the painter of the large fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall, has received from the benchers of that society an expression of their estimate of his labours, which is both honourable to the artist and to the learned body for whom the work was gratuitously executed. Mr. Watts was invited to dine with the members on the 25th of April, and was then presented with a splendid silver-gilt cup, of the value of £150, and a purse containing the sum of £500; the testimonials, as was stated on the occasion, were not given "in the character of a compensation, but as a testimony of the friendly feeling of the society for the man who had selected it as the recipient of so valued a gift, and of its appreciation of his genius as an artist." Hogarth is said to have been the last painter who had partaken of the hospitality of the members of Lincoln's Inn; he dined with them in 1750.

THE STEPHENSON MONUMENT.—We described, it may be remembered, the model for this monument when it was finished by Mr. Lough. The principal figure, that of the great engineer, is raised on a pedestal, at the base of which are four figures, a pitman, an engineer, a blacksmith, and a navy. The engineer is now in plaster, and the pitman is finished in the clay, ready for the plaster. When both of these figures are ready for casting in bronze, they will be sent to the foundry, and the others will follow in succession. It will be yet some time before the monument can be completed.

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The drawings in the exhibition of this school, which opened at the end of March, were in number sixty-three; of which ten were from the life; of the rest some

were coloured, and others in outline, or shaded. The outline subjects were drawings from leaves, flowers, and plaster casts; and those shaded were highly creditable examples of chalk drawing. For the best of these drawings twenty-four medals have been awarded, and nine have been selected for "national competition." The manner of the work, and the general advancement of the pupils, bespeak the industry and proficiency of the instructor, Mr. Casey.

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMIC VIEW OF ROME, the last new picture opened to the public in Leicester Square, is remarkable for its truth as well as for the artistic execution everywhere manifested. The view is taken from the tower of the Capitol, a point which conveys the eye over the whole city—the site of the ruins of departed greatness, the mouldering palaces of the Cæsars on the one side, and modern Rome, the city reared by the genius of Bramante, Michel Angelo, and Raffaele, on the other side. It is a beautiful picture to contemplate, yet a sad one; calling up vast and wonderful memories of events with which the name of "Rome" has been associated for thousands of years—events that, at various epochs of her history, have shaken the world by their mighty influences for good or evil. A more interesting panorama than this, either as a subject or a work of Art, can scarcely be conceived; it forms a curious contrast to the gay view of Venice, still to be seen in the same building.

STUDYING FROM THE NUDE MODEL.—With all respect for Lord Haddo's motives, we yet think it a great pity he should obtrude this question on public notice through his place in parliament. It is quite evident, from what he stated last month, when he again attempted to influence the House of Commons to withdraw the grant to schools of Art where the living female model is engaged, that his lordship knows nothing of the manner in which these studies are conducted, and cannot understand how they can be otherwise than demoralizing. Lord Haddo's moral perceptions are very oblique, or he would never have made the comparisons which the reports of the daily journals attribute to him. Of course the house rejected his motion by a large majority, yet there were not fewer than thirty-two members who supported it; this surprises us. We shall, in our next number, discuss the subject farther, though we can scarcely expect to make converts where prejudice, misapprehension, or a false sense of propriety, oppose themselves to conviction.

FOLEY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.—We cordially invite attention to the effort which is being made to obtain a duplicate of this noble work, to be erected in London, as a tribute to once to the artistic genius of the nation, and to the national respect for the memory of England's most worthy sons. Lord Hardinge was always a popular man; and his military career is identified with a long and a proud series of chapters of recent English history. Hardinge occupied a place in the front rank amongst the heroes of the Peninsular: Hardinge lost a right arm at Waterloo; Hardinge stemmed the torrent of the Sikh war in India; and Hardinge died Commander-in-chief. An equestrian statue of this good soldier cannot fail to be an honour to the British metropolis. And then, again, the particular equestrian statue that has been executed in bronze by Mr. Foley, for Calcutta, is universally held to be a masterpiece of commemorative sculpture. London is not very fortunate in its public statues, and here is a work that will go far to elevate the reputation of its class. Mr. Foley, for every reason, ought to receive a second commission for his *chef-d'œuvre*, and we shall rejoice to be instrumental in bringing a proposition to such an effect to a successful issue.

BAILY'S MONUMENT OF ADMIRAL ROBERT BLAKE, to be placed in the beautiful church of St. Mary, at Taunton, has been exhibited in the studio of Mr. E. Papworth, in Milton Street, Dorset Square, where it has attracted no ordinary amount of both attention and admiration. It is an historical monument in sculpture of the highest order, and judiciously adapted for its ultimate erection within the walls of a Church. The figure of the famous Admiral of the Commonwealth is a truly noble, and also a thoroughly characteristic composition. This memorial removes another great English worthy of the olden time from the list of those, whose memory has not been associated with any work of Art devoted to the express purpose of monumental commemoration.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY has issued a detailed plan of their proposed Geometric Gardens, at South Kensington, which promises well for the successful realization of their project. Mr. Nesfield has studied his design with evident thoughtfulness and care, and he has arranged his architecture, walks, and groups of natural objects with skill and taste. The actual garden-work we believe to be quite safe under the direction of Mr. Eyles, lately the able chief in the gardens of the Crystal Palace. Exclusive of the several terraces, the new South Kensington Gardens, with the great conservatory, and the corridors, will be upon three levels; and to these three levels the whole of the arrangements will be adjusted. Small tazze and seats will be dispersed in every direction, and works in sculpture will occupy the more important positions, the place of honour being reserved for Mr. Durham's memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The plans include buildings for the society's floral exhibitions, aviaries, also basins with jets, a maze, and various other appropriate objects.

MR. F. P. STEPHANOFF.—We have received intelligence of the death, on May 15, of this artist, whose works were better known a few years since than they have been of late. We shall, probably, be able to give some particulars of his life in our next number.

FREE ART-GALLERY AND MUSEUM FOR MANCHESTER.—Mr. Fairbairn's gigantic project is in a fair way to be realized; the "first" list of subscriptions contains the names of fifteen gentlemen, subscribers of £1,000 each, twenty of £500 each, and about fifty of sums between £25 and £250. Nearly half the required sum is, therefore, secured. Truly these are "merchant princes." Those who imagined Mr. Fairbairn's scheme to be visionary, will now see that he did not reckon without his host.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A public meeting has been held, at which Lord Shaftesbury presided, the object of which is to resuscitate this valuable institution. Considerable aid has been tendered, as subscriptions and as loans, but it is not yet sufficient. Whether with regard to the past or the future of this most useful establishment, we heartily wish the project success. It has done much good, and may do much more; its death would be a public calamity, for the Metropolis supplies no other means so effectual for combining instruction with amusement.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, BROMPTON.—A special festival—three years having elapsed since the last took place—was held on the 16th of May, at the Albion Tavern, for the express purpose of forming a fund for lessening, if not totally extinguishing, a mortgage debt of upwards of £3,000, which had for some time past tended to impede the operations of this most useful and admirable institution. The chair was occupied by the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, who strongly advocated its claims to public support. It may not be generally known, that patients suffering from pulmonary diseases are generally excluded from the ordinary hospitals of London, and in very many instances, from those also in the country; hence the greater necessity for giving to this institution the power of extending its benefits as far as possible. The income of the hospital derived from annual subscriptions had increased during the past year, but the donations had decreased so much as to leave a deficit of £900 in the total income; while the applications for out-door relief and for admittance into the wards were more numerous than at any preceding time. The reliable income of the hospital at present is £3,000 only, while the annual expenditure is £8,000; it is, therefore, evident that assistance is greatly needed by the committee. A sum of about £1,700 was collected after dinner in the room. We have always felt special interest in the success of this charity, and hope by this notice to enlist the sympathies of some of our readers in its behalf.

BAXTER'S PATENT OIL PICTURES.—Mr. George Baxter, the inventor and proprietor of these popular productions, during the last month has retired from his artistic labours, and his large collections of patent oil pictures have been dispersed through the instrumentality of Southgate and Barrett. It is satisfactory to be able to record the success that has attended Mr. Baxter's own career, and which it is to be hoped will be sustained by whomsoever comes after him.

REVIEWS.

CROSSING THE HIGHLAND LOCH. Engraved by C. MOTTRAM, from the Picture by JACOB THOMPSON. Published by DROOSTEN, ALLAN & Co., London.

Mr. Thompson's pictures are not so well known in London, as, we think, they deserve to be. This artist, living a quiet, almost a secluded, life amid the beautiful scenery of the Cumberland lakes, rarely exhibits his works to the public. Now and then he sends a picture to London, where it finds a place on the walls of the Royal Academy; but such an event is an exception to the general rule. Yet his works find their way readily from the easel into the galleries of many aristocratic collectors; nor are we surprised at this, for they are always of a most pleasing character, evidencing some of the best qualities of Art, and especially of those qualities of subject and treatment which the public like to see. The print now before us is an example of a most favourable kind. In the foreground of the picture is a large ferry-boat close-hauled to the shore, on which a number of figures, sportsmen with their dogs and game, market-women with baskets of fowls, a young gleaner with her wheatsheaf, and others, are waiting till a white pony, on whose back lies a dead stag, is conveyed safely into the boat,—not a very easy task. The arrangement of these figures is most picturesque and effective; the pony, in the centre, forms the principal point of light and of attraction, both to the spectator of the picture and to the groups around the animal. Several of the individuals who are thus made to appear are portraits. The background is composed of a range of lofty hills, sketched in the vicinity of the painter's residence, near Penrith. There is a certain kind of joyous air about the whole scene that is very attractive, to which, possibly, the fancied strains of the Highland piper standing in the bow of the ferry-boat, and "discouraging most eloquent music"—to those who can find a charm in it—give additional zest. The subject is treated with animation as well as picturesque feeling, every figure is *occupied*, so to speak, and appears to have an object, apart from that of the artist in filling up a space.

The print is large, and carefully engraved, in the chalk style, by Mr. Mottram, who has succeeded in translating the picture in a very brilliant manner.

JOHNSON, BOSWELL, AND GOLDSMITH. Engraved by R. B. PARKES from the Picture by E. CROWE. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

The room of the old "Mitre" in Fleet Street, where these three worthies are seated, must have been at such a time a coveted and enjoyable place of resort. Here is the giant of literature, looking sagely and seriously, and, doubtless, giving wise counsel to the poet and dramatist, whose comedy of the "Good Natured Man" is presumed to have been performed that evening for the first time; the trio having met after the performance to discuss the subject. Goldsmith, as usual, is in full courtly costume, laced coat, silk hose, ruffles, and all the paraphernalia of the costume of the period; Boswell is scarcely less splendidly arrayed. Then there is a paragon of a maiden who enters with the necessary ingredients for a brew of punch.

The picture, exhibited at the Academy about three years since, if we remember rightly, is well put together, and is pleasing both in subject and treatment; its chief value, however, depends on the portraits of the distinguished three. It is forcibly engraved in mezzotinto.

THE FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT. Engraved by — ROBINSON, from the Pictures by J. ABSOLON. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Cressy and Agincourt were in time past names to "conjure with;" now they have been almost obliterated from memory by others of later date; still they are landmarks in the annals of English valour, upon which it is pleasant to look back. Centuries have passed since the chivalry of England and France met on those well-fought fields, and rich harvests have been gathered from soil where the noblest blood of Christendom sank deeply down to fertilize the ground. Mr. Absolon's pictures show the scenes of combat yellow with ripened corn, which peasants, male and female, are binding into sheaves, or preparing to carry away. On one of the old battle-grounds the artist has introduced himself (we presume), offering his "pipe of peace," that a young rustic labourer may light his cigar at it, and in the other, the good curé of the neighbouring village seems to be describing the scene of action to the painter, while a brother-artist sketches the locality.

The prints are interesting from their picturesque qualities as well as from the glorious historical associations connected with the "Fields of Cressy and Agincourt."

NEWTON AT THE AGE OF TWELVE. Engraved by T. L. ATKINSON, from the Picture by F. NEWENHAM. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Allowing for a little excess of sentiment this is a very beautiful and expressive ideal portrait of the youthful Newton. He is seated with his elbow resting on a mass of rock, in contemplation of the "sparkled heavens," as Addison designates the sky at midnight when the stars are shining in full lustre. The face has none of the precocity of the man of vast genius; it is that of a boy, intelligent, thoughtful, and well-favoured by nature, and his attitude is easy and unconstrained, but he is "dressed" to sit for the artist. We should have preferred him less extensively "got up," yet are willing to accept him as a painter's poetical rendering of the subject, and gracefully rendered too. The engraving is by Mr. Atkinson, which is all that need be said in warranty of its excellence.

A SKETCH OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF BRIGHTON AND ITS VICINITY. By MRS. MERRIFIELD. Published by W. PEARCE, Brighton.

Of the many thousands who reside in, or annually visit, this most fashionable watering-place, how few are there who concern themselves about its natural history. Brighton is almost the last town from which one would expect to see a party of geologists go forth, armed with tiny pickaxe and hammer, or of botanists with light spade and garden-trowel: it is not the place usually selected for scientific study, but for promenades, rides, drives, and fashionable gaieties. Yet Mrs. Merrifield's little volume informs us that the land all around, barren as it looks, is rich in materials valued by the geologist, rich also in such objects of animal and vegetable life as frequent a chalky soil; while the coast offers to the collectors of sea-weeds an abundant harvest, no less choice in quality than prolific in specimens. We recommend all those who visit Brighton during the ensuing season, and who are desirous of gaining instruction as well as health, to get this book, a comprehensive and well-arranged guide to its natural history: it will, at least, aid in passing profitably and agreeably many an hour otherwise devoted, perhaps, to frivolous pursuits, or dragging its slow length along in the weariness of ennui.

THE MAY EXHIBITION. A Guide to Pictures in the Royal Academy. By WALTER THORNBURY, Author of "Art and Nature at Home and Abroad." Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

This work, of some seventy pages, from the pen of our esteemed contributor Mr. Thornbury, reached us only as we were preparing our last sheet for press; we can, therefore, do little more than briefly refer to it. *Quot homines, tot opiniones*, is an axiom which applies to Art-critics no less than to critics of every other kind; rarely do two men see either Art or Nature with the same eyes, and, consequently, we are not surprised to find Mr. Thornbury's opinion of many pictures in the Academy differing from our own. His remarks are made with the dash, spirit, and brilliancy, which characterise his writing generally, but there is sometimes, at least in our judgment, a sarcastic tone adopted which might well have been spared; it may wound, but not convince. We think that even the author, upon mature consideration, would qualify some of his comments. Mr. Thornbury is a man of strong convictions, as all his writings show, and he uses "great plainness of speech," which may account for his occasional severity of phrase. He is an honest critic, if not an indulgent one; neither is he insensible to the charge that may be brought against him, for he says,—"I only hope my friends may believe that where I have been sarcastic or severe it has arisen from no base personal dislike, or the mean motives with which critics are always, and will be always, charged; but from a bold love of good Painting and a fervent desire that England may become in Art the Greece of modern Europe."

FIRST TRACES OF LIFE ON THE EARTH; OR, THE FOSSILS OF THE BOTTOM ROCKS. By S. J. MACKIE, F.G.S., F.S.A., &c. Published by GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, London.

This old world of ours! how philosophers and men of science have descended into its depths in the hope of discovering the great secrets of its birth and infancy; how have they investigated its mysteries to

prove that it was not formed simply by the breath of the Almighty's voice, but that age after age rolled on, through thousands of years, ere it "stood fast" in all its primeval beauty and majesty, when its Creator pronounced his work "very good." And yet how little, comparatively, have all their researches brought to light; what indefinite teachers at the best are those fragments of the long-buried past which have been brought to the surface of the earth, to speak of the wisdom and power that made a world out of nothing, and arranged the chaotic mass of material into shape, and order, and loveliness. The knowledge acquired by man serves only to show him, as Newton said, of how much he is ignorant; and he must ever remain so to a vast extent till the secrets of all things are revealed.

Mr. Mackie has written a most instructive little book on the old life-forms now existing as organic remains, and which geologists speak of as "Fossils of the Bottom Rocks." It is, as he states, a work intended rather for the inquirer than the professor, one of admitted and reliable data rather than of speculation. The subject is deeply interesting to an intelligent mind, and is made yet more so by the pleasing manner in which it is here treated.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF ENGLAND; OR, FAVOURITE FIELD FLOWERS POPULARLY DESCRIBED. By the Rev. ROBERT TYAS, M.A., F.R.S.S. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

We noticed this work last year when it first made its appearance. A new edition being called for, the author has availed himself of the opportunity to revise and correct his former observations, and to offer some additional matter. The coloured illustrations, by Mr. James Andrews, F.R.S., are also increased in number, so that the book may be now accepted as a profitable guide and pleasant companion through the meadows and green lanes at this present time, when the wild flowers are breaking forth into beauty, and enlivening the landscape with their many-coloured hues.

MONKSTOWN. Lithographed by T. PICKEN, from a Drawing by R. L. STOFFORD. Published by DAY & SON, London.

A picturesque view of a locality situated a few miles from Cork, and which has undergone great alterations since we first knew it, though still retaining some of its old features. Monkstown has now the appearance of a fashionable watering-place recently sprung into existence: the banks of the river are lined with numerous attractive-looking villas, and the rising ground behind them is well-wooded and verdant, while steamers and pleasure-boats glide over the surface of the waters. The view has been judiciously selected, and is carefully drawn.

A HOUSE FOR THE SUBURBS; Socially and Architecturally Sketched. By THOMAS MORRIS, M.R.I.B.A. Published by SIMPKIN & Co., London.

Taking, as the basis of his remarks, the facilities which steam, both by land and by water, offers for suburban residence, and the custom now so generally adopted by those who have the means to pitch their own tents under a clear blue sky and in a pure atmosphere, Mr. Morris undertakes to show how these things may be most advantageously accomplished. Though an architect, the author does not treat his subject professionally only; he enters into many matters bearing indirectly upon it—locality, cost of land, suburban society, housewifery, &c. &c.; and concludes with a detailed description, accompanied with an elevation and ground plans, of a pretty villa residence. We must protest against the use of the word *Mansionette*, and a few other Gallic affectations. Any of our readers proposing to build for themselves or others, would do well to look over this book before commencing operations.

GOLDEN RULES FOR SKETCHERS FROM NATURE IN PENCIL AND COLOUR. Illustrated with Diagrams and Coloured Plates. By WALTER CRAYON. Published at the Office of the *National Drawing Master*, Aldine Chambers, London.

The title of this work would almost induce the belief that it is a book of large pretensions; such, however, is not the case. It is simply a little manual published at the charge of sixpence, but which certainly contains the money's worth in the shape of some useful hints for sketchers, and of numerous examples of objects, the latter rather to be looked at than copied; for woodcuts, which these are, do not furnish the best practical lessons for learners, who may learn from them *form* and *proportion*, but little else. The book is a safe theoretical guide, as far as it assumes to go.

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AND IMPORTERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FANCY NOVELTIES AND ARTICLES OF VERTU AND UTILITY.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co. respectfully invite attention to their Choice and Elegant Assortment of novelties in Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Garnitures de Cheminée, Table Ornaments, Dressing Cases, Fancy Cabinet Ware, Mediseval mounted Walnut Wood, and an endless variety of articles adapted for Presents for Christmas and the New Year. Every care has been taken in collecting the most ingenious and beautiful manufactures of London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, at prices to suit all purchasers. The selection is unrivalled, and will well repay all who may honour the Establishment with a visit.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co. give the following limited list as a guidance for their country friends and patrons who may be unable to visit their Establishment this season, assuring them that any commands entrusted to their care will meet with their best attention.

| | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
|---|---------|------------|
| French Drawing-room Clocks..... from | 3 2 0 | to 100 0 0 |
| Dining-room Clocks... | 1 10 0 | 50 0 0 |
| Carriage Clocks..... | 9 10 0 | 30 0 0 |
| Ladies' Gold Watches | 4 4 0 | 60 0 0 |
| Silver Watches..... | 2 10 0 | 20 0 0 |
| Gold Guard Chains... | 3 2 0 | 34 0 0 |
| Gold Albert Chains... | 1 15 0 | 18 0 0 |
| Gold and Silver Mounted Smelling Bottles | 0 4 6 | 10 0 0 |
| Gold and Silver Penicil Cases..... | 0 2 6 | 8 10 0 |
| Silver Knife, Fork, and Spoon, in Case..... | 0 11 6 | 10 0 0 |
| Silver Bouquet-Holders | 0 16 6 | 15 0 0 |
| Card Cases in Silver and Pearl..... | 0 13 6 | 7 0 0 |
| Ladies' Dressing Cases, Silver Mounted..... | 5 10 0 | 200 0 0 |
| Ladies' Dressing Cases, Electro-plated..... | 1 10 0 | 18 10 0 |
| Gentlemen's Dressing Cases..... | 1 0 0 | 50 0 0 |
| Work Boxes in Choice Woods..... | 0 8 6 | 18 10 0 |
| Desks and Despatch Boxes..... | 0 10 6 | 15 0 0 |
| Jewel Cases & Caskets | 1 1 0 | 30 0 0 |
| Mediseval Mounted Walnut Wood Envelope Cases..... | 2 10 0 | 10 0 0 |
| Ditto Blotting Books | 1 12 0 | 5 10 0 |
| Ditto Inkstands..... | 0 18 6 | 15 0 0 |
| Liqueur Cases..... | 2 2 0 | 22 10 0 |
| Morocco Envelope Cases and Blotters... | 1 8 0 | 30 0 0 |



| | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
|--|---------|---------|
| Morocco Students' Writing Cases..... | 0 9 6 | 3 5 0 |
| Portmonnaies & Pocket Books..... | 0 4 6 | 5 0 0 |
| Patent Self-Closing Book Slides..... | 0 18 6 | 10 0 0 |
| Letter Weighers..... | 0 8 6 | 8 10 0 |
| Ladies' Etais in Leather and Solid Ivory..... | 0 8 6 | 12 10 0 |
| Ornate Candlesticks... | 3 0 0 | 30 0 0 |
| Ditto Candlesticks... | 0 10 6 | 10 0 0 |
| Ditto Inkstands..... | 0 10 6 | 20 0 0 |
| Ditto Card Trays... | 0 7 6 | 7 10 0 |
| Ditto Flower Vases... | 0 6 6 | 20 0 0 |
| Gilt Almanack Stands | 1 2 6 | 10 0 0 |
| Gilt Mounted Perfume Cases..... | 1 5 0 | 10 0 0 |
| Fancy Toilet Bottles... | 0 4 6 | 5 0 0 |
| Ornate Miniature Frames..... | 2 0 0 | 20 0 0 |
| Ornate and Porcelain Tables..... | 11 10 0 | 20 0 0 |
| Opera Glasses..... | 2 0 0 | 10 10 0 |
| Full Dress and other Fans..... | 0 2 6 | 10 10 0 |
| Backgammon Boards... | 0 5 6 | 8 10 0 |
| Bagatelle Boards..... | 2 0 0 | 20 0 0 |
| Morocco Bags fitted with Dressing, Working, and Writing materials..... | 3 10 0 | 60 0 0 |

Diamond and Gem Ornaments, Bracelets, Brooches, Rings, Necklets, Lockets, Ear-rings, Studs, Scarf-pins, Sleeve-links, and every description of Jewellery, at moderate prices.

Bronzes, Porcelains, Ormolu, Table Ornaments, Inkstands, Caskets, Tazels, Tapers, Match Boxes, Pen-Trays, Letter Clips, Trinket Boxes, Ring Stands, Watch Stands, Glove and Netting Boxes, Paper Knives, Carriage Bags, Rotocules, Cigar Cases, Silver Pusse Cases, Vinaigrettes, Fruit Knives, String Barrels, Spill Cups, &c., and a large stock of other articles suitable for presents, but too numerous to enumerate.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co. invite particular attention to their application of the new Algerine Wood, "Thuya Imperiale," in the manufacture of Envelope Cases, Blotting Books, and Ornaments for the Table generally. This wood is of the most beautiful figure, surpassing even Tortoiseshell or the choicest Walnut Wood, and has been extensively used in fitting up the Boudoir of the Empress Eugenie at the Palace of St. Cloud. T. A. SIMPSON & Co. are the only importers of "Thuya Imperiale," of which there is but a very limited supply.

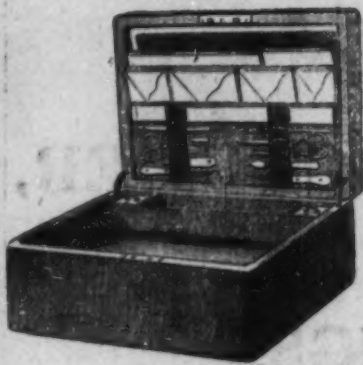
T. A. SIMPSON & Co., 154, Regent Street, and 8, Beak Street, W.; and Paris, Rue de Rivoli.

BROOKS'S DESPATCH BOXES, WRITING CASES, JEWEL BOXES, AND OTHER MANUFACTURES IN RUSSIA AND MOROCCO LEATHER.

BROOKS'S NEWLY INVENTED DESPATCH BOX DRESSING CASE,

Registered 22nd December, 1859.

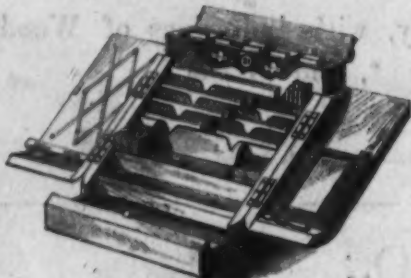
The advantage of this case over all others is, that the requisites for the toilette are kept entirely distinct from the writing materials, and are out of sight when used as a writing case; while, by a simple contrivance, it can be used as an ordinary empty despatch box, when the dressing case is not required. It is made either for Ladies or Gentlemen.



AS AN ORDINARY DESPATCH BOX.



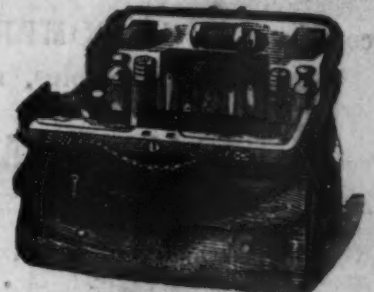
SHOWING THE DRESSING CASE.



STATIONERY CASES.



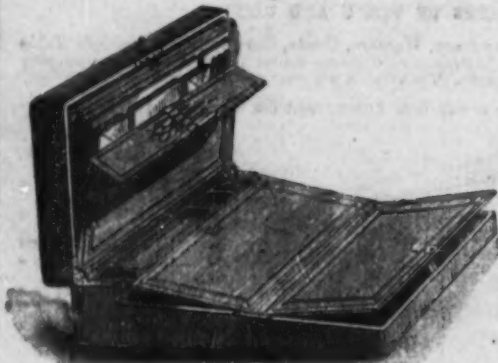
REGISTERED JEWEL CASE.



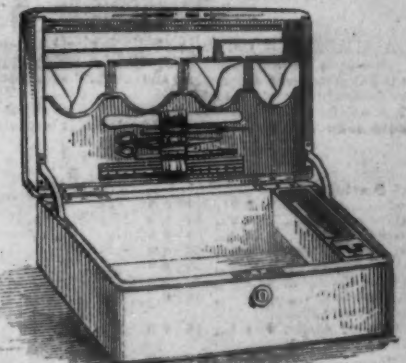
TRAVELLING BAGS.

BROOKS'S REGISTERED JEWEL CASE

Is, by a new and simple arrangement, so adapted, that each tray can be removed, without disturbing any of the others. They are kept in three sizes, covered with Morocco leather, lined with silk velvet, and Bramah locks, and are also made to any size required.



WRITING CASES.



DESPATCH BOXES.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing the sizes and prices of
WRITING AND DRESSING CASES, DESPATCH BOXES, TRAVELLING BAGS, ENVELOPE BOXES,
JEWEL CASES,

JOSEPH RODGERS AND SON'S CUTLERY, &c.,

is now ready, and can be had, post-free for two stamps, or gratis on application to

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